AROUND THE 'PAN'

PROPERTY OF
THAT, EXCEPTING IN RARE CASES, YOU MIGHT AS WELL SEND TO THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AND BORROW A BABY AS TO BORROW A BOOK WITH THE IDEA OF ITS BEING ANY GREAT SATISFACTION. WE LIKE A BABY IN OUR CRADLE, BUT PREFER THAT ONE WHICH BELONGS TO THE HOUSEHOLD. WE LIKE A BOOK, BUT WANT TO FEEL IT IS OURS. WE NEVER YET GOT ANY ADVANTAGE FROM A BORROWED BOOK. WE HOPE THOSE NEVER REAPED ANY PROFIT FROM THE BOOKS THEY BORROWED FROM US, BUT NEVER RETURNED.—*Talmage.*
* * *
DON'T WORRY YOUR FRIENDS BY BORROWING THIS BOOK. BUY ONE.
* * *
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AROUND THE "PAN."

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

THIS PORTRAIT WAS DRAWN WITH A PEN IN ONE CONTINUOUS LINE, AND IS CONSIDERED THE MOST UNIQUE WORK OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

AROUND THE "PAN" with Uncle Hank HIS Trip Through THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

"That men are merriest when they are from home."
—*Shakespeare.*

"Their thoughts were fond and vain in the Midway."—*Milton.*

BY

THOMAS FLEMING.

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DEDICATED

— TO THE —

SPIRIT OF PAN AMERICA

— IN —

A SPIRIT OF FUN.

...FOREWORD...

THIS VOLUME WAS CONSTRUCTED ON THE THEORY THAT IT IS FAR BETTER TO LAUGH THAN TO WEEP. HE WHO FINDS TWO LAUGHS WHERE ONLY ONE HAD PREVIOUSLY EXISTED IS A TRUE BENEFACTOR TO MANKIND; AND REALIZING THAT INFORMATION COMING IN A PLEASANT GUISE IS ALWAYS LASTING AND BENEFICIAL, ITS MISSION TO AMUSE IS DOUBLY ENHANCED BY ITS POWER TO INSTRUCT. THE SADDEST OF ALL HUMAN COMPLAINTS IS THE INABILITY TO LAUGH. IF THIS BOOK WILL TEND IN A MEASURE TO ASSUAGE THIS AFFLICTION, AND INCIDENTALLY IMPART A FEW LESSONS IN PHILOSOPHY AND KNOWLEDGE, THEN ITS EFFORTS WILL NOT HAVE BEEN IN VAIN.

THE AUTHOR.

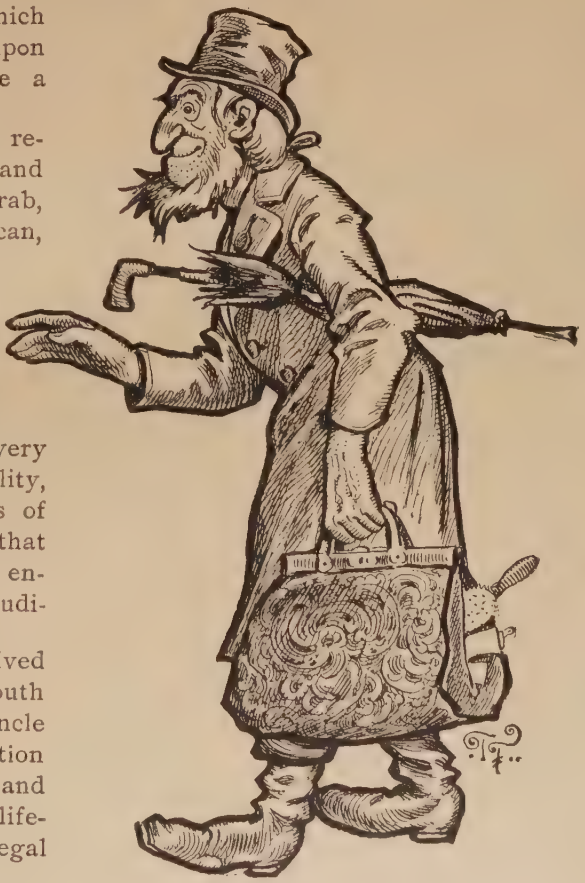
SENORITA SOUTH AMERICA MAKES GOO GOO EYES AT UNCLE SAM.

"MIRTH IS GOD'S MEDICINE"—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THERE are two sides to every story: The story of the Pan-American Exposition of 1901 had its funny side, and a very funny side it was. It also developed a tragic side, little suspected at the time of its conception, and which came upon it like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

THE PAN HAD TWO SIDES.

In its humorous aspect it was replete with interesting features and personalities. There was the Arab, with his baggy trousers; the Mexican, in his preposterously wide-brimmed sombrero, and the absurdly togged-up Senegambian from "Darkest Africa"—who were all rich in mirth-provoking possibilities.



The visitors, coming from every walk in life and from every locality, frequently contained specimens of humanity of such queer make-up that not to laugh would stamp one as entirely devoid of a sense of the ludicrous.

"The Rainbow City" was conceived in a spirit of humor. Senorita South America made goo-goo eyes at Uncle Sam some time ago, and the flirtation has been going on ever since; and there is every evidence of a life-long attachment, with the legal

"HULLY GEE, EF I GETS ANODER CUSTOMER LIKE DIS I TROWS UP DE JOB!"

sanction of old Dr. Monroe and his celebrated "Doctrine."

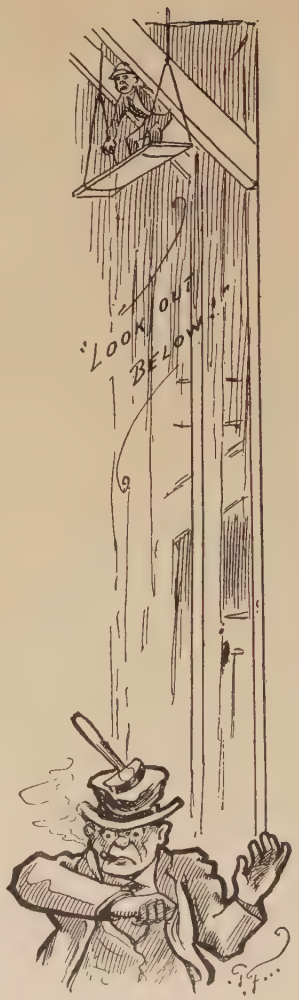
THE INFLUENCE OF COLOR.

"The Rainbow City" was not so called because its opening month was rainy, but on account of the beautiful tints which pervaded its architecture; and so infectious was this color influence that competent authorities assert that its parent city, Buffalo, was painted red every night.

It was asserted that if Chicago's White City had been in existence then, it would have turned green with envy on beholding the beautifully tinted "Pan."

There is much diversity in human nature and we do not all see with the same eyes; the strait-laced Puritan sees all sorts of demons in the sailor's grog where the simple-minded seaman sees only good spirits. So it was with the sightseers at the Exposition. Some found hilarious enjoyment in the big see-saw, while others intensely enjoyed seeing the small Spanish bulls teased and tormented almost to the tail end of endurance in the bull ring at the "Streets of Mexico."

On dedication day a long, lank figure stood at the main entrance of the Exposition. His carpet bag was at his feet and his knees embraced his ungainly umbrella while he slowly unwound a long string with which his pocketbook was bound and extracted therefrom a Canadian quarter, three nickels and ten pennies. With this change in his hand he sauntered up to the ticket-selling



A BARGAINER.

booth. "Haow much did ye say them tickets waz?" he cautiously inquired, and when told the price slowly proceeded to recount his money, piece by piece, and then passed it in at the window and received his ticket of admission.

Hank Slocum was a Yankee farmer from "way doawn East," where they grow them long and lean, and as shrewd as it is possible for humanity to be. He often remarked that "He'd be jiggered ef he didn't git his money's worth every time he let loose a nickel!"

As Hank reached the turnstile, a large, corpulent German was making frantic efforts to squeeze through—"Donnerwetter nocheinmal," he irritably exclaimed, "for vhy dey don't make dem pigger?" After straining several buttons off he was told to "Move along out av theyre!" by a policeman with a strong Milesian brogue, and Hank was enabled to get through. Just as he had gotten inside the enclosure he noticed several small urchins crawl under the exit wicket, and a little further down the walk a fine specimen of ragged and unkempt humanity known as "Hobo" managed to scale the fence, and within a few seconds

PAN HANDLER MIKE.—"I WOULD NT ER CAME EF I HAD KNOWED THERE WAZ NO FREE LUNCH LAY-OUT."

HE NEVER RHAPSODIZED.

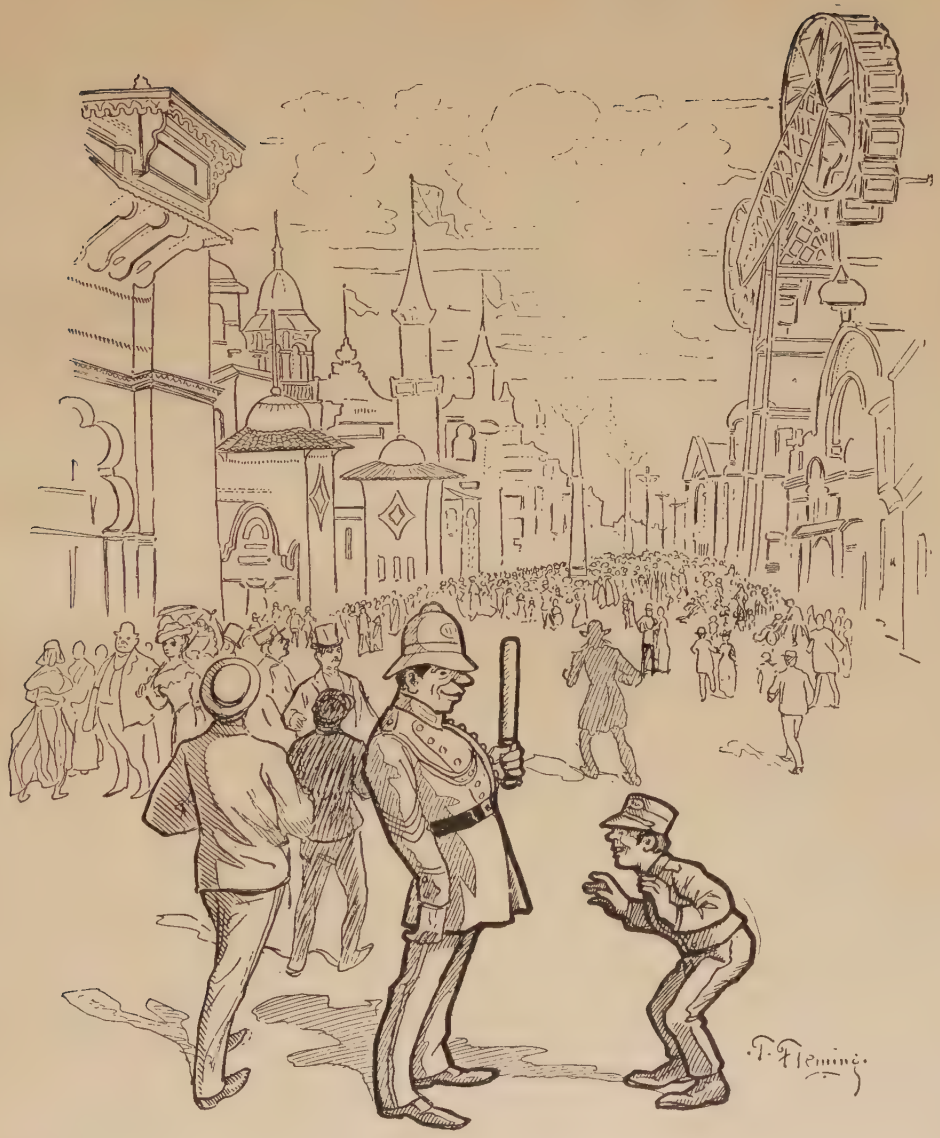
was safely inside the Fair grounds without the expenditure of a cent, a fact which was not lost upon Uncle Hank, who invariably admired thrift, whatever its guise.

Uncle Hank had proceeded but a short distance within the Exposition grounds when he halted abruptly at the awe-inspiring sight of the magnificent and imposing array of buildings, as, indeed, he was justified in doing, for the beautiful Rainbow City had surpassed his greatest expectations. The tall electrical tower, with its base ensconced with delightful fountains and alluring artistic statuary, much impressed him: while to the right and left were long vistas of magnificent structures designed to display the wonders of electricity, the fruits of husbandry, and the exploits of the liberal arts. But our visitor had not come to rhapsodize; indeed, he was of a particularly practical turn of mind, so his naturally inquisitive nature caused him to stop an urchin who was loudly proclaiming the virtues of an official guide which he had for sale.

"I say, sonny," inquired Uncle Hank, "where's ther Midway?"

"Say, mister, buy one of these guides, and it'll tell yer where ther Midway and ther whole bizness is. See, it's

▲ CANADIAN VISITOR



THE RESPLENDENT EXPOSITION "COP."

YANKEE THRIFT.

got er map, with all ther interesting places marked on it — only twenty-five cents." And the youthful salesman spread out the plan on one of the green benches which abound throughout the Exposition grounds.

"An' which of them places is the Midway?" inquired the countryman as he passed his long finger over the map.

"Why, don't yer see dat long street?" exclaimed the boy, designating the exact location on the open map and at the same time pointing his finger in the direction of the famous locality.

This was enough for the shrewd Yankee, who, armed with the necessary

"IT'S A GREAT SHOW, SILAS!"

A QUARTER SAVED.

PAN IRISH-AMERICAN.

information without the expenditure of the solicited twenty-five cents, gathered up his gripsack and umbrella, and, as he started for his goal, thanked the outwitted boy for his information and promised that "ef he needed a guide, he'd call back and buy one of them books."

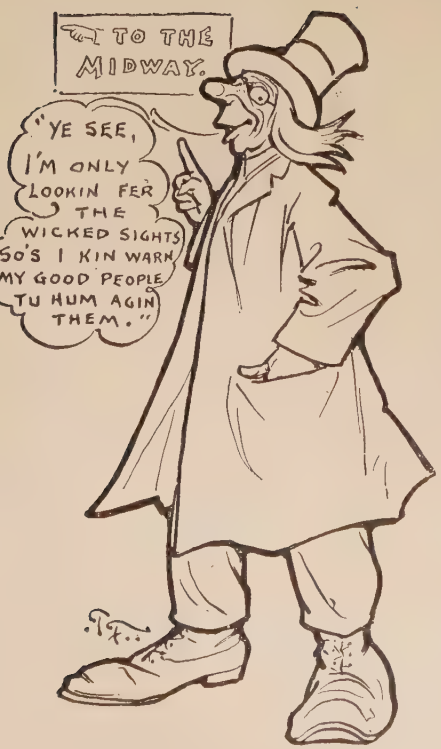
There is a peculiar atmosphere about all expositions which causes commonplaces to become uncommonly interesting; this is partly due to the holiday air pervading, and to the fact that the visitor has come to be entranced, and that he intends, on

"HOW MUCH DO YOU CHARGE BY THE HOUR, SONNY?"

HE ENTERS THE MIDWAY.

his return home, to dilate on the wonderful things seen. Our friend Hank was no exception to the rule, and promptly proceeded to be amused. The first thing to catch his eye was "The House Upside Down." After listening to the vivid description of the barker at the entrance he purchased a ticket of admission and entered the topsy-turvy building, and, proceeding from floor to floor, he was, as he expressed it, "mighty upsot."

"Darned ef I know whether I'm standin' on my head or my feet."



"I'm all twisted up!" he exclaimed when he reached the street. "Whoop'ee, ther hul world's upside daown!" and with this exclamation he threw his gripsack and hat on the ground and stood on his head and hands, "ter see haow it looked," to the intense amusement of the crowd, and not minding the laughter of the people surrounding. He then strode up the Midway to seek a new diversion. His eye next caught the quaint entrance to the Streets of Mexico.

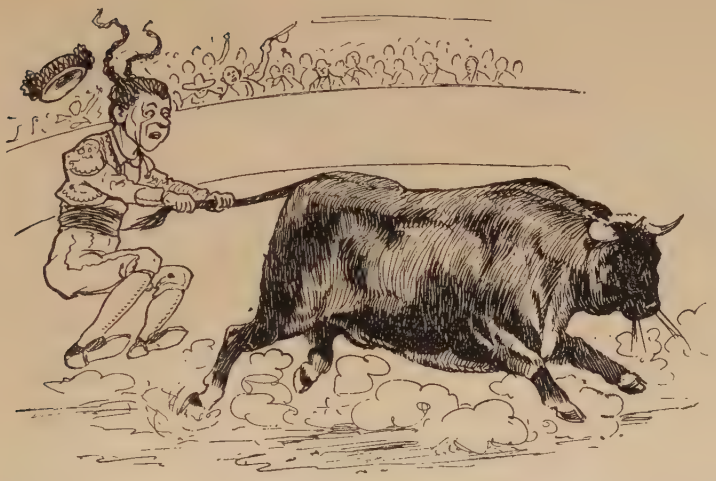
As he gazed in at the window of the restaurant, the dulcet tones of the mandolin orchestra caught his fancy, and he decided that he must enter, which he did, and after strolling about

"AND STOOD ON HIS HEAD AND HANDS, 'TER SEE HOW IT LOOKED.'"

A MEXICAN MEAL.

and critically examining the peculiar architecture of the adobe houses and the odd garb of the Mexican dudes and peons, as well as the beautiful senoritas, he was attracted to the restaurant, as he was rather hungry, and the hot tamales and other highly spiced food smelled appetizing. A pretty little Mexican maiden brought him a "bill of fare," but as the dishes were of Mexican manufacture, Uncle Hank was for a moment nonplused; his native wit, however, soon came to his relief. In glancing over the list of edibles, he discovered the word beans; that was enough for him, so pointing his finger at the word he told the waitress to bring him some. In a few moments a steaming dish was placed before him, but it bore no resemblance to his favorite viand—however he concluded to "go it," but the first mouthful caused him to open wide his capacious mouth and emit a yell that caused a salvo of laughter from the other din-

"HOT STUFF!"



ers in the restaurant. The dish he had ordered was concocted by stewing a large Mexican bean with a profusion of red pepper and other hot and spicy ingredients, and unless one is accustomed to such food is very apt to prove surprising at the first trial, and this proved to be the case with Uncle Hank; however, when the accommodating waitress brought him a fragrant cup of cocoa, he managed to assuage his hunger. The bull fight next claimed his attention, although he demurred strongly at the extra charge demanded for admission which is invariably levied in all Midway enclosures.

A MEXICAN MYSTERY.

You absent-minded beggar,
Be you City Sport or Jay,
If you want to see the Elephant,
You must Pay! Pay!! Pay!!!

hummed a howling swell beside him!

Uncle Hank was hardly seated before the cavalcade made the appearance in the ring, and after parading around several times to

THE BULL FIGHT.

show their proficiency as horsemen, Mr. Toros, the star of the occasion, was ushered into the arena. He proved to be a small black Spanish bull with no more apparent ability to fight than his Spanish human prototypes showed at Manila and Santiago in a war not many years ago. Indeed, so devoid was he of pugnacious qualities, that after being prodded and tormented by the picadores he actually turned tail and ran to cover, with a brave and valiant Matador grasping his tail with both hands amid the loud jeers of the assemblage ; this was too much for Uncle Hank, who expressed his opinion in no uncertain tone : "Why gol durn it, I've got a short horn tu hum that cud lick a hull Spanish fleet of sech as him !" and this seemed to be the opinion of the majority of the spectators. The transplanted bull fight of Spain is not to be compared in the matter of gore with a full-fledged college foot-ball scrap.

Presently a fresh bull was brought in, and after considerable provocation put up a faint imitation of belligerency ; with this the audience was dismissed to

"I GOT A SHORT HORN TU HUM THET CUD LICK A HULL SPANISH FLEET OF SECH AS HIM!"

UNCLE HANK SEES THE HULA-HULA DANCE.

make way for other waiting and unsuspecting victims outside.

Uncle Hank's curiosity now directed his footsteps toward the Hawaiian village, and as the crowd was surging in he allowed himself to drift in. What he saw there can best be described in his own words: "Je-roosa-lem—crickey! When I get ter hum I must tell Si Hawkins ter see that Hoo-la Hoo-la dance—it's a corker!" and with this he proceeded to imitate the sinuous hip wriggle of the Hula-Hula dance, vociferously whistling the seductive music as an accompaniment. "Thet stage manager said it was ther same dance thet waz danced afore King Kalakawer, but I'll bet Mrs. Kalakawer wasn't present when it waz."

MIDWAY TYPES

The Midway presented an animated picture, with as varied a concourse of people as could well be imagined, The picturesque, though often dirty, Arabs and Turks from the "Streets of Cairo" touched elbows with immaculately attired society belles from the aristocratic avenues of the big cities. The free-from-care country bumpkin, with his best girl in her best frock, sauntered along, munching pop-corn balls and stopping occasionally to listen to the vociferous haranguing of the "barkers" of the various attractions

along the thoroughfare. "Step this way to the greatest exhibition ever showed! Ef it ain't the grandest on earth ye can get your money back. Ask the people comin' out: ask 'em if it ain't great. Why, people, we've spent $50,000 gittin' up this show. Mark Hanna sed he'd seed nothin' like it. After the Pan Ameriky, we're going to take it to Europe and show it to the crowned heads, an' the bald heads, the dead heads, and the cabbage heads."

THE BARKER'S HARANGUE.

Uncle Hank's attention was now called to a large crowd listening to a fervid description of Cleopatra's wonderful charms, so he edged up to the young man who so eloquently told of the famous Egyptian queen's beauty, intending to secure a little more information about the show before he paid his admission fee.

"I say," he inquired, "is this 'ere Cleopatry—er—ther real thing?"

"You bet she's the real thing!" replied the young man at the door. "She's painted up a bit, but the girls all paint now-a-days," and he winked at the crowd.

But Uncle Hank was not satisfied

THE HULA-HULA DANCER.

UNCLE HANK SEES THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

yet, and vouchsafed one more question: "I say, young feller, how's she dressed?"

"Oh, she's got on a coat."

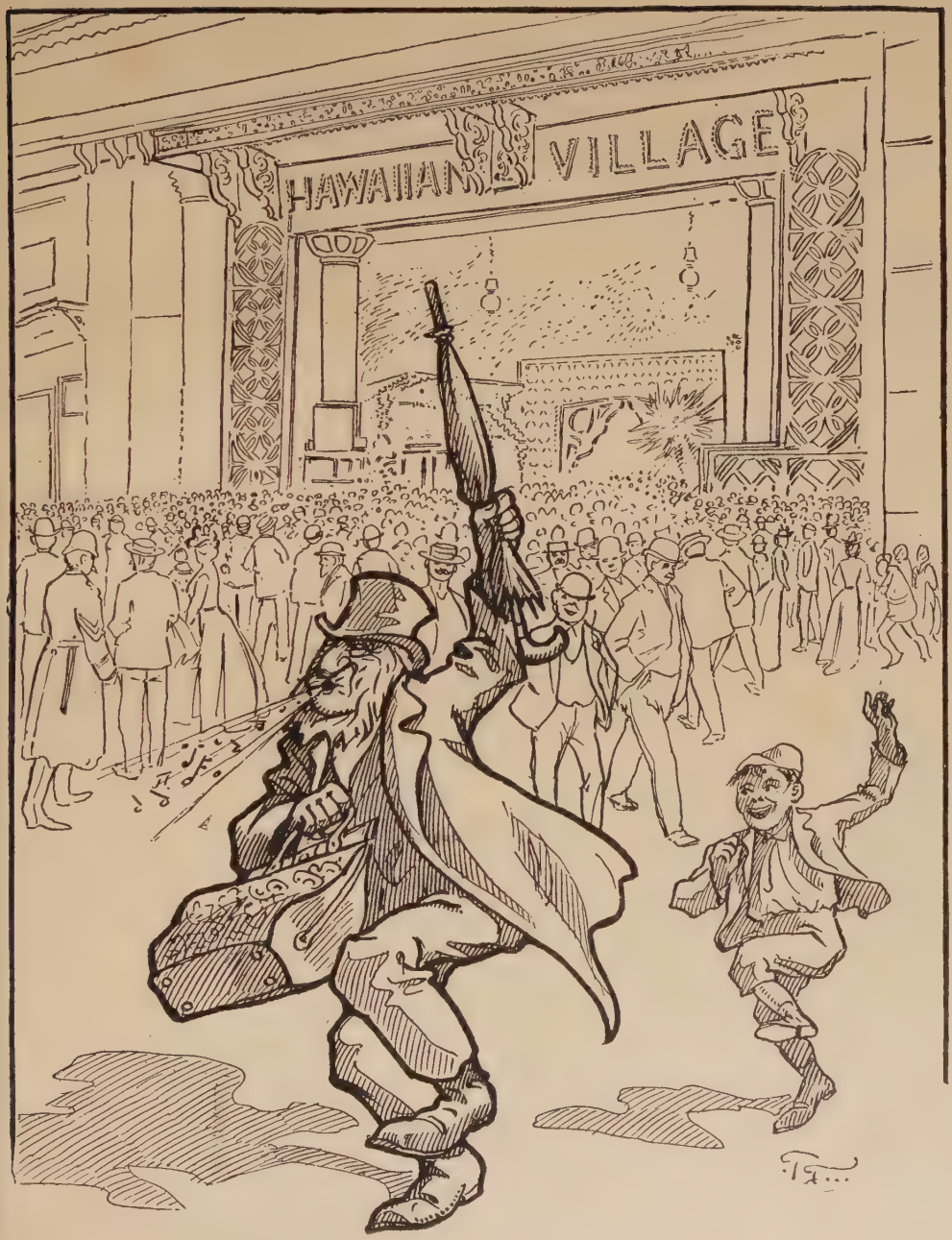
"A coat?"

"Yes, country; a coat of paint."

And when our friend found that it was only a "picture" he moved along disgustedly. A crowd was surging into the streets of Cairo, and Uncle Hank concluded to follow. As he passed into the enclosure two brawny Arabs were engaged in a furious sword combat, alternately striking each other's shield a resounding whack with their short swords amid tom-tom beats on a sort of kettle drum: small Arab boys were importuning visitors to try a ride on tired looking donkeys, and on both sides of the street were bazars doing a thriving business in Egyptian souvenirs (made in Newark, N. J.)

One booth attracted quite a little attention on account of a novel, or rather a very old style of lathe, at which an Arab, by means of a chisel held by his hand and bare foot, on which was a curiously misplaced toe, managed to turn some attractive designs in turned work, which he sold to the onlookers.

There were several camels parading up and down the street, attended by gaudily-attired Orientals; but Uncle Hank was not looking for camels, he was looking for "The Elephant" in the lair of the "Hooche Cooche," of which he'd heard often. So he made a bee line for the little



UNCLE HANK DOES THE HULA-HULA DANCE.

A SHOW FOR BALD HEADS.

Oriental Theatre. The barker was holding forth in great shape as he approached. "This is the greatest show on the Midway," he exclaimed. "You don't dare to go home without seeing it. They'd laugh at you if you told em you hadn't seen the Oriental dancers, and we've got the simon pure article, and they *can* dance. You ought to see em do their marvelous muscle dance, the dance that made John the Baptist lose his head; the dance that made the fame of Chicago's World's Fair, and is now making the fame of this grand Exposition. *You* can't afford to miss it!" and he pointed his finger straight at Uncle Hank. Uncle, however, was equal to the occasion.

"By golly," he answered, "I ain't no bald head thet sets in ther front row et burleske shows," and taking off his tall hat showed a head well thatched with hair. This immediately created a laugh among the assembled onlookers. "An lookin' around me," he continued, "I see quite a number ov folks thet I'll bet ez more familyer with dancin girl shows than I be." This shot at the crowd created another laugh.

"Well, we're never too old to learn," exclaimed the barker, "so just step up to the window nd buy your ticket and pass in."

Uncle Hank had loosened his purse strings considerably since his first advent at the Exposition. The enthusiasm of it all had completely changed his close-fisted nature, so he fished out some small change, purchased his ticket, and passed in, followed by a score of others. The performance had just commenced; a dark-eyed little dancer with unmistakable oriental features occupied the centre of the stage, while, ranged about in a semi-circle, sat four or five other dancers, flanked on either side by native musicians, who industriously played the famous "Hooche Cooche" music, to the sensuous strains of which the voluptuous little muscle-dancer swayed her form in undulating and rhythmical contortions, which completely riveted the attention of the assemblage. "Well, by Crackee, thet's ther best show I've seed yit!" exclaimed Uncle Hank, as he

emerged into daylight again. "An they say thet's the dance mentioned in ther Bible? Well, they waz jolly old boys in them days, I reckon, and they knowed a good thing when they seed it."

The most conspicuous feature at the extreme end of the Midway was the Colossal Face of "Dreamland." This was really a very fine piece of modelling and deserved more than a passing notice on account of its beautiful proportions, notwithstanding its great size. It sheltered a "crystal maze" arrangement of mirrors and hidden lights that were perfectly bewildering. After Uncle Hank had thoroughly explored its mysteries, he gazed intently at the monster face and then ejaculated: "Wal, it's a blamed puzzlin show, and thet big gal's face is mighty appropriate; for females as a rool is puzzlin critters."

Right across the way was "Pabst's," and our hero lost no time in making his way there, as he was a bit thirsty, as he had heard of the famous beverage dispensed there. After carefully depositing his carpet bag and umbrella under the table, and putting his big foot on top to insure safety, he was approached by a waiter who, with a sweep of a towel, wiped up the remnants of the last customer's repast; and after waiting some time he was approached by a phlegmatic German waiter.

"Waiter, let me have a glass of beer, I'm all-fired dry."

"Ein beer?" ejaculated the waiter.

"Naw, lager beer's good enough for me," replied Uncle Hank, and the waiter departed with a grin and a guffaw; presently he returned with the foaming glass.

And what a motley assemblage was here congregated. There were Turks, Mexicans, Indians, Filipinos, Japs, and apparently representatives from all the Midway shows in the vicinity, and their voices mingled in a perfect babel of confusion. A more cosmopolitan congregation it would be hard to find, and everybody drank beer.

A PLEASED PATRON.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

"I guess ther reason they all drink beer, is because yer git it for a nickel," remarked Uncle Hank, and the Yankee finished his glass and continued his sightseeing trip. The first thing to catch his eye was the big Cyclorama building, containing the battle of Missionary Ridge. As our Uncle Hank had participated in the "Big War," he was instantly interested in this representation of one of it's famous battles. Uncle Hank had been intently studying the battle scene for several minutes when his reverie was interrupted.

"Yo Yankees up Nawth invahiably show the battles in which, suh, the Confederates were at a disadvantage, suh; now thar's Fredericksburg, fo' instance! A fine panorama of that engagement, suh, would not show much to the advantage of the Yankees, suh."

The speaker was a tall, dignified. Southern gentleman of the old school, with one of his coat sleeves pinned up to be out of the way, he evidently having lost the arm in fighting for "the lost cause." Uncle Hank eyed him sharply before replying, and then blurted out:

"Wal, kin yer blame us? Ef this waz a Southern enterprise I guess a different scrimmage would hev bin selected," and the old Yankee chuckled.

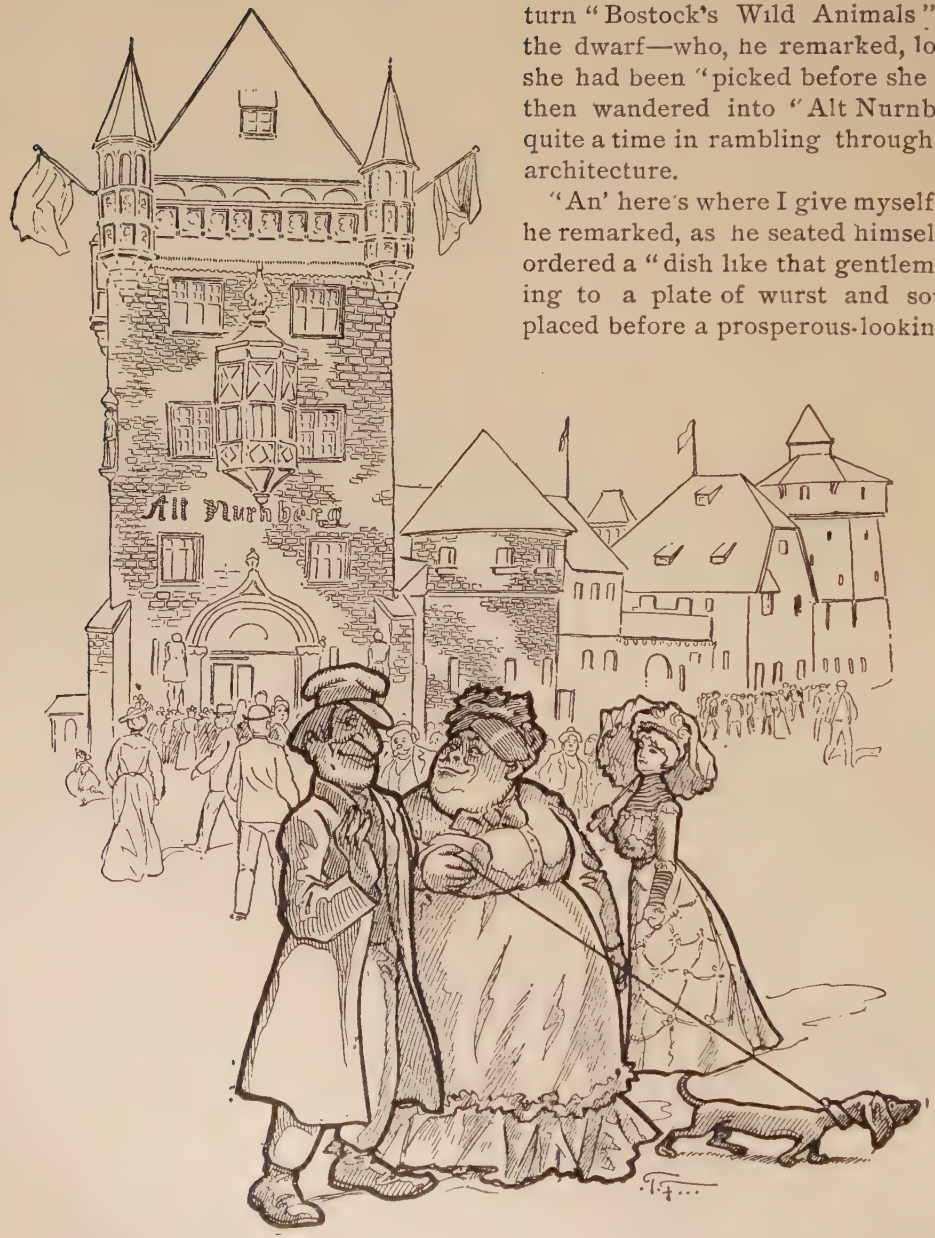
At this juncture a commotion was created by the noise of a charge, and, with bugle calls and rattle of musketry, quite a creditable semblance of a battle was produced. As the crowd filed out, Uncle Hank made his way rapidly toward the end of the Midway, as he was getting anxious to see some of the big buildings. He, however, could not withstand the temptation to take a look at the Filipinos in their quaint village of thatched habitations; the native manufactures of rope and hemp particularly interested him, and when he essayed to speak to what he thought was a negro, was very much surprised

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE ELECTRICAL TOWER.

THE FILIPINO SOON FINDS THE WAY TO "PABSTS"

to be answered in Spanish. After visiting in turn "Bostock's Wild Animals" and Chiquita, the dwarf—who, he remarked, looked as though she had been "picked before she was ripe"—he then wandered into "Alt Nurnberg," and spent quite a time in rambling through its old German architecture.

"An' here's where I give myself a Dutch treat," he remarked, as he seated himself at a table and ordered a "dish like that gentleman's got," pointing to a plate of wurst and sour kraut just placed before a prosperous-looking German.



"Haben sie wurst?" inquired the waiter.

"Naw, gimme the best, and be quick!"

And when he had finished this modest repast he sallied forth for new adventures.

The Pan-American Exposition is unique in one respect. It abounds in beautiful statuary. Wherever the eye turns it encounters the most exquisite specimens of the sculptor's art.

Uncle Hank gazed long and rapturously at one group in particular. It represented human slaves tugging laboriously at a chariot car on which was seated a finely modeled figure of a despot.

UNCLE HANK AS AN ART CRITIC.

UNCLE HANK IMPROVES A STATUE.

A CRITICISM.

"Seems ter me ther title on thet statoo ain't jest right!" he remarked, as he turned around with a twinkle in his eye to see if any one was looking; then, reaching down into his carpet bag, he drew out a lump of charcoal he had been using for a sort of tooth powder, and, after crossing out the inscription, "The Despotic Age," he proceeded to mark, in strong, characteristic letters, the following: "Statoo of a Trust King Takin' a Ride in His Horseliss Carridge." Just as he had executed this masterpiece he felt a tap on the shoulder, and, turning around, was confronted by a verdant-lookidg policeman.

"What d' yes mean be thot?" he demanded, pointing to the charcoal marks.

"Oh, thet's all right; thet's jest charcoal, and it 'll wash off. I'm jest improvin' them statoos fer the management; givin' them ther benefit ov my knowledgment ov skulptur."

"An' did they tell yez to do it?" queried the policeman.

"Wal, ye see I'm appinted a committee ov one to improve them figers, an' this be my way of doin' it."

The policeman looked at Uncle Hank quizzically, and was about to pursue his inquiries further when a great hubbub was created by a donkey running away, pursued by a horde of shouting Arabs and Armenians from the Midway.

The policeman at once gave chase to the fleeing donkey, as did Uncle Hank. The animal was thoroughly frightened and ran pell mell towards the Indian Village, and, reaching the entrance, dashed

THE FACE AT THE "WINDOW."

VICE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT STANDS SPONSOR FOR PAN AMERICA ROOSEVELT.

in, followed by the crowd, despite the protests of the guard at the gate. Uncle Hank, being a good runner, was well up with the pursuit as the crowd rushed in.

UNCLE HANK AMONG THE INDIANS.

Uncle Hank now found himself inside the enclosure and it had not cost him a cent, which fact greatly elated the economical Yankee.

"Wal, b'gosh, I guess I'll look around a bit; them injuns be worth seein', I reckon. Hullo, yaller face!" he exclaimed, as a noble red man, with face painted a bright ochre, approached.

The Indian was of the Sioux tribe and was a fine specimen, tall and agile, and with but one defect—his legs were bowed. This, however, is peculiar to most Indians, and is due solely to horseback riding.

"Give injun cig-rette?" grunted the savage.

"Dew you smoke them coffin nails?" inquired Uncle Hank.

"Me smoke him? Yes."

"Wal, I don't smoke, and ef I did I wouldn't smoke them things," and Uncle Hank passed on with a deprecating wave of the hand. He now proceeded up through a street formed by a double line of canvas tepees, before one of which was a squaw with an axe uplifted in the act of chopping wood for the evening's repast, while a little further on could be decried another carrying two buckets of water from the hydrant in the centre

ROOSEVELT'S PROTÉGÉ.

of the grounds. The squaws were doing up the chores while the lazy bucks were idly smoking cigarettes. Every little while a tepee flap, which does service as a door, would be thrown open and a diminutive papoose would pop out, and bright little children they were.

On Dedication Day Vice-President Roosevelt stood sponsor as godfather for an In- dian baby that had just been born. He promptly christened it Pan America; now it is known all over the grounds as Pan Amer- ica Roosevelt.

Uncle Hank was greatly interested in the war dances, and re- markably clever horse- manship as well as the wonderful rifle shoot- ing by Winona, the In- dian squaw.

So impressed was Uncle Hank with her shooting that he gave vent to his enthusiasm in loud whoops.

"Jiminy Crackee, but aint she a crack shot! ef I was her husband I'd be mighty keerful how I sassed her back."

As the crowd was making its way out of the enclosure Uncle Hank noticed Vice- President Roosevelt walking just ahead of him, and as he had previously met him at his native town, where "Teddy" had made one of his po- litical addresses, he hastened to make himself known.

"Howdy Kernel!" exclaimed Uncle Hank, at the same time proffering his hand. "Yer haint forgot me, hev yer?" "Well, as I live! this is Henry Slo- cum of Medford, is it not?" and "Ted- dy" grasped the ex- tended hand and shook it heartily.

"I see it didn't take you very long to find the Midway!"

UNCLE HANK MEETS "TEDDY."

THE "BARKER" AT THE STREETS OF VENICE.

and Teddy's teeth gleamed as he smiled. "Wal," ejaculated Uncle Hank, "they're going to change the name to Dogwalk."

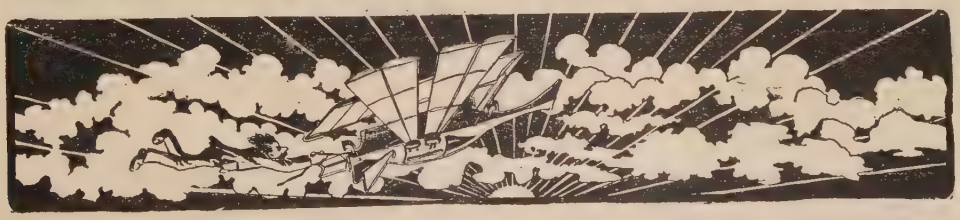
"Dogwalk?"

"Yas, 'cos there be so many barkers on it," and the old Yankee grinned from ear to ear.

"Teddy" being a true politician, invited Uncle Hank to meet him at Music Hall, where he was to deliver an address.

He now wended his way to the end of the Midway. In passing the different attractions he could not refrain from expressing his unique observations. "I notice," said he, "thet at 'Danty's Infernal' ten folks go to hell to one that goes into heaven, thet's just th' way with human critters. And thet 'Johnstown Flood' crowd makes straight for 'Pabst's.' I guess the sight ov so much water makes em yearn for a beer flood. Just look at thet barker for thet 'Venice' show! Aint he a guy! What funny things ye see when ye haven't got a gun."

And he continued his way past "Alt Nurenberg" to The Mall. It was now quite dark, and as our hero was exceedingly tired he resolved to go to his hotel; with this end in view he



THE INDESCRIBABLY BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS.

slowly made his way to the exit. Just as he reached the Plaza the lights suddenly went out and all was in darkness for a few minutes, then slowly a soft light seemed to emanate from the myriads of bulbs, and gradually the light became stronger until all the buildings were ablaze with illumination.

The effect was indescribably brilliant and the spectators were spellbound.

TWO OF A KIND.

"By Crackee, et's a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Uncle Hank, and turning to a policeman standing by he asked, "Haow many lights hev they got on them buildings?"

"Five hundred thousand."

"Whew! thet's an awful lot, an it all comes from Niagary Falls?"

"Yep," ejaculated the "Cop."

"Wal, Niagary must be an awful light place," and the old gentleman, musing on the wonders of electric lighting, made his way to the exit.

On his way out he met the landlady of the boarding house he was stopping at.

"How's them boarders comin' along?" inquired he; "got yer house full, I spose!"

HOW YOUR FEET FEEL AT THE END OF THE DAY.

"N t yit," she replied. "Ye see I raised the price."

"Wal, how's thet?'

"Well, ye see, I set my mind on how much my house ought to bring in during the Exposition and as nobody has occu pied it yit, I've raised the rates for the rest of the season."

"Them Buffalo folks is sharp business people—I don't think," observed Uncle Hank, as he made his way out of the grounds. He was tired and his feet seemed to be filled with lead, but he'd had a good time, and although he had taken a jocular view of almost everything in sight, he was not blind to its other side—to its beautiful architecture and its instructive features, and finally voted the Pan American Exposition a huge success, and vowed he'd be on hand early the next morning for another big day of sight-seeing.

THE BUFFALO WAY.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE FUN OF IT.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."

The truth of this axiom was strongly emphasized in Uncle Hank; he laughed at everything and everybody, and everybody laughed at him. As soon as he reached the Exposition next morning he found material for laughter in a large sign in front of one of the restaurants which announced:

MEALS ALL DAY, 50 CTS.

"Ef I thought they meant it I'd give em fifty cents tew eat all day," he chuckled to himself as he walked along toward the Government Building, at the entrance of which are mounted a couple of cannons of the Civil War. As he approached them he recognized the Confederate veteran he had met at the Cyclorama of the Battle of Missionary Ridge.

OLD RELICS.

"Hullo thar!" he exclaimed as he extended his hand.

"How are ye, Majah!" replied the ex-Confederate with the usual interrogative.

"Right smart, Kerne., and the two old veterans bowed graciously.

"Majah, I've been carried back to the Wah by the sight of these old cannons, sah."

"Yas, Kernel, and thet re-

NO POPGUN AFFAIR.

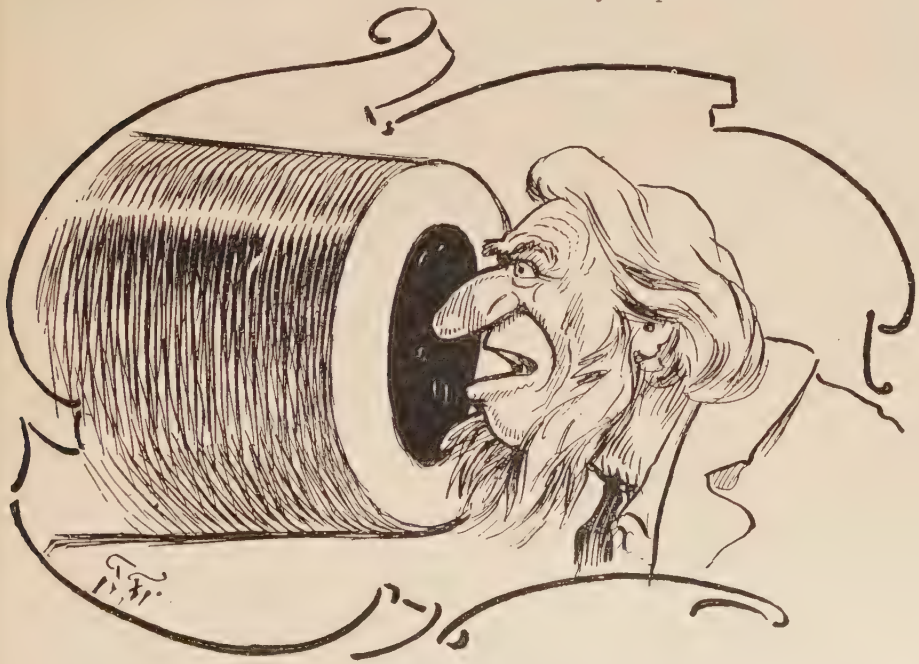
minds me that we four, them two cannons and me and you, make raythor a fine collection of War relics. Hey? Well, sah, we may be relics and back numbers, sah, but by gad, sah, it was a great Wah, sah. So great, sah, that the late Spanish Wah looked like a popgun affair, sah."

And the ex-Confederate's bosom swelled with pride at the recollection.

With this the pair marched with a military step and erect bearing into Uncle Sam's Exhibition Building.

The Government exhibit is perhaps the finest and most elaborate in the Exhibition, and Uncle Hank examined it thoroughly. The Lighthouse models attracted him particularly, as it was a subject with which he, in common with all New Englanders, was quite familiar. He was closely inspecting the construction of Minot's Lodge Light when he was startled by a loud blast from the big foghorn just above him.

"By Gum!" he exclaimed, "thet sounds like tew hum, daown by Cape Cod, b' gosh." And after he had closely inspected the



THE MAN BEFORE THE GUN.

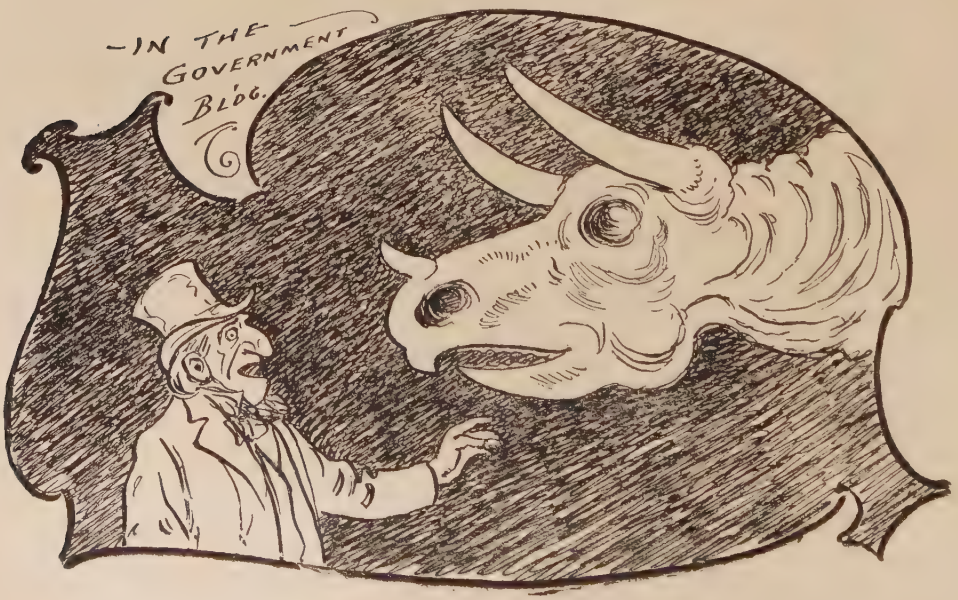
THE SAURIAN MONSTER.

big noise producer he proceeded in the direction of the Ordnance Department, as he was much interested in "them big guns."

After strolling about through the multitudinous exhibits for about an hour, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Je-roo-sa-lem! What a big cow!"

As he caught sight of a huge antediluvian fossil which stood mounted on a pedestal, near the en-



THE ILLUMINATION OF THE PLAZA.

trance. It was indeed a monster, and easily the most conspicuous exhibit in the building.

The artistic groups of wax figures representing Indians engaged in various avocations also attracted considerable attention on account of the remarkable fidelity to nature with which they were arranged. After thoroughly examining the interesting exhibits in this building, attention was next given to the adjoining Fisheries Exhibit, which is beyond question the most complete of the kind ever attempted, and beautifully illustrates the various methods of fish propagation, and the boats and apparatus used by fishermen.

As our hero was strolling along the Plaza he was very much astonished at meeting Miss Mehitable Muggs, a schoolmarm from his native town. She greeted him with a smirk and extended her hand in friendly recognition.

"Well, I swan, Henry Slocum! you here? I didn't calklate tew meet any one on airth I knew out here," and Miss Mehitable's side curls bobbed up and down as she nodded her head in a manner peculiar to her.

"Be yew alone, Miss Mehitable?" inquired Uncle Hank.

THE WONDERS OF THE GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT.

"On der vay
to Moosic Hall."
T.F.

"No, I just left Abbie Snodgrass up in the Ethnology Building; she's a-gitting material for a debating society, and I thought as how I'd stroll about ter see some of the sights."

"Wal, now doant yew git too near tew that Midway, Mehitable, thar's some risky doins goin on over thar; yer want to be keerful now."

And Uncle Hank winked at her slyly as he bid her good-by. He then seated himself at the foot of a statue of Achilles, and as he was a little tired and hungry he reached down into his carpet bag and

UNCLE HANK MEETS MISS MEHITABLE MUGGS.

A WONDERFUL STATUE.

extracted therefrom a huge sandwich with which to appease his hunger. Before doing so, however, he happened to observe Achilles' hand outstretched, so with a grin he removed his hat and hung it on the hand above, remarking as he did so:

"By Gum, I'll make thet old warrior hold my hat while I eat."

The day was warm and balmy, in fact a typical June day, and the clear atmosphere made the statuary on the Government Building stand out in strong relief. Uncle Hank's eyes were rivetted on the beautiful horses in the group when he dropped off in a gentle slumber. Soon he awoke with a start.

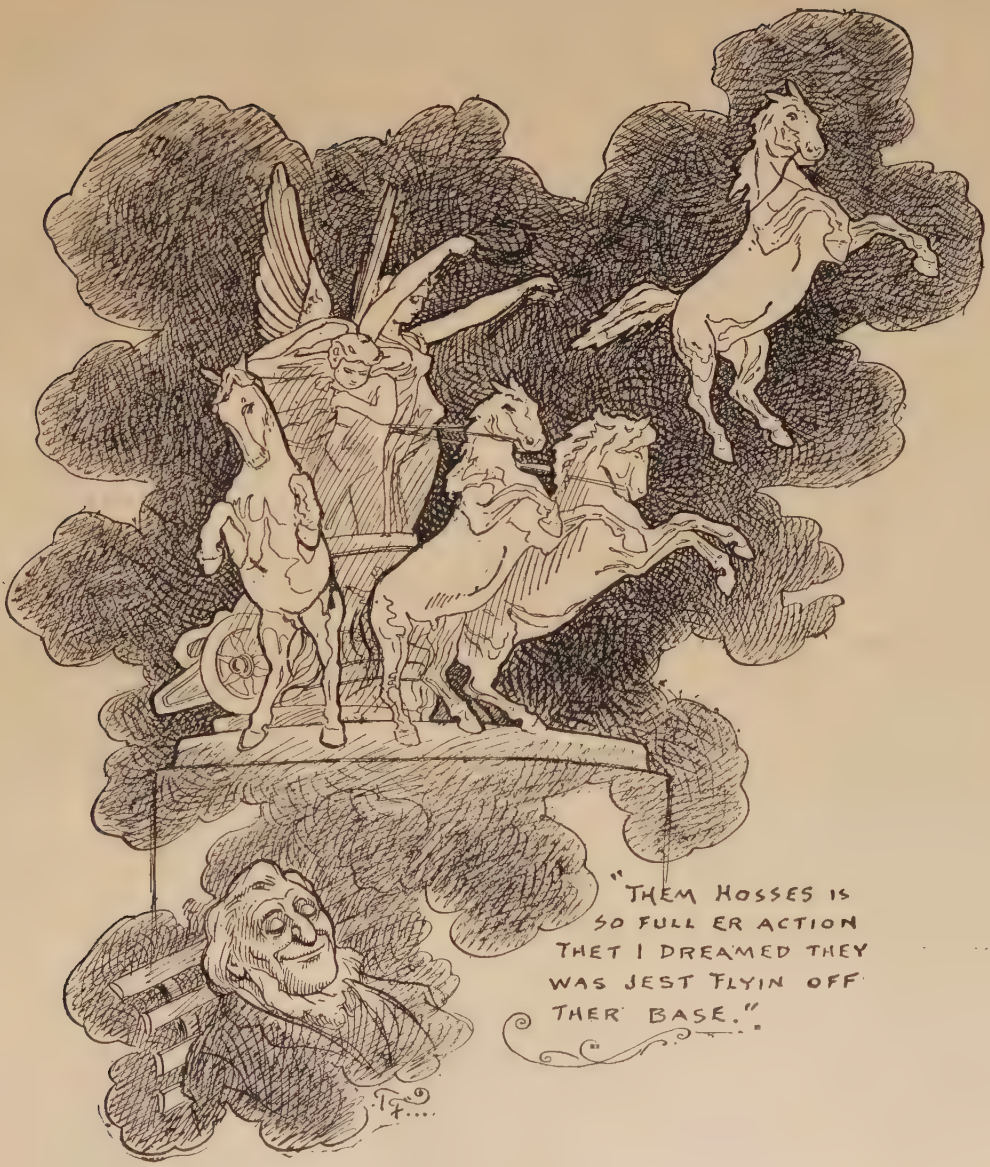
"Christopher Columbus! I dreamt that them hosses waz so full ov action that they jest leapt off their base inter the air." And with this remark he picked up his cherished carpet bag and resumed his sight-seeing.

The Ethnology Building is very popular with visitors, although some of its exhibits are rather gruesome. Its array of subjects consists chiefly of articulated human skeletons, skulls and fragmentary bones from Indian burial mounds.

A thick-lipped darkey from Dixie land happened to poke his woolly head in at one of the entrances one afternoon. His glance fell on one of the dangling skeletons at the door. This was enough for him. With a frightened cry of "Ghos'!!" he fled precipitately.

Uncle Hank's remark, after carefully scrutinizing the interior of the building, was characteristic of him.

"Seems ter me thet this is the place for them Spiritualists tew hold ther see-ances in," said he.



"THEM HOSSES IS SO FULL ER ACTION THET I DREAMED THEY WAS JEST FLYIN OFF THER BASE."

ECONOMY IN FOOD.

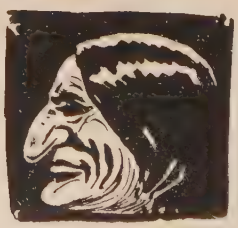
The Temple of Music is a Mecca for all visitors who are votaries of Wagner, Bach, or Mozart. Here are to be met with the enthusiasts with voluminous locks, whose souls eagerly absorb the heavenly melodies that emanate from the beautiful Temple.

"Music hath such charms."

Director Gen. Buchanan is probably the busiest man at the Exposition Headquarters, and is often seen walking around in a deep brown study. It was on one of these occasions that Uncle Hank came in contact with him. The shrewd Yankee was musing on the possibilities of making money out of the opportunities afforded by the Fair, and, as was often customary with him, he voiced his thoughts to the nearest bystander.

"By Jinks, ye could put advertisin' up on thet standard bearer statoo and git big money for it, too. Jest take down that flag and put up a big pan and paint somebody's pancakes onto it, and there ye are, or at night jest run a string ov lanterns from ther electric tower and put S A P O L I O on the lanterns. Then thare's the canal all along them walls ; advertising space could be sold thar."

He addressed his remarks to a pleasant-faced gentleman



standing at his elbow, who smiled as he made his suggestions.

"Well, as I am Director General, I suppose I ought to take your ideas under advisement. What further have you got to offer?" he inquired with an indulgent smile.

UNCLE HANK MEETS THE DIRECTOR GENERAL.

UNCLE HANK RUNS A FOOT RACE.

Unabashed Uncle Hank replied :

"Ye oughter hav a gold brick department. Them pesky smart Alecks up my way 'd buy em quick an the show 'd make big profits on the transaction. An' say, on ther quiet, don't yer think some of them statoos ought ter hav more clothes, not that I object to the beautiful figgers, but then a feller sometimes has his wife along and then ——."

The athletic contests in the Stadium savor much of the antique, and really constitute one of the most attractive features of the Fair.

It was on the occasion of one of the most exciting contests between rival associations that Uncle Hank found himself a spectator perched away up on one of the top tiers of seats, and a foot-race had just been started in which he took keen interest, as he had been somewhat of a sprinter himself in his younger days. In his enthusiasm he loudly cheered the victor, but at the same time expressed his belief that he could distance any of them ; this was said in such a loud tone that it provoked a jeering laugh in the immediate vicinity.

Uncle Hank

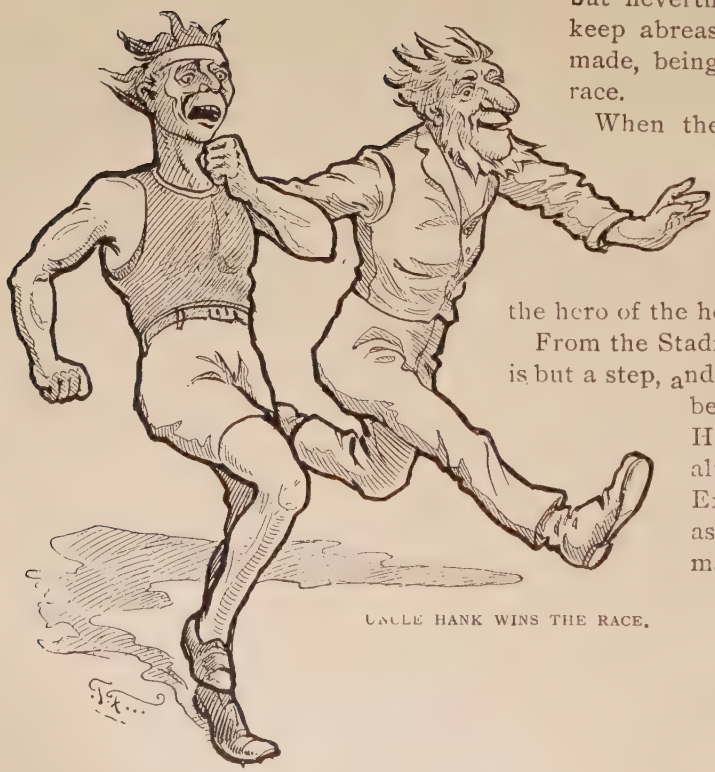
UNCLE HANK CHALLENGES THE WINNER OF THE RACE.

thereupon challenged the winner to run him a hundred-yard dash. The prospect of having some fun out of the matter, and the contests of the day being over, a match was readily arranged; so our hero and the young athlete, accompanied by a score of friends, proceeded to the upper end of the track, where the Yankee divested himself of his coat and hat with the remark that "He guessed he'd show them young cubs he could run a bit," and the crowd was very good-natured and loudly cheered him. At the crack of a pistol they were off.

Now Uncle Hank was shrewd enough to know that he could not beat this young sprinter, but that he had something up his sleeve developed early in the race. Before he had gone very far he reached out his hand and placed it on the shoulder of his antagonist in such a manner that he could not be detected by those in the rear; of course, this was resented by his rival, but nevertheless Uncle Hank managed to keep abreast, and when the final spurt was made, being the fresher, actually won the race.

When the racers returned to the stand there was a vigorous protest on the part of the defeated athlete, but the crowd only jeered and laughed down his protest, and Uncle Hank was the hero of the hour.

From the Stadium to the Liberal Arts Building is but a step, and as most of the people seemed to be going in that direction Uncle Hank followed the crowd, which is always a good thing to do at the Exposition, as interesting places are as sure to draw the crowds as the magnet is sure to attract the needle.

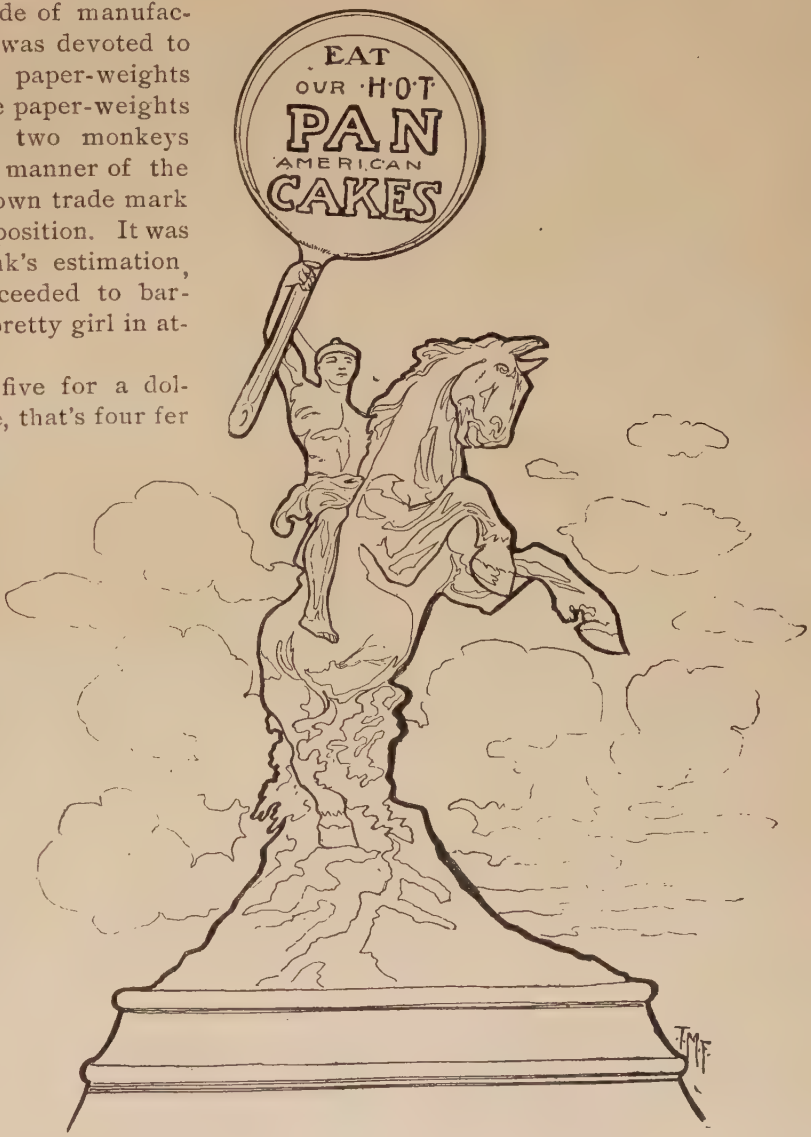


UNCLE HANK WINS THE RACE.

BARGAINING FOR A SOUVENIR.

The building of the Liberal Arts is admirably planned for its purpose, being well lighted and commodious, its broad aisles showing to the best advantage the artistic exhibits of a multitude of manufacturers. A small booth was devoted to the sale of crystal glass paper-weights and souvenirs. One of the paper-weights contained a design of two monkeys grasping hands after the manner of the females on the well-known trade mark of the Pan-American Exposition. It was quite funny in Uncle Hank's estimation, and he immediately proceeded to bargain for one with the pretty girl in attendance.

"A quarter a piece or five for a dollar?" said he; "let's see, that's four fer seventy-five cents—three fer a half—two fer a quarter—and one for nothin'. I guess I'll take one!" and he laughed quite heartily at his display of financial sagacity. He finally agreed to take one for a quarter of a dollar if she would agree to refund the money if he brought her customers for the other four, and before he returned home he induced Miss Mehitable and her companion to



UNCLE HANK'S SCHEME FOR THE "STANDARD BEARER.

UNCLE HANK'S SUGGESTION FOR ADVERTISING SPACE.

buy the other four, and thus got his money returned. A little further up the aisle he came to a most elaborate display of finely upholstered furniture; one suite in particular was very elegant, and as he was somewhat fatigued after his foot race he stretched himself out at full length on the softly upholstered chairs and remarked:

"Ther accommerdashuns at this Fair is sartinly fine. an I don't mind givin em credit fer it.—Now when I waz up tew our County Fair, gol durn it, yer had tew squat on tew ther boxes an bales an they even made us eat our lunches where ther hosses was tied. By crackee, when I git back tew hum I'm goin tew tell old Deacon Sparregrass thet his Committee don't know how tew run fairs. Ye see, ye hev tew travel to git infermashun, an when I git it I don't mind letting others hev their benefit ov it."

He then laid back on the cushions and certainly looked comfortable and was just considering the advisability of opening his ever trusty carpet bag and

"A QUARTER A PIECE OR FIVE FOR A DOLLAR?" SAID HE; "LET'S SEE, THAT'S FOUR FER SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS—THREE FER A HALF—TWO FER A QUARTER—AND ONE FER NOTHIN'. I GUESS I'LL TAKE ONE!"

regaling himself with his luncheon, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a large placard placed immediately above his head, which read as follows :

THIS
MAGNIFICENT
PARLOR SUITE
MADE FOR
PRESIDENT SLOBB
OF THE
STEEL TRUST
AT A COST
OF
$100,000.

UNCLE HANK ENJOYING THE HOSPITALITY OF A FURNITURE EXHIBITOR.

UNCLE HANK MEETS WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

UNCLE HANK MEETS WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Uncle Hank was so much astonished that he tumbled out of the chair and made off with his carpet bag and umbrella before he could be discovered trespassing on such valuable property.

On emerging from the Liberal Arts Building our hero was hustled unceremoniously by a concourse of people following a party of distinguished-looking personages, among whom he recognized the well-known figure of William J. Bryan, who was walking directly toward him.

As the late Presidential candidate approached him he shot out his hand for a shake, and Mr. Bryan, seeing an honest-looking farmer standing before him, promptly grasped his extended hand.

"Kernel Bryan," said he, "yer doin the wisest thing yer ever did in yer life in sayin ye won't run for offis again; jest keep it up, an when ther people get tew thinkin thet ye don't want the offis, b'gosh they'll make ye take it."

Mr. Bryan laughed quite heartily at this sally.

One of the pleasant features of the Exposition is the excellent music supplied by the different bands stationed at convenient places throughout the grounds. Uncle Hank seated himself on one of the green benches to regale himself with the melodious strains from the 74th Regiment band, which was playing near the Government Building, and as he was very tired

he stretched out full length and was soon slumbering peacefully.

UNCLE HANK LOSES HIS WATCH.

It is hard to tell how long he would have slept had he not been awakened by a policeman, who asked him if he had lost anything, and if he had "like as not that felly runnin there has

"THER DISAPPEARING GUN, AN' THER DISAPPEARING SON-OF-A-GUN !—I'VE SEEN EM BOTH NOW."

THE "INNER MAN."

got it!" at the same time pointing to a fleeing figure just disappearing behind the disappearing gun. Uncle Hank then discovered that his seventy-five cent Ansonia watch was gone. After he had fully awakened, he rubbed his eyes and sententiously observed: "Ther disappearing gun, an' ther disappearing son-of-a-gun! I've seen em both now."

With a look of disgust on his honest old face at this phase of human depravity, he slowly made his way to the exit.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The good or bad reputation of pleasure resorts is often determined by the good or bad meals obtainable. A pleasure trip in which the "inner man" was satisfactorily entertained is always pleasantly remembered, and a sight-seeing journey is doubly satisfying if, at the end of the day's jaunt, a well-cooked repast is at hand.

"Man grows on what he feeds."

So well understood was this that Napoleon, if possible, never went to battle until his troops had had their rations, and Admiral Lord Nelson invariably served grog before his ships went into action.

A very noticeable feature of the crowds going into the Exposition was the almost universal custom of carrying lunch boxes. The restaurant facilities of the "Pan" were good, but the prices were somewhat high, for concessions cost money, and it took money to build the Fair.

Two ragged specimens of humanity, who had evidently "jumped the fence," expressed disgust at the lack of lunching facilities one day.

"I say, pard, I wouldn't er came ef I knowed thar waz no free lunch layout."

"An' dey don't give out no food samples to de likes ov us!" growled the other in disgust. And the pair shambled off in response to a threatening gesture by a policeman who was eying them suspiciously, and who entertained no friendly feeling for impecunious visitors.

ECONOMY IN FOOD.

The Bailey Catering Company controlled the principal restaurant concessions, and it was into one of their establishments our friend found himself at noon.

"What d'yer charge fer coffee?" inquired he of a pert little waitress.

"Ten cents," was the reply.

"Fer a cup?

"Yes."

"Wal, jest bring me a cup ov coffee."

And when the waitress walked off to fill the order he reached down to his ever faithful carpet bag and extracted therefrom a large apple pie.

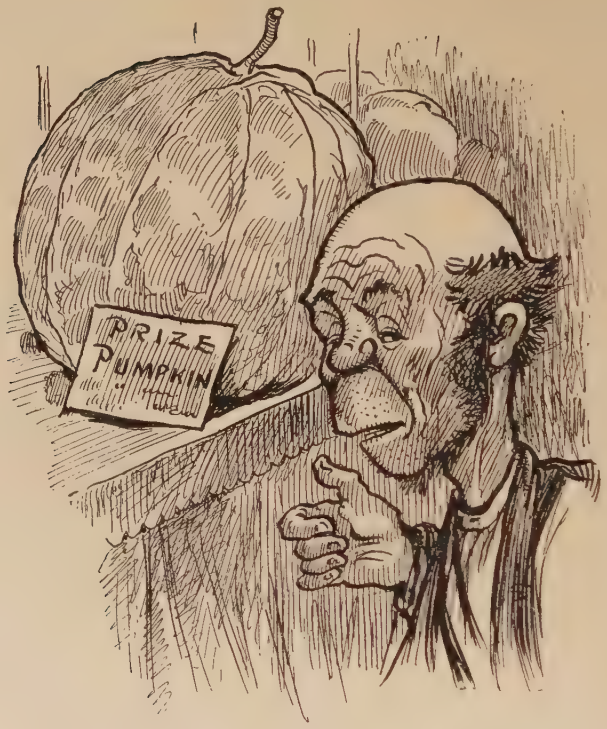
"Ten Cents fer a fine pie like thet down in Buffaler agin Ten Cents fer a skimpy little piece here.—Wal, I patronizes Buffaler every time." And he promptly proceeded to hide his Buffalo purchase in his capacious maw.

Uncle Hank now resolved that he would tackle The Agricultural Building next. Just as he entered he was confronted by a colossal plaster model of the Goddess of Light which surmounted the Electrical Tower almost 400 feet from the ground. This white model, however, was only a few feet from the floor of the building, and its beauteous proportions were strikingly displayed, in fact, it was the biggest thing in nude art that had been seen for many a day and many a spouse had given her husband's coat tail an urgent tug in passing it.

Of course, it attracted Uncle Hank, and elicited from him the observation "Thet Goddess of Light was durned lightly dressed, but by ginger, she's a beauty, an I reckon she wouldn't look half ez attractiv with them tight skirts an high French heels an picture hats thet the wimmen ez wearin now days. Them artists knows how tew make ther fair six attractiv an I wont pretend tew criticiz em."

And the old gentleman pursued his way in search of new adventures.

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.



"OI WONDTHER IS THOT WHOT CLANCY MEANT WHIN HE SAID OI WAS A PUNKIN HEAD."

Near the centre of the building there was a display of fine pumpkins, before one of which stood a son of Erin, with a very puzzled expression on his face as he gave vent to his feelings.

"I wondher is thot whot Clancy meant whin he sed Oi was a punkin hed?" and his indignation was plainly reflected on his face as he contemplated the prize vegetable with its profusion of warty excrescences.

The display of old ploughs caught Uncle Hank's attention,

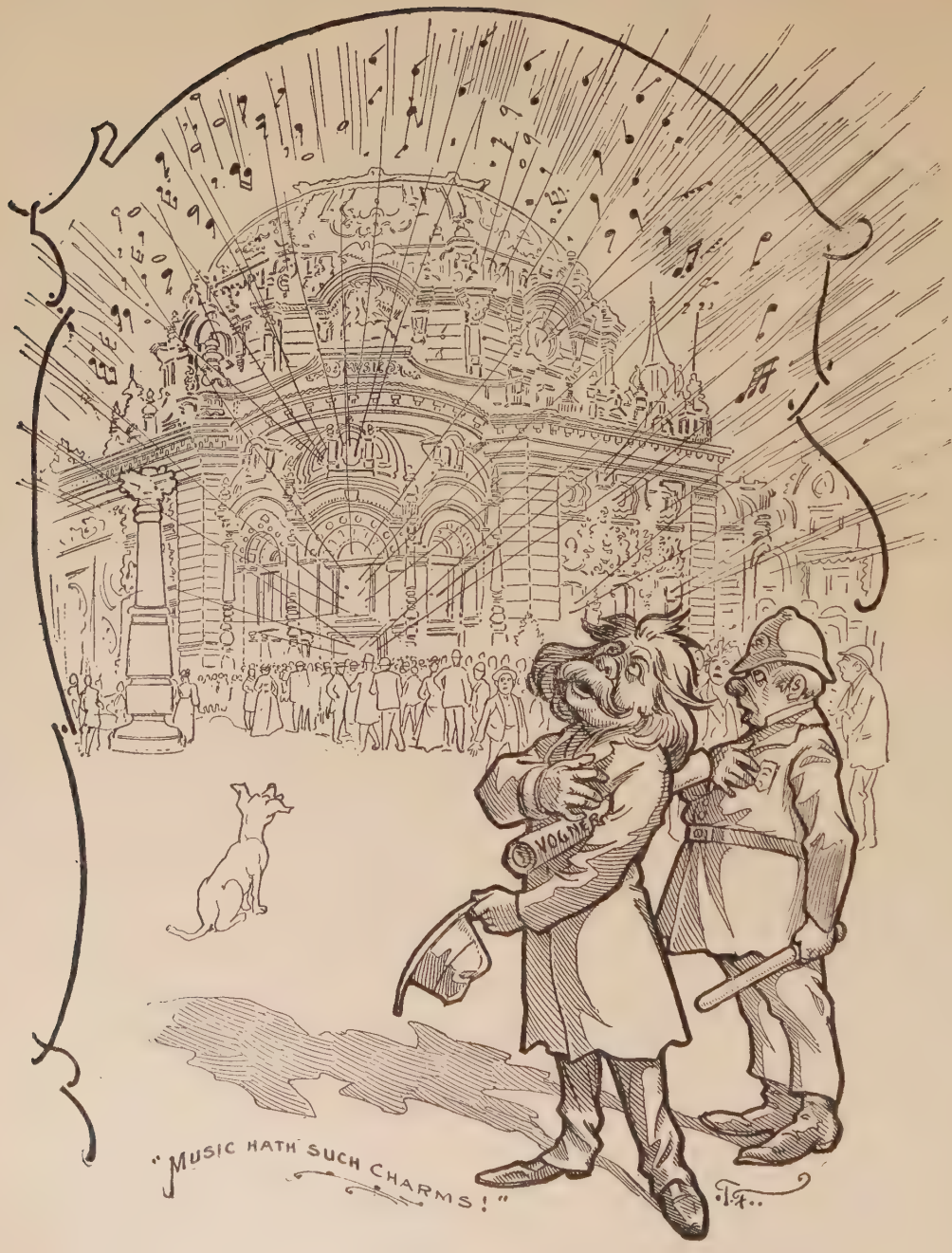
and he examined them very critically, as the sight of them brought him back to the days of his youth, when he had traveled many a mile in following furrows thrown up by just such ploughs.

"They ain't no money in farmin' nowdays. When ever I see ploughin' done now, I allus think thars a hoss at one end ov ther plough an' a jackass at tother end."

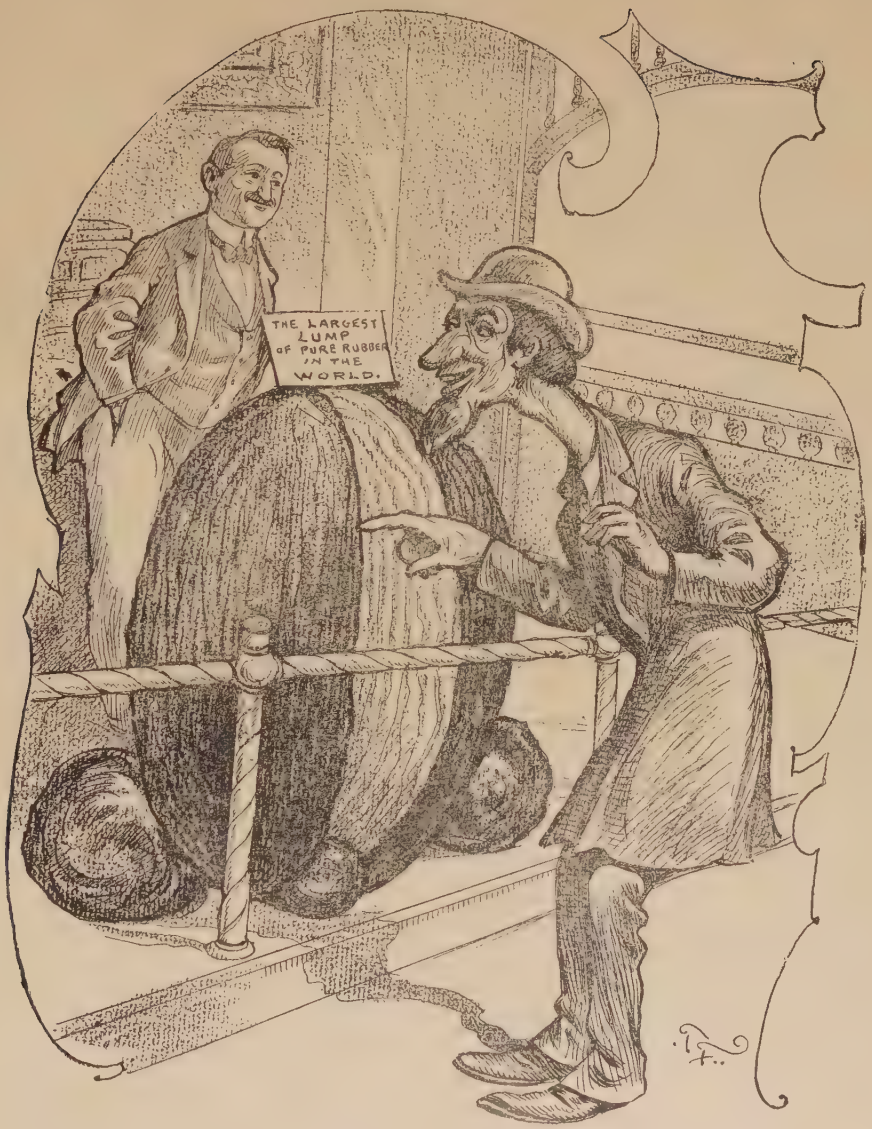
After scrutinizing the agricultural exhibits from South American countries and commenting on the fact that they were "not in it" with "Californy," he continued:

"Ye kaint beat Californy nohow in raisin' fine fruits, an monster trees, an the ony thing South Ameriky kin beat her in raisin' ez in raisin' revolooshuns."

He whiled away considerable time among the agricultural exhibits, and like a true Yankee profited largely by his investigations. He now proceeded toward the Electrical Building, and had not gone far in this building when he encountered a huge lump of pure India rubber, which was, as a placard announced, the largest lump of rubber in the world. A tall,

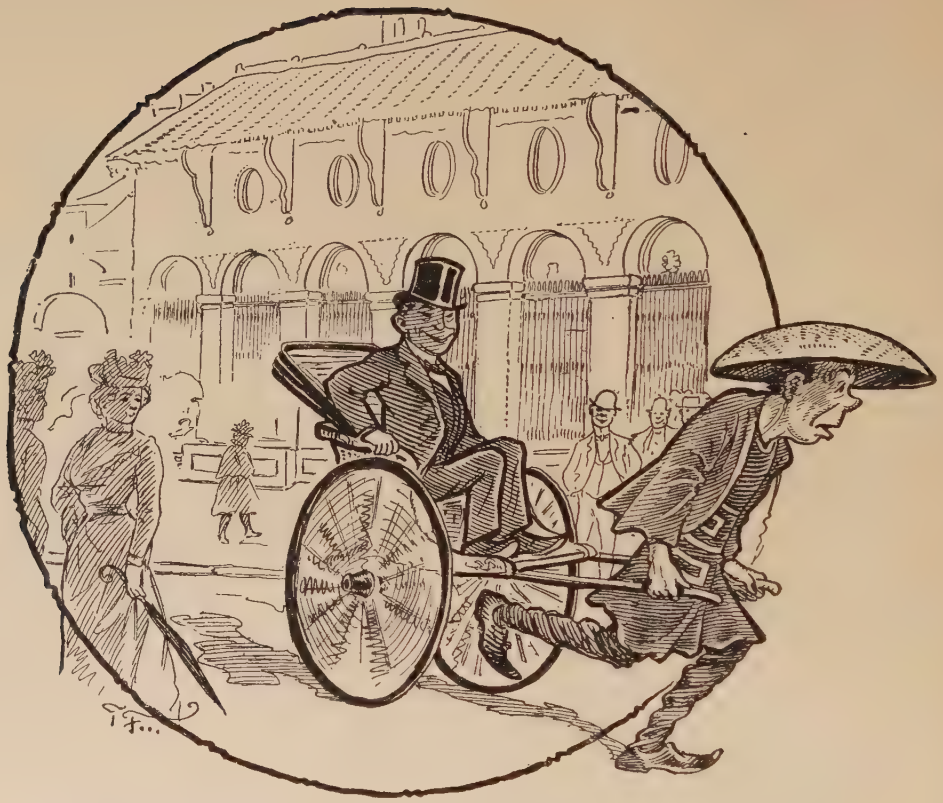


"MUSIC HATH SUCH CHARMS!"



"WHAT DO THEY MAKE OF THAT, MISTER?"
"RUBBER NECKS!"

THE YANKEES OF THE ORIENT.



A REAL JAP TAKES A RIDE IN A JINRICKSHA DRAWN BY AN IMITATION JAP.

gaunt individual was craning his neck to get a good look at it. "What do they make out of that, mister?" he inquired.

"Rubber necks!" promptly responded the facetious attendant, to the very evident disgust of the inquirer.

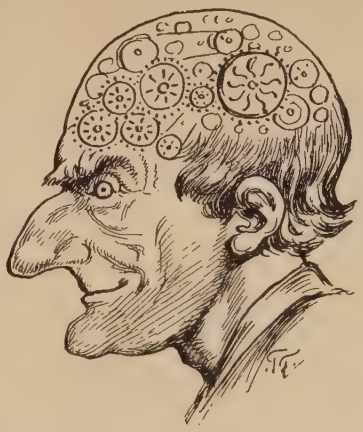
On the Midway Uncle Hank encountered a jinricksha with a real Jap riding and an imitation Jap (who was palpably of Italian origin) pulling, which caused him to smile as he

THE WONDERS OF MACHINERY.

remarked that "them Japs is rapidly larnin the ways of civilizashun—them's the Yankees ov ther orient an I reckon the fust thing ye know they'll hev a Monroe doctrine ov ther own thet'll give them Rooshins an Germans something tew think abaout."

Man's ingenuity is never made so manifest as when displayed in machinery, and Americans certainly surpass all others in this domain.

Machinery Hall amply repaid the visitor. Its popularity was manifested in many ways. Crowds surrounded the many complicated machines and intently watched their performances.



HE SPENT ALL HIS TIME IN MACHINERY HALL.

Uncle Hank, being a genuine Yankee, took an intense interest in everything of a mechanical nature on exhibition, from the tiny pin machine to the colossal locomotives in the Transportation Building. He was in a particularly quizzical mood as he approached an attendant in Machinery Hall.

"I say," said he, "what's ther biggest masheen ye got?"

"Well, there's a machine over there that's hard to beat," replied he, pointing to a monster near the centre of the building.

"Wal, I don't see anything great here," retorted Uncle Hank.

"Well, you must be hard to please," replied the attendant, in evident disgust.

"Oh, no, I ain't," replied Uncle Hank, "only you haven't got the most wonderful masheenery here by a long shot. Why, thar's a masheen down in York State thet hez got its fly-wheel

THE TOMPLATT MACHINE.

in Albany, and its piston rod runs clear down tew New York City, an' its shaftin' runs away out to Buffler, and its beltin' extends tew Rochester, Syracuse, Elmiry, Tiogy, an' clean down ther Mohawk Valley, an' its furnace is down in Wall street, while its lever is in ther Fifth Avenoo Hotel."

"Well, for heaven's sake! What machine are you referring to?" inquired the attendant in astonishment.

"Why, Tom Platt's political masheen!" and Uncle Hank keenly enjoyed the amazement of his companion.

From Machinery Hall he made his way to the Transportation Building, and spent a couple of hours climbing over the monster locomotives and freight cars. When he came to the old-fashioned locomotive with its name "De Witt Clinton" on its side, and contrasted it with the modern railway giants, he could not help reminiscing.

"By ginger, how fast this world's movin' nowdays—and ther aint nothin thet shows it like them locomotives."

After leaving the Transportation Building Uncle Hank made his way to the Horticultural Building. Flowers in profusion greeted the visitors on entering. The walls of the building were covered with bas reliefs, twining vines, etc. In the conservatories which connect this building with others were rare exhibits of hot-house plants, but as Uncle Hank was not of the hot-house variety, he did not tarry long here.

At the southwestern end of the Esplanade and connected to the Horticultural Building by an arcade, which was used as a conservatory for flowers, was the Mines Building. Square in design, with four square corner towers and a loggia of three arches forming the entrances to the building, which was lighted by means of a glass skylight in the centre of the roof.

The beautiful colored fountains at the base of the tall Electrical Tower were an attractive part of the Pan-American Exposition.

Clouds of brilliantly colored spray were thrown high up into

THE RIVAL GONDOLIERS.

the air, the prismatic colors changing constantly. Salvos of applause greeted this beautiful exhibition every night, and, in conjunction with the music of the Bands near by, the scene was indeed fairy-like.

The gondoliers were very expert with their single oars, and races between them were of frequent occurrence, in which the passengers invariably took keen interest, and by offering rewards for victory engendered fierce jealousy among the hot-blooded Italians.

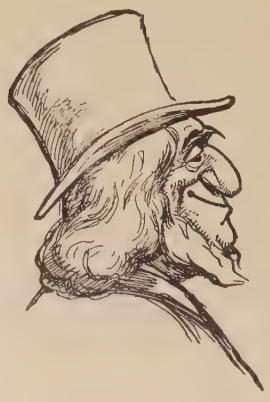
It was laughable to witness a race in which a constant stream of vituperation flowed from one to the other, which (being in Italian) was not understood or comprehended by the passengers.

"Go it, Peanuts!" would be the cry from one of the boats. "We'll make up a purse for you if you win."

Then a passenger would rise up in the rival gondola, and by a liberal reward encourage their oarsman to do his best, and the passengers invariably got the worth of their money.

Uncle Hank resolved that he would take a try at the gondolas, and he was wise in concluding to do so, as a ride around the Exposition on the waterways gave an excellent idea of its beauty.

He perched himself on the bow end and was thoroughly enjoying his ride alone. Just as the boat was approaching the

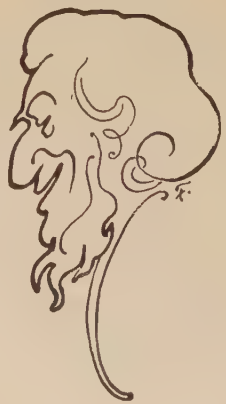


Triumphal Bridge he took it into his head to try a little fishing, and before the boatman could divine his purpose he straddled out on the extreme end of the gondola, to the great consternation of the oarsman. After a little vigorous rocking the boat came back to quietude once more, and he remarked, as he gave up his attempt, "Seems ter me he's a poor sailor; ef he'd try Bosting Bay a bit, he wouldn't git so skeered in a bit of pond water."

Uncle Hank was loquacity personified. He would, on the slightest provocation, unburden himself to any bystander who would care to listen to him; and as he was an interesting talker he soon had his hearers not only interested but convulsed with laughter at his quaint way of expressing himself.

His recital of his experiences in "Moosic" Hall, to a group of sightseers evoked salvos of laughter. Said he:

"Wal, I was jest meanderin around thet Moosic Hall an' thinks I, I'll look in a bit an' see thet big organ, when jest as I popped in a gentleman in a frock coat grabbed me by the hand an' sed he waz glad ter see me, an' shoved me ahead of him right up ter the key board an' sez he, 'Yer moosic's all ready fer ye!' an' before I knew he hed me seated at the big overpowerin organ in front of ther hull congregashun. Jest then it occurred tew me thet ther organ player hed disappinted 'em, an' they wanted me ter play, but all I cud play was them hymns we had at our church an' they didn't mount tew much nohow However, I seed I waz in fer it an sez I tew myself, here goes! I'll do ther best I can an' I starts ther masheen on Old Hundred an' ther Doxology. Fust I pulled out two or three ov ther buttons an' pressed both feet hard down on ther brakes an' played slow like, then I put on a little more steam an' pulled out sum more buttons an' she snorted like a hull brass band in a cyclone, an' ther congregashun clapped ther hands, an' I waz goin' tew give 'em another tune when the gentleman in the frock coat come up tew me and sed he wanted ter see me outside, so I follored him thinkin' they waz goin' tew thank me fer playin', when he sez, 'Air you Perferser Schwannfussel,' or somethin' like thet, an' I sez, 'Naw, I'm no Perferser, I'm Henry Slocum from Medford;' and then a wild-eyed, long-haired Dutchman with a big roll of moosic under his arm walked right up tew ther orgin and bowed right an' left tew ther congregashun, and they clapped him jest as they did me, but he couldn't play anything thet sounded like moosic, so I jest thot I wouldn't



"SHE SNORTED LIKE A HULL BRASS BAND IN A CYCLONE."

waste my time listenin' tew his practisin', for if ther's anythin' I lose patiense with, it's listenin' tew people practisin' moosic," and the old gentleman winked knowingly at the bystanders.

At the northern entrance to Agricultural Hall there were some fine specimens of California redwood trees cut in sections to show their enormous proportions, one of which was hollowed out, with an opening cut at the side. It was easily possible for a couple of score of people to stand within its interior. This monster tree appealed strongly to Uncle Hank's admiration and he lost no time in investigating its interior. "By Ginger," he exclaimed in amazement, "when I tell em tew hum ther size ov them trees they'll say I waz drinkin' tew much hard cider when I waz up tew Buffler."

There was a vast difference between Pan-American Exhibitors, as some exhibited for glory and others for profit; of the latter class the Optical Exhibitors were perhaps the most prominent, as their exhibits were to be found in almost every building and their importunities were often annoying to sightseers.

A matronly-looking old lady was passing an optical manufacturer's exhibit in the Electrical Building when she was approached by one of the attendants with the request that she would examine the wonderful eye glasses exhibited by his firm; and being loath to purchase she evaded his request. But the salesman was not to be denied.

"Madame, our glasses are the most perfect specimens of the Oculist's Art; they are made from pure rock crystal." But his most persuasive manner did not convince the old lady that she required his glasses.

"I tell you that I don't wear glasses," she protested.

"Madame, can you read that?" the eye-glass salesman persistently inquired, at the same time handing her a card on which some very fine type was printed, so fine, indeed, that it would take exceedingly sharp eyesight to read it.

A CASE OF DOUBLE-SIGHT.

The old lady took the card, and holding it upside down, nodded her head affirmatively, declaring she could read it.

The salesman doubted her and resolved to pursue the matter further in the hope of making a possible purchaser.

"Why, Madame!" he exclaimed, "we sold a pair of our matchless concave, convex, achromatic, non-distorting glasses to Uncle Russell Sage, and now he sees two dollars where formerly he saw but one."

At this juncture our friend Uncle Hank appeared upon the scene, and as he approached he overheard the last remark made by the salesman.

"So ye sold Uncle Russell glasses thet made him see double, did ye? Wal, thet ain't nothin'; daown in Nu York ye kin git glasses thet 'l make ye see double fer a nickel a piece." A broad grin suffused his countenance as he got off this bon mot.

The salesman now turned his attention to the countryman, and as he was a shrewd judge of human nature he adopted different tactics in his efforts to make a sale.

"Now I don't suppose I can interest you in glasses, for I don't suppose you need them, as I judge your eyesight is very good."

This had the desired effect, as it tickled the old man's vanity.

"Wall, my sight used to be good, but jest now it ain't what it oughter be. Let's look at some of yer glasses." With this the pair entered the enclosure to inspect the lenses.

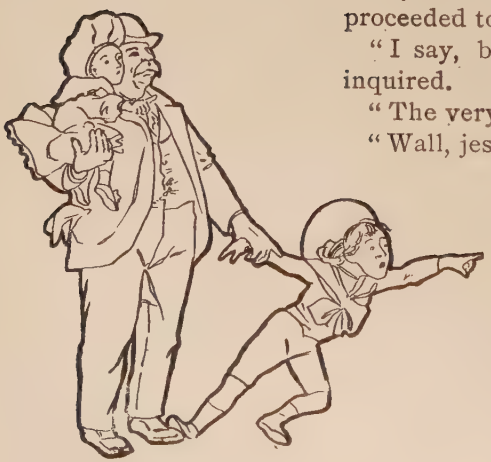
Finally, after much searching, a pair of glasses was secured that just suited our hero's eyes, and with an inward chuckle he proceeded to "bargain."

"I say, be these the kind ye sold tew Russell Sage?" he inquired.

"The very kind, sir, and I can recommend them."

"Wall, jest put them on till I see how they become ye."

And as the salesman adjusted them to his eyes the countryman handed him a dollar note folded up, and reached for the glasses.



THE ILLUMINATION OF THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.

A YANKEE BARGAIN.

"Hold up!" the salesman exclaimed, as he discovered the denomination of the bank note. "The glasses are $2 and his is only one dollar."

"Yas, and didn't ye jest say them waz the same kind ye sold tew Mr. Sage?" interrogated Hank.

"Well?"

"An didn't ye say that they made him see two dollars whar ther waz only one, an' ye hed 'em on when I giv' yer ther dollar; either yer glasses lie or you don't hitch up close tew ther truth." And Uncle Hank noted the salesman's discomfiture with evident satisfaction, and after a hearty laugh at his expense he produced another dollar and departed with his purchase.

Our Yankee friend now proceeded to make his way towards a crowd that was listening intently to a long discourse on the wonders and mysteries of the art of Palmistry delivered by a glib-tongued "barker."

"Palmistry, my friends, is an exact science," he declaimed; "by the lines in your hands we can determine your past, present and future; we can tell you how long you will live, how short you will love, and lift aside the veil of the future, and let you gaze into the misty past."

As Uncle Hank was bent upon seeing everything worth seeing at the Exposition he resolved to take in this little diversion. Accordingly he divested himself of a quarter and entered the portals of this mysterious chamber of Palmistry. As he entered he noticed that there were several victims like himself, awaiting their turn on a settee in the center of the large room, around the borders of which were located the small, curtained booths of the several palmists. After waiting a short time an attendant requested him to step into one of the booths. As he entered he was pleasantly greeted by a stout, middle-aged female who politely requested him to be seated, at the same time designating a chair at the opposite side of the table at

A DISCIPLE OF BARNUM.

"Old Phineas T. Barnum used ter say ther publik liked ter be humbugged, an' bless'd ef I don't think he waz abaout rite, fer jest look at the crowd aroun' thet fakir tyin' hisself up with thet rope an' pertendin' he's goin' ter do a trick with it, an' he's only humbuggin' 'em ter git ther attenshun tew his show." As he delivered himself of this soliloquy, he walked over to where the "Fakir" was holding forth, to listen to his harangue.

"This feat was performed by the great Hermann just before his death and the secret was purchased by us at an enormous expense; but before I fully tie up this man I want to call your attention to the attraction we have to offer on the inside for the small sum of twenty-five cents. Now don't go away before seeing our wonderful exhibition, if you go back home and say you have not seen it, the finger of ridicule will be pointed at you, and your long trip to the Pan-American Exposition will be a woeful failure and you will never forgive yourselves."

The speaker was a long, attenuated specimen of humanity. He had tied up his assistant with a long rope and the crowd stood agape with expectancy. Just as Uncle Hank had remarked, his object was to attract attention by pretending to do some feat of legerdemain and thereby bring to notice the attractions of the show. But the crowd had been fooled so often that when the promised feat was not performed, the assemblage moved on in search of other attractions despite the pleadings of the "barker."

"Of course," he would shout, "if you haven't got the price, I can't expect to do business with you!"—"If it was a free show how you'd all crowd in."

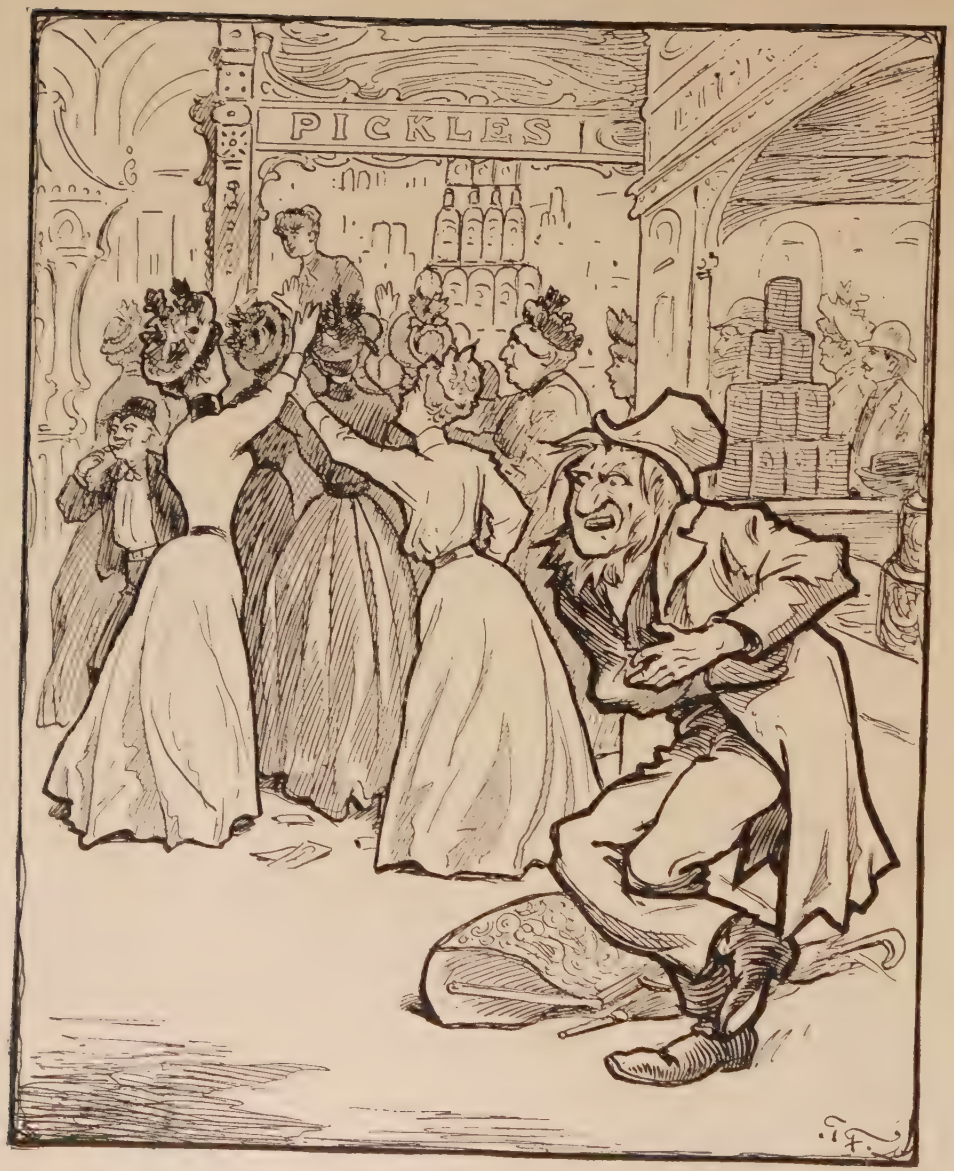
There was a deal of truth in the last remark, and Uncle Hank fell a victim to this tendency of mankind in general to profit by "free gifts."

It was on the occasion of his visit to the Liberal Arts Building. Here a number of the exhibitors gave samples of the foods they exhibited with the double purpose of advertising

their products, and at the same time secure orders for the same from the beneficiaries. It is needless to say that where these samples were given out the crowds were always dense. Uncle Hank's inherent curiosity induced him to investigate, with the result that he soon became as eager as the others to secure the free samples ; indeed, it soon occurred to him that it was possible to obtain a rather substantial free lunch in this manner. The first exhibit to catch his eye was that of Quaker Oats, where some very pretty girls attired as Quakeresses were busy handing out saucers of oatmeal, one of which was soon secured by the old man and devoured with a smack of the lips. He was now a full-fledged " Free Sample Fiend," and vied with the rest in securing the free samples.

He next proceeded to the Aunt Jamima Booth, and from the old colored mammy got one of her griddle cakes ; then he crossed the aisle to Horlick's Malted Milk, and from the young lady in attendance sampled a nice cup of their product ; after gallantly complimenting the attendant on the excellence of malted milk in general and Horlick's in particular by saying that he often drank malt liquors, but " malted milk is sartinly fine !" His appetite was now whetted and he proceeded down the line. His next onslaught was at the Artistic Kitchen of the Washburn-Crosby Flour Company. Here was exhibited the complete process of making flour into the most delicious-looking bread imaginable, every stage of making was shown, and finally when the baking in the quaint old Dutch oven was complete, the samples of bread, nicely buttered, were handed out to the eager crowd, and our hero succeeded in getting his goodly share. Then he followed the crowd into the enclosure of the American Coffee Company, and after drinking a cup of very fragrant coffee he made his way to the Erie County Preserving Company's stand and tried a slab of their peerless mince pie, also a liberal allowance of preserves ; he was now pretty well filled up with a conglomeration of food samples,

UNCLE HANK SAMPLES THE SAMPLES.



"THE FREE SAMPLES WERE GETTING IN THEIR DEADLY WORK."

A FOOD SAMPLE GLUTTON.

when he spied Heinz's Pickle Pavilion (57 varieties); he started in on sweet pickles, then tackled apple butter, then some pickles and India Relish, and finally wound up with pine-apple preserves. He was about to go when he thought he would secure another pickle. He was muching this when he was suddenly seized with griping pains in his stomach.

He repaired to an unfrequented corner of the building so as to attract no attention, and with both hands on his abdomen writhed in pain; the samples were getting in their deadly work.

"Gee whiz!" he exclaimed; "et's that blasted mince pie—oh! I'll die ef this keeps up. I guess it's them pickles—er ther presarves."

The perspiration was streaming down his pallid face and he was a woebegone object to look at. He lost no time in making his way out of the building, intending to search for the hospital on the grounds, as the pain was becoming intolerable. He had proceeded but a short distance when he spied an ambulance with a young physician standing by, to whom he related his troubles and his fears.

"Been eating something that doesn't agree with you, eh?" exclaimed the doctor. "Well, just wait a bit; I can fix you up." With this he reached for his medicine chest, and opening it he produced a bottle of lime water and a small vial of cholera drops. In a few moments he prepared a dose that soon quieted the rebellious stomach of our stricken hero, but the lesson was a good one and it lasted Uncle Hank for many a day. "What a consarned fool a man is tew abuse his best friend, his stummick, an I'm sartinly old enough tew know a heap sight better, but th' older ye git ther more foolish yer be," he morosely observed as he made his way home at the end of the day, a sadder and a wiser man.

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HOW THEY "DO" THE "PAN."

Uncle Hank had no particular system of "doing" the "Pan." As Roy McCardell says: "The leopard *can* change his spots (notwithstanding legends to the contrary); he can move to another spot." So it was with the countryman; he changed his spots quite frequently, as did the majority of visitors to the Exposition. Some would come with well-defined plans as to how they would "do" the show, but when a blare of trumpets and a volley of musketry would emanate from a remote corner of the Exposition grounds and the crowd would rush pell mell in that direction, then all prearranged plans would be abandoned, and an unconquerable desire to follow the crowd would be gratified.

The first question asked by ladies on entering the Manufacturers Building was invariably, "Where is the Singer Exhibit?" Its fame had spread among the fair sex, as indeed it should, for its display of marvelous embroidered work in its beautiful pavilion was unsurpassed. In his perambulations throughout the Exposition Uncle Hank happened to wander into the circular pavilion occupied by this famous sewing machine company, and as he was a true-born Yankee he was always interested in machines. A young lady was engaged in showing a group the wonderful capabilities of the "Singer" when Uncle Hank ventured the suggestion that he could "do a bit with the masheen hisself."

The young lady operator banteringly doubted this and offered him a chance to try, and when he essayed to take possession of the sewing machine there was a titter of amusement from the young lady attendants who closely surrounded him as he proceeded to show what he could do. He looked very awkward at the machine when he started to adjust a piece of cambric, but his apparent awkwardness was due to his anxiety to play a trick on the jeering girls, who audibly commented on his big country hands and boldly intimated that he was better qualified for handling plows and cultivators. However, this did not dis-

concert him, and he placed the piece of cambric under the needle and without attracting their attention he slyly secured a dangling ribbon from one young ladies' costume and joined it to a flounce of another standing by, and passed them under the needle in such a manner that when he finished sewing they were sewed together like the Siamese twins. When Hank got up from the machine they discovered the trick, and a wild scream of laughter from all the bystanders present greeted the exploit.

PLAYING A PRACTICAL JOKE.

"Naow, gals," he exclaimed, "don't never make fun ov yer daddy agin."

In the Louisiana exhibit Uncle Hank good-naturedly asked: "Say, kin yer tell me whar them pelican birds be--them thet kerry thar young in ther bills and stand all day on one foot."

"The birds have all gone to the natatorium to have a swim," suavely replied the man in charge, winking aside.

"Well, by gum! thet is awful queer—they be the only creeturs down yer way thet take to water, eh?"

The man laughed and said: "You are not the big emerald stone that I imagined you to be. Look at our pomegranates, and plant some on your farm. They are the original fruit from Persia, the land where Omar Khayyam lived, wrote and drank wine. Do you know Khayyam?"

"Well, yer guess yer boots, I do, young feller! He is one of them konundrum fellers that ther women folks fine societies ter see ef they can't figger out what he is writin' about. Yer see, I aint sot on a village dry goods box Saturdays fur nothin'. Say, honest, I hev one thing agin you Lousiana boys that I can't forgit and forgiv' exactly."

"What is that, pray?" asked the man whose curiosity was aroused.

"Yer raise cane down ther!"

The laugh was on the Louisiana man, and he admitted the charge.

LIKE FLOCKS OF SHEEP.

Man is a gregarious animal and naturally inclines to "group." The success of the Trust idea is doubtless due to this propensity; for a Trust is merely a grouping of interests.

The barkers on the Midway knew that if they could start a few to purchase tickets and enter, the rest of the group was most likely to follow.

Along about lunch time this grouping tendency was made very apparent, for then the necessity of co-operation became imperative.

In the shadow of the great exhibition buildings the little groups assembled to partake of the contents of the lunch basket, which had been industriously lugged about all the morning, and the lunch became a magnet in the center of each little gathering. So strong was this attraction that each little party, for the time being, was perfectly oblivious to the presence of its neighbors on the adjoining benches. These lunch parties well repaid study; as a rule, they were usually made up of either relatives or close friends, and it was here that the events of the morning were discussed at leisure; where experiences were exchanged, and where observations were compared.

No two had seen alike, and lots of little details were noticed by one and missed by the other.

"Did you notice the fine display of diamonds at the Tiffany Exhibit?"

"No, but did you notice the bubble in the big cylinder of oil at the Standard Oil Company's pavilion?"

"Yes, I saw it, but it did not interest me much; I spent most of my time examining the wonderful show of fruit in the California Department. Did you ever see such big peaches?"

It was just such a group as this that encircled a beautifully wrought model of an ocean steamer enclosed in a glass case in the Exhibit of the International Navigation Co. As the party was mostly from interior Western States and totally unfamiliar with anything appertaining to the salty seas these models of modern ocean steamers proved particularly interesting.

"EF SHE HED A WHISKEY-TIGHT CAPTIN THER RIG'D BE COMPLETE."

SHIPS THAT CROSS.

"Just look at the little wheels at the back of the boat! You wouldn't think they could push a big boat like that through the water!" exclaimed a youthful visitor who had never seen anything larger than a stern wheeler on the Missouri River.

Uncle Hank was standing by when this remark was made, and Yankee like, being as ready to impart information as he was to solicit it, volunteered the information that they could not only push it through the water, but "Push it pretty blame fast, too."

When the group realized that he was something of an expert on things aquatic he soon had the close attention of all in the vicinity.

"Ye see them strips 'long the sides of ther bottom? Well, ther what they calls bilge keels; they prevents ther rollin ov ther vessel, an' them figgers on ther bow shows how deep inter ther water she's sunk when she's got her load aboard; an' them trumpet-like pipes on ther deck is tew git fresh air down below—she's a fine boat, she's got twin screws an' water-tight compartments, an' ef she had a whiskey-tight captin ther rig'd be complete."

At this sally the crowd laughed heartily.

"Ef ye take interest in them things come over here an' look et ther beautiful models of ther Holland-Ameriky line an' ther North Germin Lloyd ships—et'l show ye what big improvements they're making in navigashun."

And the whole party followed him to hear him explain what was perfectly new to them. When they arrived at a miniature fleet of the White Star Line he explained that this company had just launched the largest ship in the world, and in this connection remarked that "Ther biggest ship thet cud be built waz a mighty small affair when ther ole O-shun gits riled up—big as they air they gits tossed like corks when ole boreas begins ter roar."

As he took considerable interest in nautical affairs he took

particular pains to inform his hearers in regard to the fine points of the ships on exhibition, to the evident satisfaction of his hearers, and his numerous comments soon put him on good terms with all around him.

The exhibition of locomotives in the Transportation Building was of exceptional excellence. The great, massive engines were marvels of ingenuity and eloquently told of man's progress in civilization.

Among the finest in the Exposition was one built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia. It was combined with the Vanderbilt Tender, an invention by young Cornelius Vanderbilt, and strikingly disproved the theory that riches destroyed all incentive to effort.

Here is a young man born with a gold spoon in his mouth (not a Pan-American souvenir spoon either, but the real thing), and all sorts of money in his possession to provide him with fine horses, imported cigars, champagne, automobiles, private cars, opera boxes, exclusive yachts, and an army of servants, or to reach the height of the country boy's glory—cigarettes and red neckties. And yet he can find no better use for his time than Work.

Truly this is a strange world and its ways are past finding out.

When this spirit of energy is properly considered it is not hard to account for American supremacy. Contrast it with the methods in vogue, for instance, in latin countries. There the young man of fortune idles away his time in vitality-sapping amusements and riotous living, and when the nation is called upon for a test of supreme endurance the vaunted structure is crushed like an empty egg-shell.

The Brooke Locomotive Works exhibit some fine combination locomotives. Uncle Hank surveyed

INVENTOR VANDERBILT.

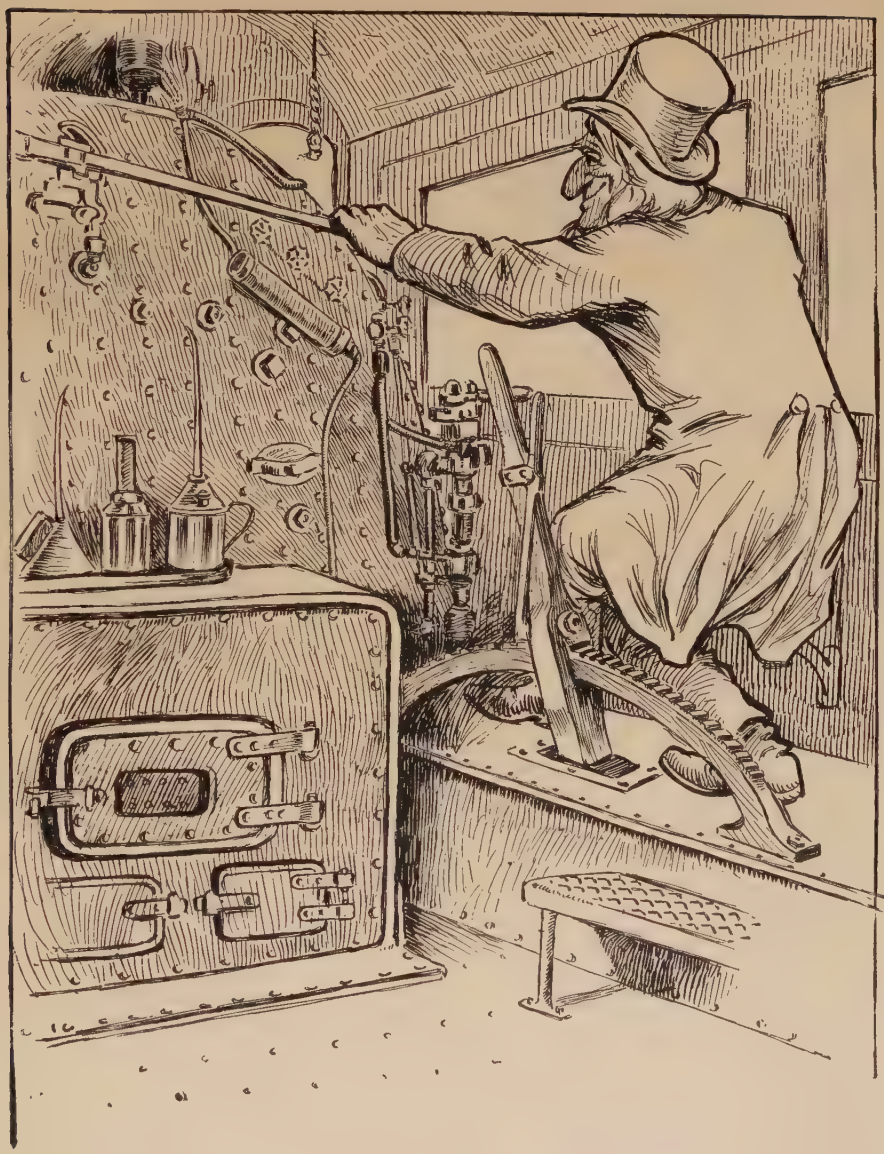
THE IN-JINE-EER.

the lot critically, and after closely inspecting the monster, "six foot" driving wheels and other appurtenances, he proceeded to climb into the cab of one of the largest.

As he did so he remarked: "This be a fine bit ov masheenery.

"THERE THE YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE IDLES AWAY HIS TIME."

Whew! what a lot ov levers an' valves ther in-jine-eer hez got ter work, an et ther same time keep his eye peeled on ther track ahead. I guess I'll git up in his seat thar an' see haow et feels ter hev your hand on the lever and yer eye on the steam guage, ther air brake valve, an' ther track ahead; watchin fer



"I GUESS I'LL GIT UP IN HIS SEAT THAR AN SEE HAOW ET FEELS."

THE MAN IN THE CAB.

signals ov danger, an' goin a mile a minnit on a dark night flyin 'round curves. Gee whiz!

"What a heap ov responsibillness is on ther shoulder ov them in-jine-eers—I guess thet's what makes em round-shouldered. Ther next time I go travlin on ther rale-road I'll feel grateful tew ther man in th' cab fer his vigilence in pullin me thru in safety, and, by ther way, I guess thet's what makes them rale-roads charge so much ter ride ther people tew ther Pan-Ameriky Exposishun this year, not that they pay their men any more this year than thay did last year, but I guess thay've jest realized th' responsibillness ov ther job th' men haz an' thay propose ter make them Pan-Ameriky passengers pay fer it.

"Ther man in the cab shud git all ther money the porter gits in tips every time ther train pulls into the depo; fer jes suppose he wazn't vigilent, and 'ther train got recked and ther porter got killed or ther passengers in ther sleepin car berths (at $2.00 a berth payable before the accident) got smashed up an' ther train boy got throwed off and broke his neck—well, I wouldn't want ter be the in-jine-eer."

Uncle Hank now concluded that he would see what else the building afforded in the way of entertainment. On emerging from the locomotive cab he noticed a distinguished-looking gentleman of kindly mien. He was rather tall, his shapely head was covered with a shiny silk hat, his features clean-cut and his rather large nose surmounted with gold-rimmed glasses and his face clean shaven, with the exception of closely cropped white side-whiskers. He was closely scrutinizing the locomotive as Uncle Hank emerged.

"A very fine piece of mechanism," he remarked in a cheery tone.

"One of ther finest I ever see. Be you interested in injines?" our hero responded interrogatively.

"Oh, somewhat. I used to be in the business," responded the gentleman.

"WAL, SENATOR, I'M GLAD TO MAKE YER ACQUAINTANCE."

SENATOR DEPEW TELLS A FUNNY STORY.

"Ye don't mean an in-jine-eer, do ye—no' a conductor p'raps!' and Uncle Hank regarded him quizzically.

"Oh, no; I used to be a railroad President," and the gentleman, with a smile, politely handed him a card with the following inscription.

Chauncey M. Depew.

"Wal, Senator, I'm glad tew make yer acquaintance. I hev no card, but my name's Henry Slocum ov Medford, Mass., and I reckon ye know my folks, fer they air big stockholders in ther Boston and Albany Raleroad," and he extended his hand to the Senator, who greeted him with a hearty shake.

"I'm very well acquainted with the Slocum family, indeed," replied the Senator.

"This be a grate Exposition," continued Uncle Hank; "an' when ther visitors return to hum an' tell ther naybors what's tew be seen here ther crowds 'll be tremanjous."

"Yes, I believe every returning visitor will prove a good advertisement for the Pan-American Exposition; and you know advertising often proves very effective. By-the-way, that reminds me of a good story of advertising. A country editor once upon a time printed an item stating that the man who was hugging the hired girl better stop or his name would be published. In a few days twenty citizens paid up their subscriptions and told the editor to pay no attention to foolish stories going around."

The Senator told this story in such an unctuous style that the countryman was convulsed with laughter.

"Wal, I swan," he exclaimed, "thet's the best story I ever

UNCLE HANK TELLS A STORY.

listened ter; et reminds me ov a story ov a Noo England Editor who's wife waz bothered with tramps callin at th' door continually askin' fer sumthin' ter eat, an she soon found thet et was a big drain on her larder.

"So she jest laid ther matter afore her husband, an he sez, 'Wal, when tramp printers cum ter me beggin, I allus put em tew work fust an make em earn th' money afore I give et tew em; so we'll jest pile a lot ov cord wood in th' back yard an ther nex hungry tramp thet cums along make him work afore yew give him anythin ter eat. I'll warrant they wont bother yew much arter thet.'

"So she got a pile o' wood all fixt in the yard, an putty soon along cums a hungry lookin tramp.

"'Madam,' sez he, 'wud ye kindly giv a pore hungry man who kant git no work, an who's had nothin tew eat for a week, wud yer be so kind ez tew giv me a bite tew eat?'

"So th' old lady rememberin her husband's advice sez: 'Wud ye saw sum wood fer sumthin tew eat?'

"'Madam,' sez the tramp in a most reprovin tone, '*I kant eat wood!*'"

"That is an exceedingly good story, Uncle," remarked the Senator, laughing heartily. "By the way," he continued, "speaking of work, you know Philadelphia has the reputation of being a very sleepy city, which as a matter of fact it does not deserve, but nevertheless an old ticket agent of our road entertained the idea, and one day was approached by an old lady with a request for transportation to the city of brotherly love. Said she:

"'Mister, can I take a sleeper to Philadelphia?' 'Madame,' he replied, 'there are too many sleepers over there now.'"

"By Ginger!" exclaimed Uncle Hank laughing. "Thet's a good one on Philadelphy, an' et's ez good ez any I ever

A HAM SOUVENIR.

hearn. Senator, ye desarve yer repootashun fer story-tellin." And Uncle Hank was still laughing when the genial Senator bid him adieu, to catch his train.

The greatness that would make us crave
Is but an empty thing.
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The cheerful man's a king. BICKERSTAFF.

Every Pan-American visitor was stricken with souvenir mania the moment the grounds were entered; and the exhibitors had responded quite nobly to the relief of the complaint; souvenirs in the shape of handsome lithographed cards were given away by the thousand, one representing a soap box in which a sample of soap was ingeniously concealed was presented to every visitor to one of the SOAP PAVILIONS.

Another design showing a country maid standing by a cow was distributed by a charmingly pretty girl in a Maud Muller costume to advertise Nestle's Milk. Great ingenuity was displayed in some of the designs, one in particular was an imitation of a covered ham, advertising DOLD'S PACKING HOUSE. Uncle Hank had been advised to secure one of these to take home as a souvenir. So he accordingly repaired to the beautiful pavilion of the Dold Co., and requested "one ov them sovneer hams, please?" The young man in attendance pointed to a corner of the enclosure, and told him that he might help himself and then turned his back to resume his conversation with a young lady. On the counter were scattered a number of the lithographed representations of a ham; directly above hung a fine ham in close proximity to a card bearing the word "Souvenirs."

Uncle Hank's eye was taken with the ham, and he concluded it was the last souvenir left. In a moment he detached it from its fastenings and deftly slipped his umbrella handle through the slit in the bag. And with the prize over his shoulder proudly marched forth, as he did so he ejaculated;

"MIGHTY LIBERAL FOLKS TEW GIV AWAY HAMS LIKE THESE FER SOVNEERS.'

MISTAKEN LIBERALITY.

"Mighty liberal folks tew give away hams like these fer sov-neers, but I spose they do it fer advertisin. Stonishin what et costs fer advertisin nowdays!"

He had gone but a short distance when his soliloquy was rudely interrupted by a grasp on the arm.

"Say! where are you going with that ham?" exclaimed a young man at his elbow whom Uncle Hank immediately recognized as the attendant.

"Why, didn't ye just give it ter me fer a sov-neer?" replied the old man in amazement.

"Naw, we don't give away hams for souv-neers, only pictures of em," and quietly relieved him of his burden with the final retort:

"Well, you're the limit!"

However, Uncle Hank was not so far wrong in regard to the limitations of advertising.

So fierce was the competition between advertising firms at the Exposition that extraordinary methods were often resorted to in the matter of giving away advertising souvenirs; one concern giving away a stick and a cake of shaving soap together with a number of expensively made puzzles and lithographed cards. To beat this a competing firm would have to throw in a razor or provide a barber.

A pleasant-faced, motherly sort of a woman was "doing" the Liberal Arts Building in the most approved style. It was quite evident, judging from her make-up, that she was from a locality remote from the influences of city life. Her kindly face, however, was radiant with that intelligence that marks the born American woman, the true mother of the independent American girl. It is from just such mothers that Presidents come; in fact, the sons and daughters of country mothers dominate every walk of life. It was interesting to note her self-reliant way of "doing" the Exposition. She required no guide or protector, and her methods were worthy of emulation.

"IT WAS INTERESTING TO NOTE HER SELF-RELIANT WAY OF 'DOING' THE EXPOSITION."

A COUNTRY WOMAN'S PHILOSPHY.

If she did not understand the mechanism of a gas stove or a washing machine she straightway requested an explanation from the attendant in charge, and she always departed the wiser for her inquisition, and never did she sample a food preparation without learning something of its component qualities, and there was not the slightest possibility of her failing to profit by the information so gained.

She stood in the centre of an aisle dividing the principal booths of the Manufacturer's Building, and as she surveyed the scene she remarked:

"The lot ov wimmen hez vastly improved sence the days when I waz young. Et's a grate help tew wimmen tew hev self-raisin flour, an steam cooked cereals, an ketchup, an canned goods when th' vegetables ez out ov season; an taint no use talkin, th' washin masheens they hev nowdays ez wuth more to wimmen than th' ballot box'll ever be."

And her intelligent face beamed with satisfaction at the thought.

"Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame,
Ev'y thin thet's done inhuman
Ingers all on 'em the same."

The barkers for the Parisian Beauty show, on the Midway, thought that Uncle Hank would fall an easy victim and rush to buy a ticket. He stood on a round platform outside of his show and had a woman in short skirts punching a bag. He leaned forward and said confidentially: "We have the finest show here, but alas! 'tis said we are too sensational and the authorities have been after us. Well, we have toned down things wonderfully and nothing you could see would make a minister blush."

"By gum, I've got my opinion purty well set as to yer show," chimed in Uncle Hank.

"Oh, Ruben, you have, have yer? What is the matter with you?" said the barker.

"I was just obsarvin yer towning down process and et strikes me purty hard that from the looks of thet er gal thar, thet you hed toned up too high."

"Say, Ruben, you can go in free." When he came out he chuckled:

"Wal, the tone was ez I expected, too high, an' I aint givin my admirashun to gals in them short school frocks."

The magnet of the Midway for every female visitor was the Baby Incubator Show. Here were shown immature babies in glass-covered incubators in every stage of development, and ladies flocked to it in scores to examine the tiny specimens of humanity, much as one would inspect the incubation of a like number of chicks.

THE BABY HOT HOUSE.

It did not take Uncle Hank long to discover this attraction.

"Them babies is interestin tew look at," he observed, "becos ye can't tell what they're likely tew amount tew when they grow up. How dew ye know but what this chap might be another Edison er a Dewey, an' thet girl over yonder might turn out ter be another Mary Anderson er Susan B. Anthony er Carrie Nation; an' what old-lookin faces they've all got, full ov wrinkles jes like they waz 75 years old. I spose when they grow a bit more ther winkles'll disappear and then it'll take 75 years tew bring em back.

"By Jinks, here's three ov a kind!" he exclaimed as his attention was arrested by the Cohen Triplets who occupied a glass-covered enclosure in the most conspicuous part of the exhibition.

"Naow jest think of ther posserbilities of development in them triplets with the name Cohen. They're likely ter shine in ther diamond bizness, er make a big hit in ther three ball game—pawnbrokin; an' jest look et the bristly red hair on thet youngster. He looks as ef he wanted tew fight the rest of em. I'll bet he's ov good fightin stock, fer he looks like Bob Fitzsimmons with his bald head an' fringe of red hair."

As he passed from the building he encountered the venerable

A FILIPINO EXPERIENCE.

barker who, in stentorian tones, admonished the passers-by not to neglect the opportunity to see the little "suckers."

The majority of the people at the Fair followed the same route, from the entrance straight to the Midway. Visitors might not have time to get around to their State Building or they might possibly have missed the Stadium or the Acetylene Building, but no visitor ever failed to visit the Midway. Its atmosphere was so unconventional, and then the conviction that nobody one knows would be met with had a tendency to throw off restraint and indulge in license that would not be thought of in any other place.

It was this feeling that caused Uncle Hank to wander back to the attractive side shows whenever he tired of the big buildings. On one occasion he stood irresolutely before the Filipino Village undecided as to whether or not it was advisable for him to part with a quarter to be allowed to investigate its interior. At the entrance there was a stage built to display some of the attractions for the purpose of advertisement. On this stage was an exceedingly interesting group consisting of a Filipino mother and her two children. As Uncle Hank approached, one of the children held out its hand to him. It represented to him so very forcibly the attitude of the Filipinos toward Uncle Sam that his heart warmed to the little one and he resolved to enter and learn more of the people of his country's new acquisition.

As he entered the village enclosure he surveyed the scene curiously. A group of Filipino women were washing clothes on a little platform at the edge of the lake that occupied the center of the village. They first dipped the clothes in the water and then beat them with a short stick, and they were a merry lot, singing and joking over their work.

The habitations of the natives were ranged on both sides of the lake, and gave a very fair conception of a Philippine Village.

The first thing to catch Uncle Hank's eye was the Manila

THE FILIPINO MAIDEN IS COQUETISH.

FILIPINO METHODS.

Rope Walk. Several natives were busy transforming hemp into rope by means of a primitive windlass. He watched the operation for a few moments and then expressed his contempt for such methods. "Jes wait till Yankee Doodle gits a whack et ther rope twistin'. Wait till ther Trusts git ther eyes on it an' puts em out ov bizness."

The next thing to engage his attention were the wooden cannons of native manufacture. "Wal, I swan!" he exclaimed, "ef thet don't beat anything I ever see. Et's a wonder they don't blow their heads off the fust time they're fired off"—and such seemed to be the case, as they were merely bamboo tree sections bound with strips of the same wood to give added strength. It seemed impossible to realize that they were not intended for playthings, but for war. The muskets on exhibition were but little better; being constructed of pieces of gas or steam pipe—their other war implements were somewhat better, the swords and knives being decorated in quaint native designs.

"What d'ye call them?" inquired Uncle Hank of a native holding up what appeared to be a thin piece of oyster shell.

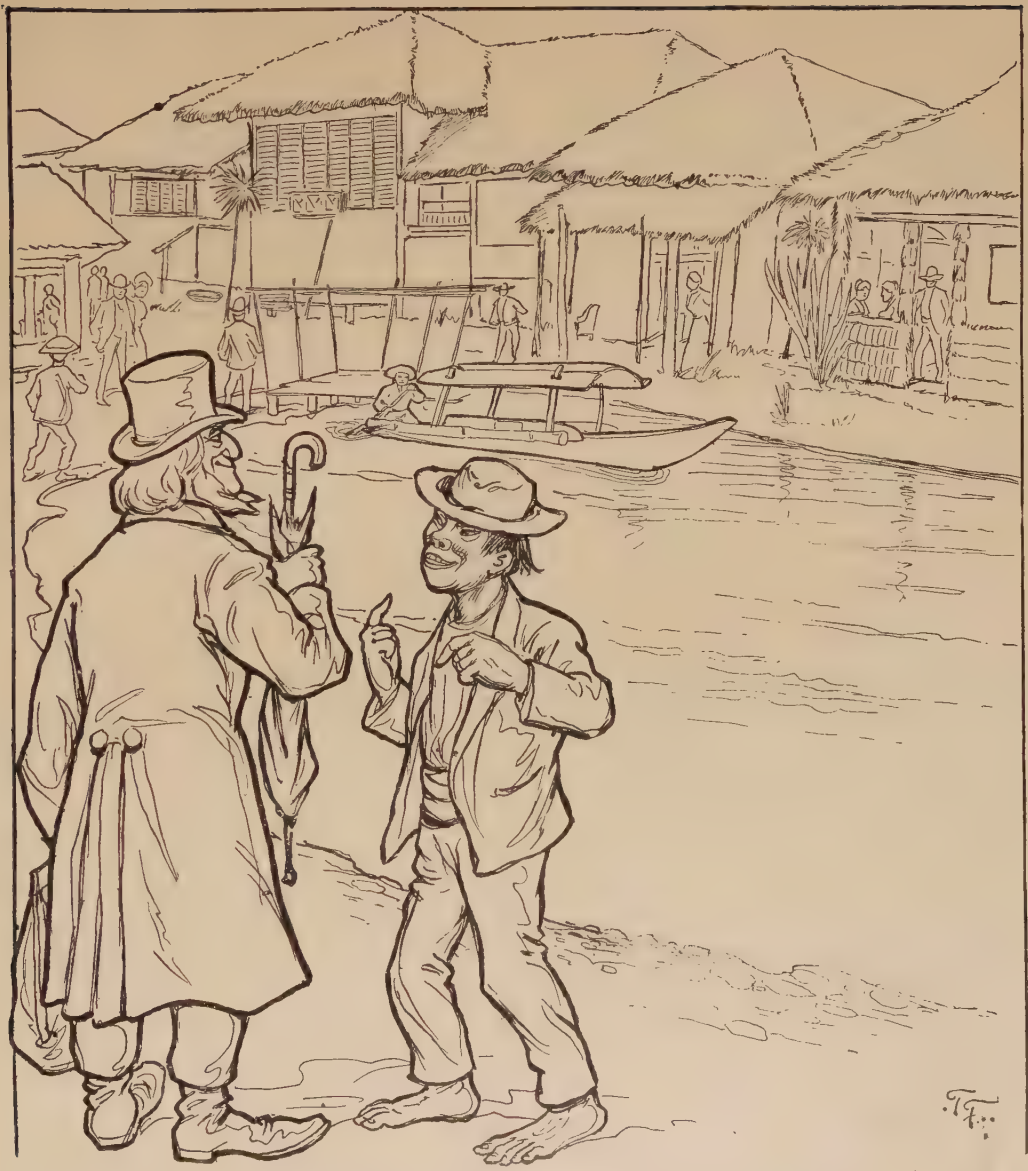
"That is what is used in the Philippine Islands for window glass," replied the attendant.

"Call thet glass, dew they?" he replied, holding it up to the light and trying to see through the opaque shell.

"Wal, jest wait till ther Glass Trust gets on to this—thet's another opening fer American industry."

The Filipino maiden is a flirt beyond question and it did not take the American youth long to ascertain that fact, and as they were inveterate cigarette smokers the offer of a cigarette was sure to prove an incentive to conversation, and as they understood English fairly well the youths got along very well indeed.

This, of course, created considerable



"UNCLE HANK WAS DAZED BY THE LOGIC OF THIS HOME THRUST."

AN ODE TO PHILOPENA.

jealousy on the part of the Filipino youths, and many an angry altercation, with the usual resultant feminine tears, was the result. The Filipino Cupid does not differ materially from the Cupids of other nationalities.

Oh, Filipino Maiden, young and fair
Why comb your dark and rather matted hair?
We knew you long before you ever came;
But somehow then we used you as a game:
We called you Philopena, paying gifts,
And many lovers had their merry tifts;
But now we spell you, Filipino, slow,
And bring you here to grace a nation's show.
So thus, you see, you pay your gifts at last
To Uncle Sam, your Philopena fast.

—HOMER FORT.

The Filipino maiden's eyes sparkle with coquettishness when their deftness with the needle or proficiency in embroidery is noticed. They are small in stature and marry very young so that one would hardly suppose the girlish little wives are the mothers of the babies they carry in their arms.

The men are equally small in proportion and resemble the Chinese type to a marked extent, as a rule they are bright and well informed, as Uncle Hank discovered in conversing with one.

"I reckon you Fillypinos 'll prosper now under Uncle Sam's gov'nment."

"Fil-pino prospare! ha, ha?" replied the native.

"Uncle Sam sends sleek politician like Dick Crokair an' Matt Kway—he skin him Filipino, send big trust he chocke him Filipino—send Noo Yorka Police-a-man tip off cock fight, bull fight, rob him! Filipino prospare—?—ha, ha, ha!"

Uncle Hank was dazed by the logic of this home thrust, but soon recovered his wonted assurance.

"Wal," he retorted, "with all thet et won't be ez bad ez them

Spanish Dagoes treated ye, jes put yer trust in the United States an'—"

FILIPINO LOGIC.

"The United States will put the trusts in the Phil-pines!" retorted the unabashed Filipino with a sneer.

The old man soon saw he had an incorrigible case to deal with and made no further effort to convert the native to the dogma of the superiority of Uncle Sam's benign system of government.

> For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administer'd is best.—POPE.

He now concluded he had had excitement enough for one day, and as he passed out through the exit gate, soliloquized:

"What a powerful sight ye larn et these exherbishuns."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The chariot race in "Ben Hur" has attracted much attention and deservedly so, for it is a graphic bit of description. Uncle Hank never for a moment imagined that he would ever engage in anything but a foot race and least of all that he should be matched against a Dago gondolier. Fate had played fantastic tricks with the rugged Down East Yankee since he first arrived at Buffalo and yet he was found equal to any emergency.

> He smiled at every quip or jest;
> At ev'ry joke or sparkling pun;
> And then he did his level best
> To have his share of wholesome fun.

Somehow the gondolas attracted him and often he would engage in running conversation with the men propelling the strange-looking craft. "Easy work, my boy, aint it?" he asked one. "Not on your life, old Ruben!" was the soft answer of the American Italian, who did not relish the job. In order to

A HOT RACE ON THE CANAL.

prove that it was easy Uncle Hank hailed the next gondola that came along and said :

"Jist take me round this yer creek, won't yer, Mister Eyetalian? I am goin' ter see th' hull show."

The man working the one oar was an Irishman and he readily consented for Uncle Hank to play the picturesque gondolier, while he rested and gave the "hayseed," as he called him, a chance to perspire.

"This be play an nothin' more," said the Yankee as he propelled the boat along in an awkward way. It took some minutes to get the swing and then the gondola went along smoothy. Many visitors saw him and jumped to the conclusion that he was part of the Exposition, and a novel part at that. The other gondoliers that came along and passed, laughed derisively, and made all kinds of attempts to guy and disconcert him. One cried: "Say, old man, your paddle is getting wet."

"Thet's all right; I aint gittin in ther briny deep yit. But I'm gettin along komfootabull, yer can wager."

This last word "wager" inspired a Dago, who was pushing a gondola not far behind Uncle Hank's. The Dago gave a few vigorous strokes of his oar, and was soon alongside of the Yankee.

"I betta two dolla," he cried, "that I beata to the lak; taka my betta?"

"Say, yer mean tew bet me two dollars thet you can beat me, Mister Eyetalian? I'll go yer an' I'll show yer thet I am some pumpkins."

"Say, Uncle, you will lose," said the resting gondolier on the Yankee's boat.

"Not much, nuther, I ain't hoed korn, rolled logs, gathered taters, not tew be strong in my arms; thet Eyetalian will hev ther race uv his life."

"You betta two doll, yes?" eagerly asked the Dago oarsman, with anxiety depicted on his countenance.

YANKEE VS. DAGO.

"Uff course: I ain't backin' out. Jist let her go," exclaimed Uncle Hank as they both started about even.

It got noised about that a gondola race was in progress on the canal, and people hurried to see it. A rumor went around that a large sum was wagered between an Italian oarsman and an American. Hundreds lined the banks of the canal and looked on at the queer spectacle.

"Gooda bye," merrily sang out the Dago as he made a few vigorous strokes and went slightly ahead of Uncle Hank.

"Ther partin' time ain't cum yit," said the farmer as he leaned forward, planted his feet firmly and began to push the long oar in a way that made the gondola tremble as it shot rapidly through the water. People on the back waved hats and handkerchiefs and yelled: "Go it, Uncle Rube; you will catch up next Christmas."

The Dago, who was anxious to win two dollars, thought he would leave the farmer in a minute and have sport with him. His astonishment was great to find that he did not gain much on the rural gondolier. Bending down to work, the Dago put forth his strongest efforts, making his long oar fairly split the water. This spurt put him nearly two lengths ahead and encouraged him to believe that the Yankee was not in the race at all. Visions of what he would do with the two dollars, perhaps, filled him with joy, for he called back:

"Say, betta fore doll; just lika picka de mon up!"

"I'll be thar when you get thar, Mr. Eyetalian; I ain't got warmed up yit. Yer jist wait, an' when I git ther hang o' this craft I'll say sum things ter show you I'm travelin'."

A man on the bank shouted: "Pull out your whiskers, Uncle, and then you will win. They catch too much wind."

They were cheered to the echo as they spun through the water, Uncle Hank seemingly not making much effort and the Dago working for dear life. But, work as he might, he could not get further away than two lengths, and it puzzled

AN EXCITING RACE.

and excited him. He began to perspire freely and to use strange Italian words. Then he would talk in broken English: "Whata the matta? The Mericana pusha the gondola like housa fire!"

To the utter amazement of the many onlookers, Uncle Hank began slowly to gain, his long, regular strokes telling against the quicker and more excited work of his foreign antagonist. Cheers greeted him from many hundred people as he began nearing the Dago's gondolier, and one woman leaned over, waved a scarf and shouted:

"Hurrah, for Uncle Hayseed! Don't stay behind! Put life and vigor into your work!"

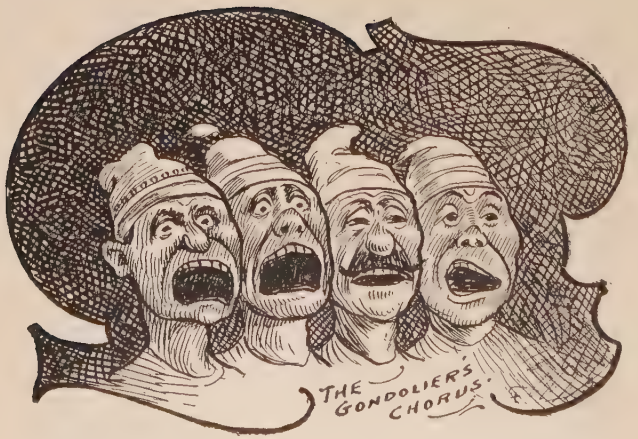
"I ain't dun enny work yit, young woman!" shouted the cool Yankee. "I ain't buckled down to it yit ez I should, an' when I do this yer oar will break or I'll git by thet Eyetalian."

The Irish gondolier was amused and surprised by the man who had taken his place, and he frankly added:

"Say, if you win, old man, don't I get a dollar of your two dollars?"

"Yer do, ef yer will pay a dollar ef I lose the race." The Irishman would not agree because he was not sure that Uncle Hank would win. He saw that the Yankee was gaining, but that did not necessarily mean victory.

Uncle Hank grew a little red in the face as he shouted to the Dago: "Git out o' my way thar; for I'm cummin. I'm log rollin' now, an' this is a heavy lift. Pushin' for all I am wurth. Stiddy, an' a long, hard push. No boy in this yer regions kin pull yer Uncle Hank down. We be movin!"



The gondola propelled by the sturdy Yankee plunged through the water like a large fish cutting its way to the deep ocean. It neared

"GIT OUT O' MY WAY THAR; FOR I'M CUMMIN."

"HER FROWSY HEAD WAS DONE UP IN A LARGE BANDANNA."

A WAGER.

the Dago's ; it dashed a little spray of water on it, and it slowly moved by as a swift trotting horse passes a hackway. Shouts and yells greeted the ears of the rowers, and Uncle Hank cried out to his rival :

"Good-bye, Eyetalian ! I'll hitch an' wait fur yer when I git thar, and we will hev mackerony together and hev no hard feelin's."

The Dago was perspiring profusely and very much excited. He made a few feeble attempts to spurt, but he was out of wind and could only ejaculate : "Da mon gone ! Two dolla lost !"

Uncle Hank kept the lead and was cheered by hundreds as he won by nearly ten lengths of his gondola. He never indulged in a chant of victory, but, gazing at his defeated and beaten rival, he said : "Ther mussell made in ther fields a-hoeing korn an' liftin' logs ain't goin' tew leave yer soon. Roastin' peanuts ain't makin' bone and mussell. Yer hev no great strength to race agin yer Uncle Hank."

An immense crowd congratulated Uncle Hank, and said the freedom of the Exposition should be given to him. One man, however, who, like many others, jump to wrong conclusions, remarked : "It was a great race and well won by the Yankee, but do you people believe for an instant that the Down Easter is genuine? He is just a part of the show—a man hired to go around and impersonate a country hayseed." The smart Aleck, however, was not believed, for the crowd knew that Uncle Hank was just exactly what he looked to be—a shrewd backwoods farmer who knew more than many imagined.

While he was in the Midway he bethought himself of the advisability of taking in some of the shows he had overlooked on his last visit. With this end in view he entered the "Old Southern Plantation," and in a short time was on familiar terms with the old darkies.

In front of the log cabin in which Lincoln was born stood

"SHE BELONGED TO THE HIGHEST SOCIETY."

WAY DOWN IN DIXIE.

an old, "befo'-the-wah" mammy industriously working an old-time spinning wheel. Her frowsy head was done up in a large bandanna, and periodically she emitted large whiffs of tobacco smoke from a long-stemmed corn-cob pipe which she firmly held between her thick lips. Surrounding her were several white "wooled" counterparts of Uncle Tom, and, to make the picture more complete, there were a half a dozen or so of little pickaninnies playing about.

The atmosphere was truly Southern and gave a very good idea of plantation life as it existed in *ante-bellum* days.

"'Pears ter me," he muttered to himself, "them darkies is good-natured and peaceful like; they don't look ez ef they needed Lynch Law keep 'em straight, an' I reckon ef ther people down South didn't break ther law by lynchin', th' blacks would hev more 'spect fer ther law, too.

> Oh, Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
> A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
> And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
> With which the Roman master crowned the slave
> When he took off the gyves.
>
> —WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

It is generally conceded that woman has made giant strides in the last decade, but it has been left to the Pan-American Exposition to illustrate that fact.

On the Midway there paraded a colossal figure of an up-to-date maiden with a graceful figure, gowned in the most approved Parisian fashion. Her tall, ten-foot figure attracted considerable attention; which was partly due to her graceful bearing and to the very evident fact that she belonged to the highest society (ten feet). Her mission on the Midway was to

MIDWAY ATTRACTIONS.

advertise the exceptional attractions of "Dawson City," which she did in a most thorough manner, as she was constantly followed by admiring crowds, which she invariably led to the entrance of the aforesaid show, somewhat after the manner of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The lady in question was constructed of wicker work surmounted with a life-like wax head, and in the interior of the figure a man was so cleverly concealed that quite an artistic semblance of a stylish young lady was presented.

Some very original conceptions were used to advertise the Midway attractions. In the corridor of The Panopticon a number of distorting mirrors were placed, which usually attracted crowds of curious people bent upon seeing themselves caricatured.

"The foolish man often laughs when there is nothing to laugh at. Whatever touches him, his inner nature comes to the surface."

—GOETHE.

These mirrors were so placed as to attract the attention of the curiously inclined, and afforded excellent opportunities to see oneself as others do not see.

A very fat man who labored with a weight of flesh approximating three hundred pounds, and who had vainly longed for the day when, by the use of Anti-Fat concoctions, he might scale down one hundred pounds or so, caught sight of one of these mirrors. He stood before the one so convexed that it considerably thinned and lengthened his figure.

"Well, now!" he exclaimed, on beholding this pleasing rendition of his very rotund figure, "that's the way I'd like to look; nothing the matter with that. Oh that this too solid flesh would melt," and with a grunt of satisfaction he moved off.

This was not the usual experience, however, as some of the distorted images produced by the mirrors were ludicrous in the extreme.

"WELL, NOW! THAT'S THE WAY I'D LIKE TO LOOK."

WAITERS THAT MAKE YOU WAIT.

Alt Nurnburg was usually the Mecca of the hungry habitues of the Midway. Imported frankfurters, sauerkraut, patrician Rhein wines, as well as plebeian lager beer, in fact, everything in the German food and drink line, were to be obtained here, if you had patience in abundance; for it is a peculiarity of German waiters to make you wait. The hungrier you are the longer they make you wait.

"Hunger is the mother of impatience and anger."
—ZIMMERMAN.

Many angry altercations have taken place in consequence of this dilatory habit on the part of the phlegmatic German waiters.

"Waiter!" exclaimed an irate patron. "Where's that steak I ordered an hour ago?"

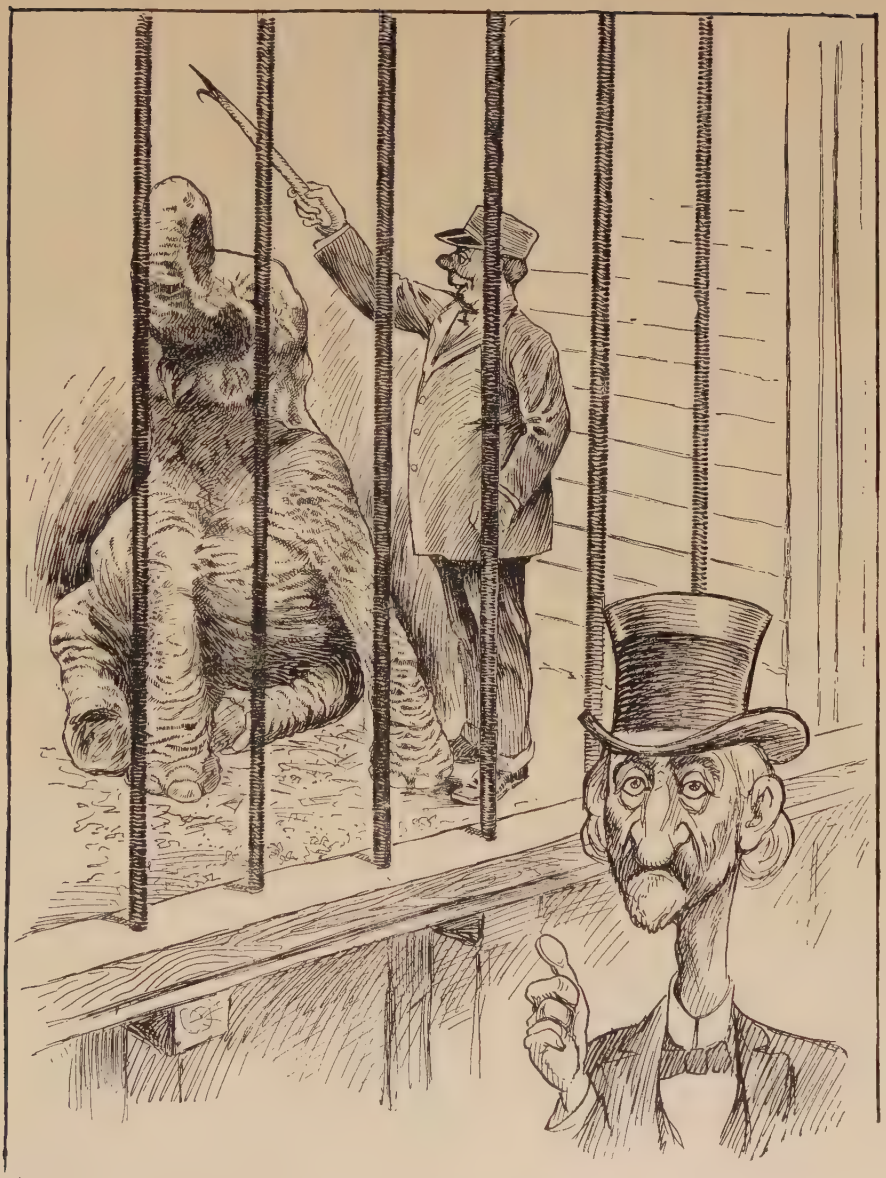
"It's on the fire, sir."

"I say, waiter!" another would cry out. "where's that champagne?"

"It's on the ice, sir."

And so it would go from one table to another, the same cry of hungry impatience. As one highly indignant patron remarked: "The diners were the waiters in a German restaurant."

During a performance at Bostock's, the famous menagerie on the Midway, a clown was putting a baby elephant through a number of difficult tricks, and now and then the quadruped rebelled. It happened that Senator T. C. Platt, the head man, "boss" and leader of the Republican party in New York State, was present with a number of prominent Republicans and friends. Uncle Hank saw the "boss" and thought he would ask



"IT'S CHILD'S PLAY TO HANDLING GROWN-UP ELEPHANTS. I'VE HAD YEARS OF EXPERIENCE."

A VAST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ELEPHANTS.

him about elephants, and especially the one performing in the arena.

"What do yer think uf elephants, Senator? I hev heard tell that ye know something about ther creeturs."

The Tioga statesman smiled as he replied: "That clown has an easy job putting that baby elephant through his paces, but it is child's play compared to handling a grown-up elephant. I have had years of experience."

Uncle Hank wanted the Senator to get Bostock to let him handle a grown-up elephant, but the owner said the G. O. P. elephant was too large to enter the arena. "Wal, wal," exclaimed the Down Easter, "I've hurd thet the G. O. P. elephant had broken some planks an' smashed up a few platforms, but I never hurd that he had busted ther arena. I guess thet the elephant ez bigger then Jumbo and ez the hull show hisself."

Some one informed Uncle Hank that the G. O. P. elephant was merely a figurative animal. "I guess he must cut a purty figger, then, when he falls down," mused the Yankee. "Senator Platt must be a purty strong man tew handle such a big elefant, I'm thinkin'!"

> Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus, and we petty men
> Walk under his huge legs and peep about
> To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
>
> —SHAKESPEARE.

The Japanese do not look upon the Chinese with a kindly eye. A Chinaman happened to stop in front of "Fair Japan," where a Jap was banging a gong for dear life to attract the crowd to the Japanese tea gardens. The almond-eyed Celestial attracted the eye of the Japanese, who accosted him in a bantering sort of way.

"Hello, John, how you like the Jap-Pan-American?"

"WHERE'S THAT STEAK I ORDERED AN HOUR AGO?"

CLASHES BETWEEN NATIONALITIES.

"Jap no goodee; Pan-Melican all lite!" retorted the Chinaman as he pigeon-toed off. Clashes between nationalities were of frequent occurrence on the Midway, where the different types so often intermingled. A son of Erin was attacked by a severe thirst one morning, and, casting his eye about for something to alleviate it, spied a soda water stand with a large jar of high-colored orangeade placed conspicuously upon the counter. He paused a while to make up his mind, and then, apparently foregoing his intention of buying himself a drink, declared, in unmeasured terms:

"OI want a dhrink, fur OI'm divilish dhry; but OI'll die wid thirst before OI'll dhrink thot A. P. A. colored sthuff!" and he walked indignantly away in search of a more congenially-colored liquid to quench his thirst.

Geronimo, the famous Indian chief, was the star attraction at the Indian Congress. This doughty old warrior of infamous memory was a precious scoundrel in his day, and only escaped death by execution for his misdeeds through the magnanimity of Gen. Nelson A. Miles. So when the brilliantly-uniformed General made his appearance in the Indian Village it was only natural that the old chief should greet him effusively. As the two warriors approached one another they presented a picturesque contrast. They were both in full war paint, or in full uniform, as you are pleased to view it. In point of manhood, however, the advantage was decidedly in favor of the soldier.

The one showed in face and manner all the characteristics of his race; the cunning, malicious and treacherous look of the savage; and the other, the open, frank and magnanimous mien of a courageous and intrepid soldier.

"Chief," exclaimed the General, "this being a hero at the Pan-American is better than war. You know, our big chief, General Sherman, said: 'War was hell.'"

"Yes, that so; hell with canned beef, ugh!" grunted the Indian in assent.

"HELLO, JOHN, HOW YOU LIKE THE JAP-PAN-AMERICAN?"

"THIS BEING A HERO AT THE 'PAN-AMERICAN' IS BETTER THAN WAR."

RED AND WHITE.

"Well, we're at peace now and have no embalmed beef to bother us," replied the General sententiously, "but you redskins had better behave yourselves out on the plains, as we never lose sight of our motto: 'In time of peace prepare for war.'"

"Ugh! White man always war," retorted the redskin.

The General scratched his head at this fling.

"Our people prefer to live in harmony with all the world and make our conquests on other lines than gory fields of battle." And the General drew himself up with dignity.

"Big Chiefs fight in big wigwam now," pursued the Indian.

"Well, our war chiefs do seem to be doing quite a lot of fighting in time of peace."

The old Indian seemed to relish this fling at the Sampson-Schley row at Washington, for his blear eyes blinked humorously at the allusion.

"Big chiefs fight over scalps, ugh; Indian no take scalps from Chief!" replied the savage as a parting shot.

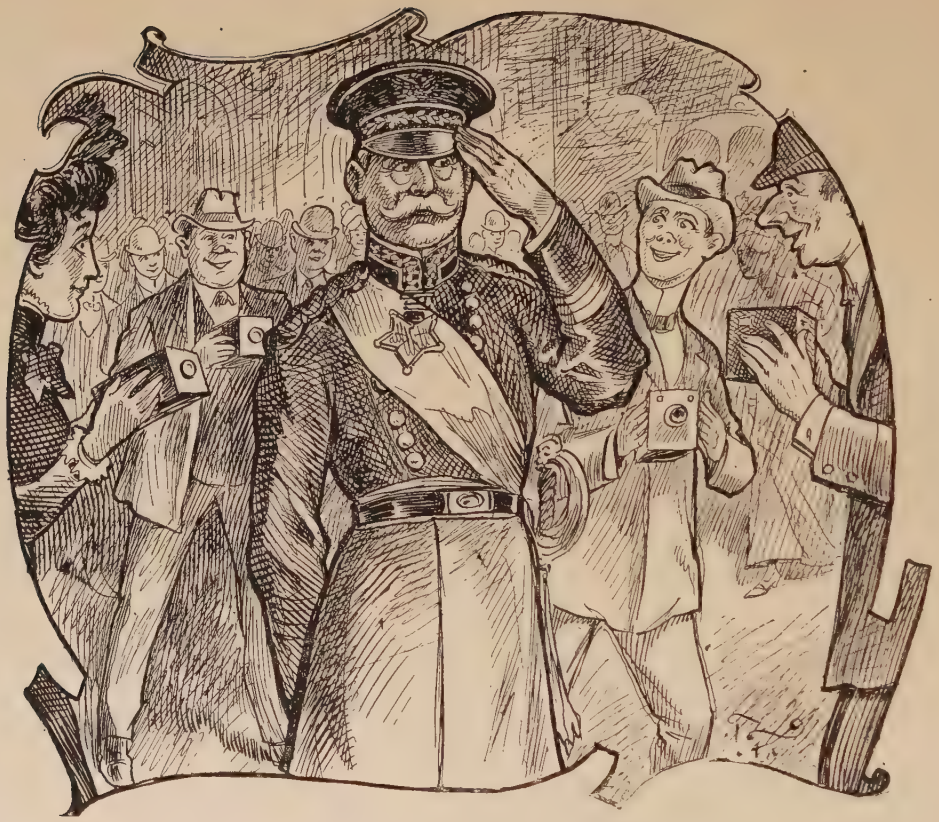
"The Chief's got good horse sense," remarked the General as he resumed his tour.

General Miles was a fine target for the "snap-shot fiends."

Attired in his beautiful uniform, his fine figure and martial bearing showed to the very best advantage in "snap shots," and it was very amusing to see the avidity with which they pursued their prey The nerve of the camera crank has been long known. Nothing is sacred to him; he takes everything in sight; in fact, is a confirmed optical kleptomaniac as a rule.

> "I'll example you with thievery;
> The sun'sa thief, and with his great attraction
> Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
> And her pale face she snatches from the sun."
>
> —SHAKESPEARE.

A patriarchal Indian is Red Cloud, of the Six Nations, who,



"IT WAS VERY AMUSING TO SEE THE AVIDITY WITH WHICH THEY PURSUED THEIR PREY."

held court like a reigning monarch in a cabin that was fancifully arranged with blankets, feathered headgear, moccasins embroidered with bead work, and various other Indian accoutrements. He was very popular with Young America, who saw in him their ideal Indian warrior, arrayed as he was in his picturesque headgear. The old warrior does not look his age,

AN UP-TO-DATE INDIAN.

although he has seen eighty-four years, is still tall, erect and very active. Several times he left the Exposition grounds and sought the busy haunts of Buffalo, where stimulants are cheap and exceedingly heady. It was recorded in the daily papers that four times Red Cloud had gazed upon the red goblet and rendered himself *hors de combat.* He was carried to his tribe by kind friends, who endeavored to get him to sign the pledge and wear the blue ribbon. He was willing to wear the blue blanket; also a piece of ribbon, but he did not care to sign a pledge which meant a decided curtailment in his beverage. This venerable and fine-looking specimen of the Red Men attracted much attention, and our Uncle Hank ran up against him. At first, Uncle Hank regretted he could not talk Choctaw or some kind of lingo, and he hesitated to begin a conversation with one he thought might hurl back language perfectly unintelligible, but more or less musical in a guttural, hurdy-gurdy way.

"Do yer know, Meester Red Cloud, thet I've hearn tell o' yer before," began the Yankee, "an' ther is many thet envy yer capacity, an' yer stayin' power. Now, jist a leetle sider jooce hez oftun made me talk in a blue streak, an' also made my nayburs talk fur weeks. Ef I should tackle jooce a leetle stronger than sider an' should try tew git into my naybur's barn fur my own house, I guess yer Uncle Hank would hev to ther leave thet nayburhood or hev myself sent tew some insane asighlum. But now yew Injuns never criticize, an' thet is a real blessin' for the nobull chiefs who are sot in ther ways."

Red Cloud straightened up and nearly took Uncle Hank off his feet by answering in good English:

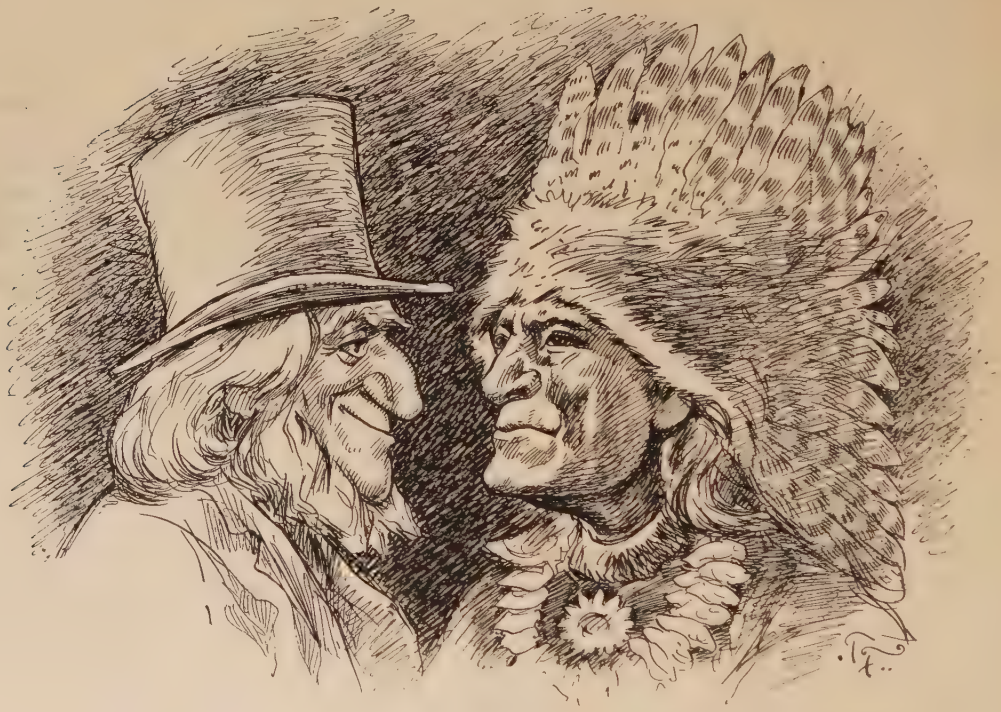
"What do you take me for? A phonograph or a sounding-board? Speak straight English and I may understand you. I cannot talk your dialect."

"Thet is one on yer Uncle, Reddy," said the Yankee, somewhat confused; but he soon recovered his second wind.

RED CLOUD'S REJOINDER.

"But I am not related to you; you are not my Uncle. In my veins there is no white man's blood," calmly spoke the Chief.

"In coarse, yer air not my nevyew, but we air all of us kind o' kin. We air all binded together by some kind of tie. Now,



"I JIST INTIND TO RECORMEND TH' BRAND TEW THE HUNDRED-YEAR CLUB AT THER NEXT MEETIN'."

ef yer kin tell me what the guvnor uv North Caroleena onct sed tew ther guvnor uv South Caroleena, I'll pay ther expenses."

"He remarked that it was about time to take a drink," said the Indian.

"Wal, I ruther guess so, Red Cloud," answered Uncle Hank, "an' let us go tew ther happy jooce factory an' nomenate our own pizen."

The Indian admitted on the way to a soda water fountain that Uncle Hank's dialect was not difficult to learn, especially when he told historical anecdotes.

In a confidential way, Uncle Hank said, after he had observed how active and strong the Chief was: "Ef yer can tell me ther brand o' liquor thet yer air drinkin' yer would do me a great favor."

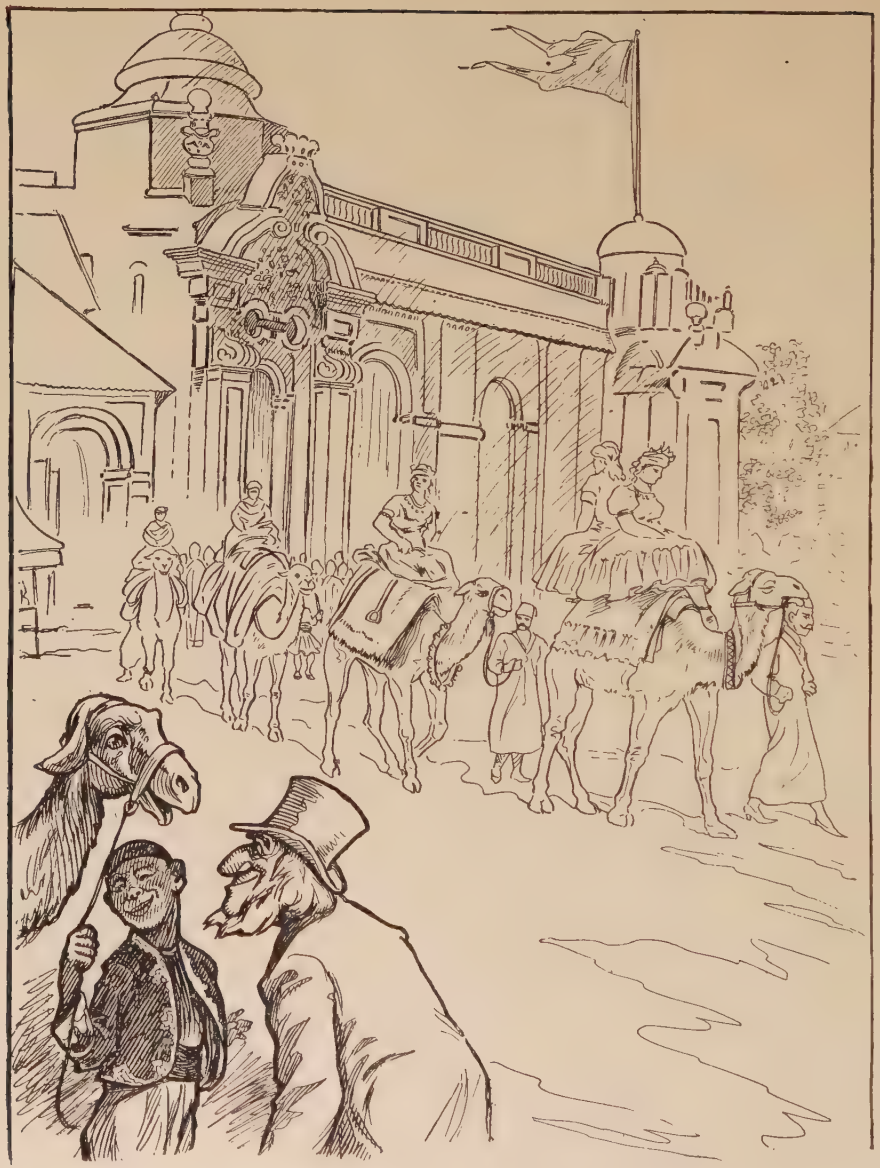
Red Cloud wished to know the reasons for such an unusual request.

"I jist intind to recormend th' brand tew the Hundred-Year Club et ther next meetin'," concluded Uncle Hank.

> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage.
>
> —SHAKESPEARE.

One of the features of the Midway was the daily parade of the various attractions of the multitudinous shows. First would come the camels, then donkeys, elephants, Arabs, Turks, Armenians, dancing girls, etc., from "The Beautiful Orient." Then the streets of Mexico would add its quota in the shape of Vaqueros on mustangs, bull fighters and Peons. Added to this procession would be Filipinos, Hawaiian musicians, Indians in full regalia, and odds and ends from the other shows. This cavalcade was always sure to attract the attention of a majority of the visitors on the grounds, who naturally followed the alluring music until they found themselves in the heart of the Midway. And then the Ballyhoo would immediately proceed to make a bedlam of the concourse.

There was no denying the fact that the Concessionaries of the Midway were a very resourceful lot and undeniably "hustlers" of the first grade.



"BY CRACKEE, WHAT A LESSON THEM CAMELS TEACH HUMAN BEIN'S. THEY KIN GO SEVEN DAYS WITHOUT A DRINK."

It was on such an occasion that Uncle Hank was attracted to the animals on parade. As the camels passed he remarked :

"By crackee, what a lesson them camels teach human bein's. They kin go seven days without er drink."

"Yes," replied a bystander, "but what satisfaction they get out of a drink when they do get one; it has such a long way to travel through their long throats that it well repays them for their long abstinence. By the way, speaking of animals, did you know there was a lion roaming about the grounds, loose?'

"A lion?" exclaimed Uncle Hank in alarm.

"Yes; the Lion of the day, President McKinley."

"Is ther President here?"

"Yes, over on the Plaza."

"Wall, I won't miss Mac ef I know et!" and he strode off in the direction of the Plaza. When he arrived there he found the "Lion" in the shape of the President, who was surrounded by an enthusiastic multitude.

Uncle Hank worked his way to the center of the group where the Chief Magistrate was holding a levee, and, with true Yankee modesty, made himself the spokesman of the occasion

"Mr. Preserdent, yer th' most Democratic Preserdent we've had since Linken."

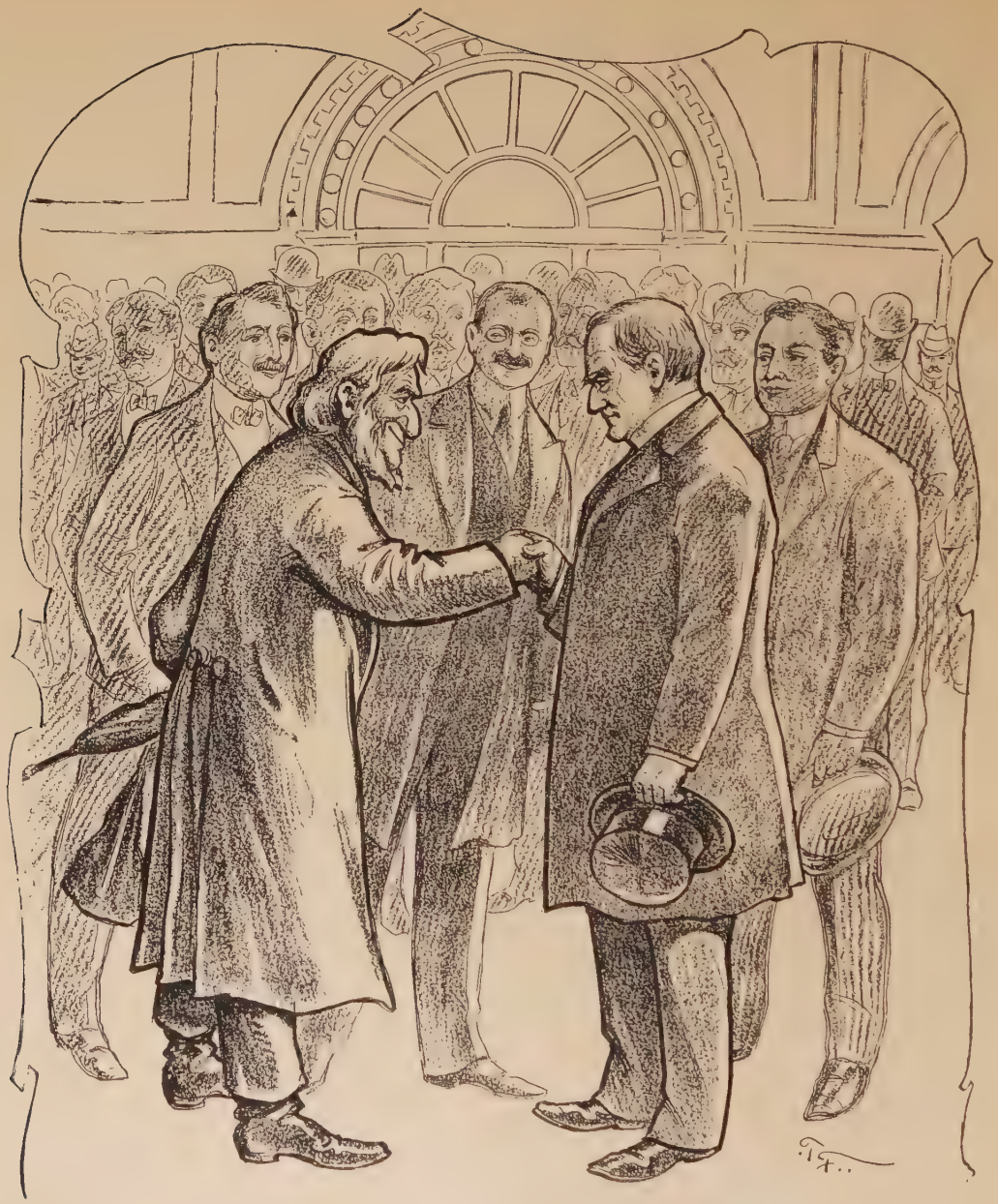
The crowd cheered the old man, and the President smiled broadly as he replied diplomatically :

"Well, gentlemen, I thank you for your cordiality—"

"Speech! Speech!" called out several voices in the assemblage, which had now augmented considerably, and the President was compelled to get up on the steps of the Music Stand and speak to them before they would consent to let him go.

An American crowd always likes to be talked to. It will hover around a stump speaker or a street-corner fakir like flies around a molasses barrel. Wm. J. Bryan gathered them by thousands in his memorable campaigns, and you would naturally think that he would carry the country by storm on Elec-

THE LION OF THE DAY.



"MR. PRESERDENT, YER TH' MOST DEMOCRATIC PRESERDENT WE'VE HAD SENCE LINKEN."

TEMPLE OF MUSIC ILLUMINATED.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

tion Day, judging by the enthusiastic gatherings that greeted him, but the American citizen, while very careful in bestowing his ballot, is very lavish in his applause, as he deems some reward is due to the one who has entertained him.

"O! as a bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue."
—BULWER.

Uncle Hank saw the crowd surging into Music Temple, and, yielding to his impulse to follow, he soon found himself inside the portals of the Temple consecrated to melody which was so soon to become transformed by the discordant sounds of the assassin's pistol. President McKinley stood right in front of the Majestic Organ, surrounded by eager citizens striving to express their love and admiration of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic through the medium of a handshake. The President stood erect, with head bare and face radiant with kindliness and good humor.

The crowd kept passing by in rapid style, and Mr. McKinley was in high spirits.

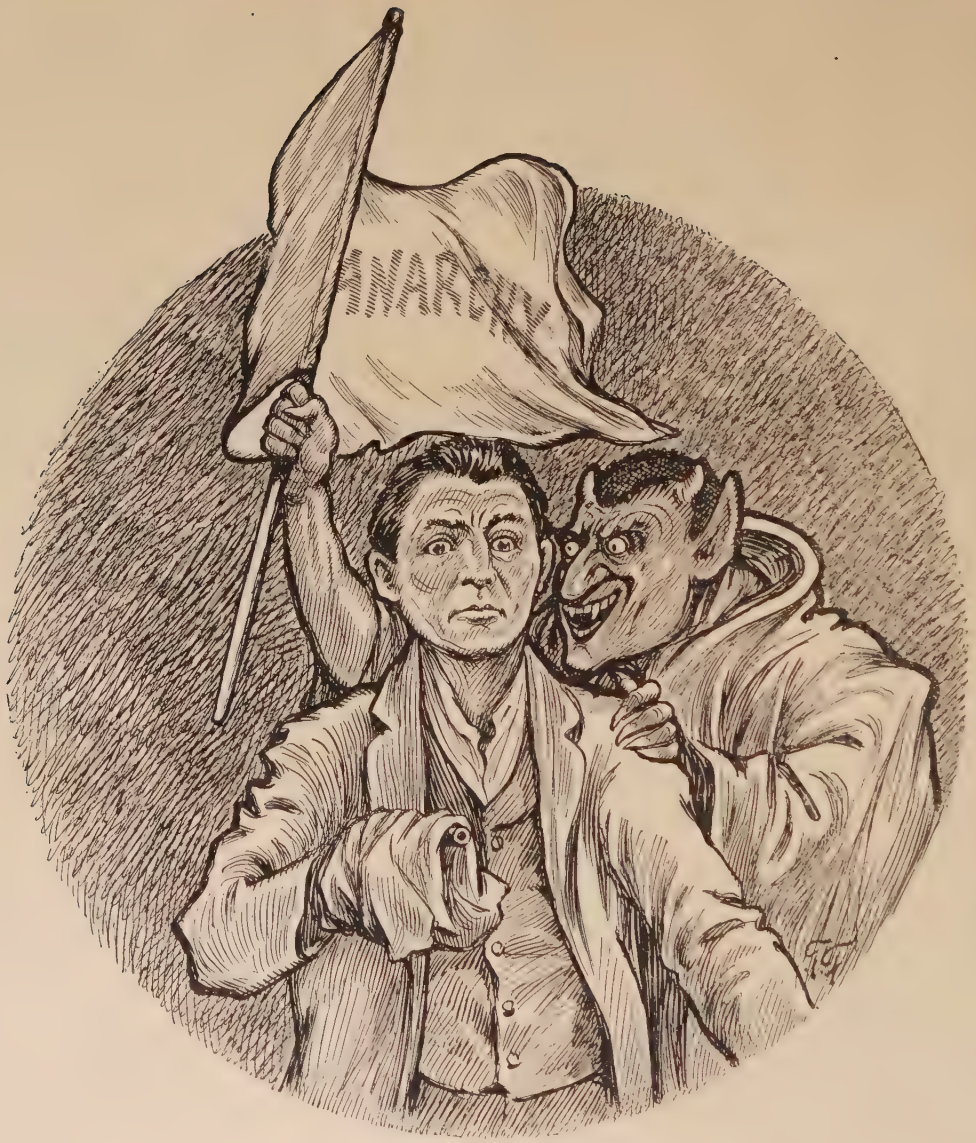
No one noticed in the crowd a fairly thick-set young man, with curly brownish hair, who kept moving slowly with the rest.

He had a cap under his arm. His left hand was bound up in a white handkerchief.

But there was nothing suspicious—nothing but the clean silk handkerchief, that looked as if the young man had hurt his hand and bound it up. Not a soul guessed that, concealed in the folds of the handkerchief was an ugly little revolver—a 32-calibre derringer, carrying five short cartridges.

The President reached out his right hand; the man reached out quickly. The President smiled.

For an answer the man reached his left hand around, just as a pugilist might try to give his opponent a quick jab in the



THE ANARCHIST'S PROMPTER.

ribs. He pressed his hand against the black frock coat of the President and pulled the trigger.

THE ANARCHIST'S WORK.

Suddenly there was a great commotion around the President, and a second later a pistol report rang out, and immediately after another. The sharp crack of the revolver echoed against the pipes of the big organ, and the fine acoustic qualities of the hall caused the shots to reverberate back and forth until it appeared as if a dozen assassins were at work.

Like an electric flash the cry spread :

"The President is shot!" and wild confusion reigned in the Auditorium. People rushed hither and thither ; everyone seemed panic-stricken.

Suddenly there was a deep roar : "Lynch him! Lynch the assassin!"

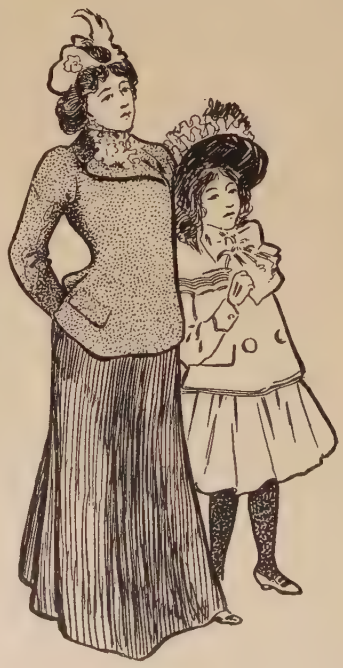
Ever and again some man's voice would cry out : "Don't let him get away!" and there would be a score of answering shouts of "Kill him! Hang him! Take him up on the arch and burn him! Burn him at the stake!"

During all the tumult Uncle Hank stood mutely by, awe-stricken at the terrible spectacle he had been an involuntary witness of.

But he came to his senses when he heard the cry for Lynch Law.

"Thar ye go!" he exclaimed, "show yer disrespect fer the law by breakin' it. Thet's what breeds Anarchists. If ye'd show the misguided lunatics the awful power ov th' law ye'd terrorize 'em more than ye will by usin' brute force. Show 'em th' true majesty ov th' law and th' red devils'l slink inter ther holes an' tremble with fear."

The entire Exposition was now in a turmoil. All was consternation. A strange atmosphere enveloped everything. On the Midway the Ballyhoos were stilled, the clowns, with serious faces, asked the barkers for additional particulars of the tragedy. Ki-ki, the imitation monkey at the "House Upside



ANXIOUS DAYS.

Down," grew serious, and his face took on a solemn aspect as he asked a hurrying guard if the President still lived.

Within the big Exposition buildings similar scenes were enacted. Booths were hastily covered up and closed, and the exhibitors hastened to the scene of the shooting.

The Music Temple was soon surrounded by an immense throng, and universal sympathy was expressed for the unfortunate President. There was no mistaking McKinley's popularity. Having assumed the Presidency at a time of industrial depression, the country had progressed during his administration to most marvelous prosperity. He was identified in the public mind with contentment, happiness, pecuniary independence and remunerative employment of labor and capital, unprecedented in the history of the country. McKinley and the American home had become synonymous terms. His beautiful and chivalric devotion to his invalid wife had endeared him to every family.

As for the assassin, the most bitter denunciation of him and of the Anarchistic fanatics who had inspired him in his atrocious deed, was heard on every side. Uncle Hank voiced the sentiment of the majority of people when he said to a bystander:

"Them Anarchists is like rattlesnakes; fust they rattle dangerous warnin's and then they strike a deadly blow. No civilized community ez safe while they're about. It's high time they waz exterminated; jes' make it high treason when they rattle on' about removin' rulers; an' let ther strong arm of ther law grasp 'em around th' neck an' strangle 'em tew death before they hev time tew coil an' strike. Naow ye see th' danger ov 'lowin' ther scum of Europe tew cum inter th' country. Yer quarantine yaller fever, but ye never think ov quarantinin *red anarchy*, which is a sight more dangerous diseese," and Uncle Hank moved off very much depressed at the terrible scenes he had witnessed that day.

The President is Dead.

After a week of cheering bulletins from the sick chamber this was the message that greeted the nation on the morning of the Fourteenth of September.

After Hope had been enthroned, and there seemed to be no possibility of a fatal termination to the cowardly assassin's work, there came the direful message—DEAD.

It was hard to realize.

Its full import failed to impress all because of its awful significance.

The President was Dead, and with his death came a fuller realization of his sterling qualities, his noble patriotism, his perfect manhood, and his inherent kindliness of heart, which had endeared him to his fellow-countrymen.

There was no North, no South, no East, no West; and all partisanship was sunk in a common grief, and the hand of good-fellowship was extended in this hour of national calamity.

The tears welled up in Uncle Hank's eyes as he softly murmured the dying words of the stricken President: "It is God's will; God's will be done."

> Nothing in his life
> Became him like the leaving it; he died
> As one that had been studied in his death,
> To throw away the dearest thing he owned,
> As 'twere a careless trifle.
>
> —SHAKESPEARE.

The nation deeply mourned in its great affliction, and business halted. The Exposition closed its gates for two days, and when it resumed its life again it was draped with sombre tokens of mourning but little in keeping with its gay mission.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A HIGH ROOM.

Uncle Hank realized that he would have to make several journeys to the Exposition, and, wishing to be nearer to the grounds, he had one morning secured a room in one of the many private residences thrown open to Pan-American visitors by the frugal residents of Buffalo.

A placard on the door announced :

Rooms to Let,
$1.00 *Up.*

He concluded this about suited his pocketbook, and after an interview with the sharp-featured landlady, paid her a dollar, on the assurance that she would have a nice room ready for him on his return from the Exposition.

After ringing the door bell of his new quarters several times, the door was finally opened by a frowsy-headed maid-of-all-work, who recognized him immediately, and ushered him in.

"You're the gent as hired a room this mornin'?" she inquired.

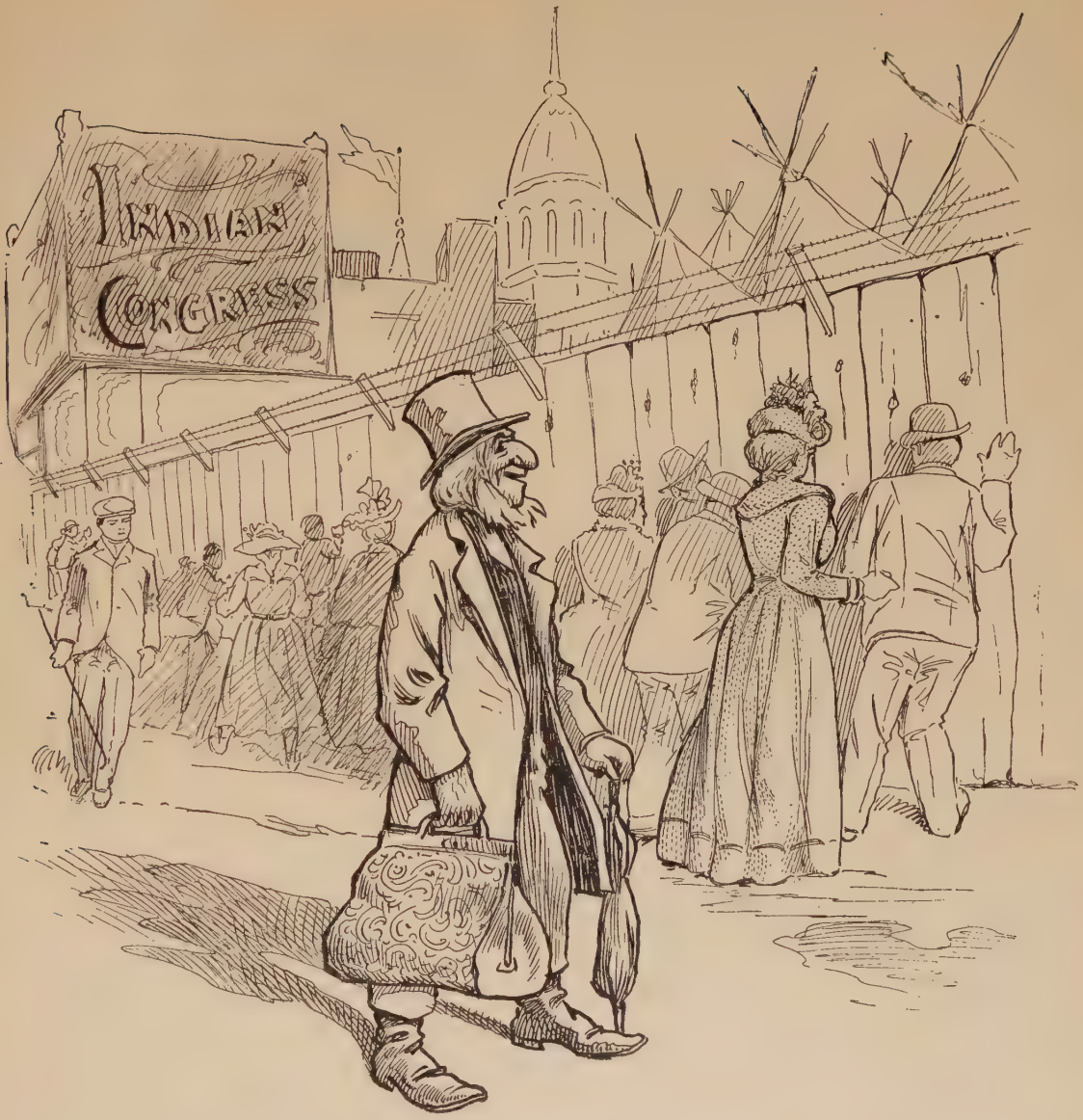
"I'm that same individool thet paid yer mistress a dollar fer a room ; is she to hum?"

"She's gone ter market, but I kin show ye up. This way, please." And she led the way up several flights of wheezy, creaking stairs to the top of the house.

Uncle Hank was out of breath when he reached a small attic room close to the roof.

"This be'ant what I bargained fer. I want one ov them rooms down stairs ; I paid what yer sign called fer, a dollar fer a room."

"I guess you didn't read the sign right ; it reads $1 00 up, and this is up as high as ye can git," and the girl grinned from



"BEATS ALL, HAOW PEOPLE'S ALLUS LOOKIN FER SUMTHIN FER NOTHIN."

DEADHEADS.

ear to ear, and then suggested that he could get one of the rooms down stairs by paying more money.

He soon realized that he was in for it, so resolved to make the best of his bad bargain, and as he was very tired he was soon lost in slumber, disturbed only by the onslaught of an army of Pan-American bedbugs that would surely have taken first prize had they been placed on exhibition in the big show.

> Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care;
> The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast. —SHAKESPEARE.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

When Uncle Hank reached the Exposition grounds next day, he noticed a long line of people peeping through holes in the fence surrounding the Indian Village, trying to get a free view of the Indians within.

"Beats all, how people's allus lookin fer somethin fer nothin," he exclaimed, as he passed through the turnstile on his way into the Exposition.

As he walked up the broad avenue leading from the entrance, he encountered several wheel-chairs with their occupants twisting their necks in every direction as they pushed past the different attractions.

"Seems ter me," he observed, "they'd twist their heads off ridin in them chairs on wheels. I guess thet's whar ther rubber neck's cultivated. Now ef people warnt so blamed lazy they'd see a heap sight more by walkin; what with bicycles, trolley cars, ought-to-mo-biles and sich, they'll lose ther use of legs altugether, and az fer walkin upstairs—elly-vaters 'll make us a weak-kneed race. In another generashun they won't be able tew do ther wonders they're doin now in all walks ov life, fer they won't be able tew walk."

"I GUESS THET'S WHAR THER RUBBER NECK'S CULTIVATED."

THE POPULIST.

This made Uncle Hank feel tired, and he concluded to sit down on one of the convenient green benches which abound throughout the grounds. On the bench in question sat an old farmer like himself absorbed in a newspaper. As soon as he saw that our hero intended sitting down, he made room for him in a most accommodating way.

He was a good type of a far Western farmer, with broad shoulders and a well-knit frame that showed evidences of hard work on a large prairie farm. His face was almost concealed by a large luxuriant beard, just beginning to show grizzlied, and his eyes shone with an intelligence only to be found in farmers under the Stars and Stripes.

"These seats be tarnal good places tew roost arter a hot tramp thru them hot buildins," he observed, as Hank took his seat.

"Wal, I dunno but what yer right," replied the Yankee. "I calklate yew be a farmer?"

"Yep, I be one; be yew?"

"Yas, I be a farmer in a small sort er way, down East. Ye see farmin aint what et used ter be in our section; them big farms aout West kin raise crops cheap'rn we kin on account ov hevin ter use no fertilizers," explained Hank.

"Wal," replied the other, "I'm a Western farmer. I'm from Nebrasky, and I've got a hundred an sixty acres o' prairie land under cultivation, but when ye kin git only eighteen cents a bushil fer corn, et don't make no diffrence ef ye don't hev tew use no fertilizers. Them raleroads an elevator men git all ther profit ther is in farmin in ther West, an ez ther stock an bonds ov th' companies ez owned in the East, I reckon yew Down-Easters ain't got nothin tew complain ov."

This allusion to Yankee thrift rather nettled the Down-Easter, but he soon recovered his composure, and he rejoined:

"Then, tew use ther slang ov th' day—Farmin's on the Hog."

"No, not exactly, et's more like ez th' Hog waz on ther Farmer," and he slapped the Yankee a good-natured whack on the back.

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
> Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
> A breath can make them as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
>
> —GOLDSMITH.

At this juncture a couple of South Americans passed by.

"Thar's th solution ov th hull bizness!" exclaimed the New Englander, waving his hand in the direction of the pair; "thet's what this Pan Amerikin show ez fer; tew open up South Ameriky tew th' products ov this country."

"Yep, thet's so, ef them tarnal Trusts don't git possession ov th' markit house," replied the Westerner.

"I see yer be sumwhat ov a Populist an yer down on Trusts," said Uncle Hank with a twinkle in his eye.

"Wal, now yer shoutin," ejaculated the man from Nebraska.

"Them Trusts 'l regulate themselves by-and-by; tain't no use talkin, Trusts air not all bad; some does good in cheap'nin ter necessities an bringin th' cost ov em daown so thet we kin hev ther benefit ov em," observed the Yankee; "an besides th' time ez comin when th' gov'ment'l hev charge an then we'll hev ideel conditions."

"Wal," rejoined the Westerner, "it ain't wuth our arguin' about, cos we kant settle it nohow; hev ye seen th' fine cattle over yonder?"

"Not yit."

"Wal, let's go over an' inspect 'em; I reckon we'll see sumthin' thet'l interest us both."

And the pair proceeded to view the pedigreed Jerseys and Alderneys of high degree.

THE ARISTOCRATS.

The cattle displayed in this section of the Exposition were the aristocrats of their species. They were too select to associate with the cattle owned by such farmers as Uncle Hank and his Western friend.

"They're tew rich for my blood," observed the Yankee farmer, "et's sech horny-handed farmers ez Rockefeller, Morton, Cassatt, Havemeyer an' ther like ez kin afford to hev cows costin' three an' four thousand dollars each, in ther barns."

"Yep, thet's so," assented the Westerner, "an' I reckon they ought tew git a couple ov dollars a pound fer the butter tew make 'em pay a dividend."

"Wal," chimed in Hank, "I calklate me an' you'll hev tew stick tew brindles an' sookeys fer ther present."

Nevertheless, the importation of fine breed of cattle by wealthy men addicted to farming does a world of good for the farmers throughout the country, as it unquestionably raises the quality of the cattle, and in time reaches the barns of all the farmers in the country.

Uncle Hank now resolved to go it alone, as he found that his Western friend's ideas did not chord with his own. The prairie farmer cared only for such things as appertained to agriculture, while the Yankee farmer was interested in almost everything on exhibition.

"Wal, stranger," exclaimed the Westerner, "I think I'll put in ther rest ov ther day lookin up them new-fangled mowin' an' reapin' masheens, an' as I don't s'pose they interest yer th' way they dew me, I guess I'll hev ter leave yer." And with a cordial handshake they parted company.

"Thet's th' reason them Western farmers kant git mor'n eighteen cents fer korn. They cum tew a grate exherbishun like this an' kant see nothin' beyond Farmin' Implements," and he strode down the Plaza to continue his sightseeing tour in his own way.

He had reached the entrance of the Ethnology Building, and, as his former trip had been a hasty one, he determined to look in again.

A VASSAR MISS.

The exhibition of stone implements was a very complete one, and attracted a great deal of attention. A bystander remarked to Uncle Hank that a sight of such crude stone implements tended to show what enormous strides had been made since the time they were in use.

"Wal, I dunno," retorted Hank. "Ef ye go tew one ov them swell affairs ov ther Four Hundred down tew Newport an see th' thousands ov dollars wuth ov preshus stones they decorate themselves with, ye wouldn't think we'd intirely passed out ov the Stone Age yit."

He was greatly interested in the exhibition of antique fossils, and was examining them minutely when he noticed a very nice-looking young lady also examining them closely. He divined that she must be a Vassar College Girl, so he quite casually inquired of her: "Be you interested in old fossils, Miss?"

"No; I'm only interested in young men," pertly replied the up-to-date miss.

"By ginger, thet's a good one!" exclaimed the old fellow, "an' I don't blame ye, nuther."

Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young.
Age, I do defy thee.
O, shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

—SHAKESPEARE.

He exhaustively studied the rest of the exhibits, and then wended his way to his domicile to recuperate for a trip to Niagara Falls on the following day.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

UNCLE HANK SEES THE GORGE.

Uncle Hank visited Niagara Falls as part of the Exposition, and nothing of special interest happened until he arrived. Then he was besieged by a crowd of leather-lunged hackmen, all eager to get a big fare for a short ride. Our hero smiled in a broad-gauge way, and listened for a few minutes to their vociferous importunities. One hackman cried out:

"Say, boss, I'll take you to see the gorge for two dollars and explain it all to you."

"By gum, ye call me boss," mused Uncle Hank, "and thet makes me think I'm great shakes, but, tew hum, I hev my doubts about being a boss. Yer kin bet yer bottom dollar, I try ter be ther boss; but I'm taken down a peg or two, by gum, when I run agin ther domestic outfit. My hull life, then, ter quoate Grover Cleveland, ain't one hull sweet song, one chewin' gum holerday, but a mess of prickly ash and Mexican cacktuss. Won't ye call me boss agin, boys; it sounds like I'm ther profit away from hum."

"Say, what yer given me?" said the hackman.

"I ain't givin' them ther two dollars, not by a jugful."

This hackman, who had to listen to Uncle Hank's harangue on his new title of boss, went away disgusted, and another one tackled the rural sage, an ostensibly easy mark: "I will take you to see the gorge for two dollars and throw in Goat Island.'

"That uther feller wanted ter charge me two dollars, and I couldn't and wouldn't pay thet extortionation sum."

"Well, Uncle, I'll do better; I'll take you to see the gorge for one dollar and throw in Goat Island."

"By gum, young feller, I'll go yer. I jist make one dollar by this yer transacshun, and thet is one hundred per cent. ter the good. Yer won't let me get wet, Mr. Hackman?"

"Your wiskers may get a little damp, and you will be hot under the collar; but this happens to all new-comers here," said the hackman as he winked at his fellow-jehus.

Uncle Hank jumped into the hack, proud that he had made

"BE YOU INTERESTED IN OLD FOSSILS, MISS?"

one hundred per cent. on his bargain and was whirled around the corner. The driver took several turns, and would occasionally give vent to unrestrained ha! ha! he! he! haw! haws! In a few minutes he reached a kind of alleyway and turned down. At the end was a cheap frankfurter stand, and a big German stood by eating sausages and sour-

THE HACKMAN'S JOKE.

krout like a glutton. His capacious mouth was filled to repletion as the hackman called out:

"Uncle, there is the gorge. See it; see him! Now jump out!"

Uncle Hank realized that he had been sold, but he was game, and indignantly cried out: "But whar is the island, young feller?"

"See, there is the goat," pointing to a billy goat quietly grazing in a vacant lot, "the island is just behind him and is chiefly land, except when it rains, and then it is partly water. Don't go near the goat; it will butt you off the Falls." The hackman drove off laughing, leaving the rural tourist hot under the collar, and ready for any kind of reprisal.

Later Uncle Hank saw the Falls, and his first exclamation enchained the attention of a party of tourists:

"Wal, wal, ther think I'm whar ther water cums hurriedly down ther hill, and a purty good sized one, too. Gosh, Si Dusenberry, ther Deacon up my way, sed he onct swum ther Rappanhannock River during the war with four bullets in him and never got his har wet. Guess ther Deacon would get his har too damp for dryin ef he swum thet body ov fallin water. But ther aint water thar enough ter wash all of Uncle Sam's sitosens in ther new possessions clean ef they washed fur yeers and furever. No, sir, thar clothes can't be cleaned, not even with all Nigeraroo and soap."

"I would just like to know why their clothes can't be cleaned?" queried a disciple of Senator George F. Hoar, who stood by.

"Wal, ther can't, by gum!" replied Uncle Hank.

"That is the way with you seedy bearded farmers; you assert things and can't prove them. I demand that you give one sensible reason why the clothes of the Filipinos cannot be cleaned." The people stood around eagerly to hear Uncle Hank's answer to the mad disciple of Senator Hoar.

"I aint heard yit thet they wear any clothes."

UNCLE HANK AT THE FALLS.

A shout of laughter that almost rose above the roar of the mighty waters came from the little group who heard the colloquy and the disciple of George Frisbie Hoar went away muttering.

They wanted to take Uncle Hank under the Falls, but he would not consent. "I've just got nuff horse sense to git out o' the rain," he said, "So ye can't git me ter pay ter git under sich a tremenjious downpore as thet, not this yere o' my natchuel life." It was explained that the momentum of such a large body of water hurled it far enough over the chasm to permit people to walk behind and not get wet, only a little damp.

"Wal, I aint takin my chances, by gum, on thet momento, for it might jist let up for a minoote er two and whar would yer Uncle Hank be? Ask uf ther waves thet rock ther cradul of ther deep. Thar jist be two kind o' fools: ther one thet rushed in where anguls fear to trod and ther one thet pays ter see how narrer his escape can be."

Looking at the Rapids, Uncle Hank saw the Suspension Bridge and innocently asked what kind of a bridge it was.

A woman who had been through college replied:

"That is a cantelever bridge."

"Thank you, mum. How pooetercal, can't-leave-her!"

"Sir, I am a graduate of Vassar College and I know how to pronounce. I said cantelever and not cantleaver!" she indignantly exclaimed.

"Agin I thank you, mum. Ther new-fangulled prununcerashun is a leetle too much for me when I'm fur away from hum. Thet is the English prununcerashun, I guess. Cantleave-her is all right and I aint kicking. Caurse Kanerday cant leave us and thet bridge is ther bindin cord. Uncle Sam is ther bow and Kanerday is ther gal. I guess yer Kollege gals hed ruther hev larnin' then husbands."

THE CANT-LEAVE-HER-BRIDGE.

"Sir, a husband is a superfluous appendage," she scornfully cried.

"Yer aint sassing me, is yer, sissy? This superfluous pendergee business is too much fur me. I guess tho' ther husband is jest like ther cant-leave-her-bridge; he jist kind o' stays round ther house and lets them all walk over him cause he's thar and can't git away."

"Well, I'll show you that I can leave, sir, and not emulate the bridge in any respect." The Vassar girl, who had graduated years ago, walked rapidly away as Uncle Hank fired a parting Parthian shot!

"Them thet has no bridge uf matrimony, it seems, is worser tempered then ther ones who hev ther 'Cant-leave her bridge!'"

Uncle Hank concluded he would cross the bridge and be in "furrin parts," as he expressed it. He first ate a frugal lunch and was in such a hurry to get to "furrin parts" that he failed to wipe the breadcrumbs from his Horace Greeley throat whiskers. He got across all right, picked up some of the dirt, looked at it, put it down and said, "By gosh, taint anny richer then the sile ter hum." After remaining in "furrin parts" twenty minutes he started back, and was promptly met by a customs official and asked if he had any dutiable goods concealed upon his person.

"Wal, what do ye take me fur? A furrin traveler bringing sparkling stuns back?" Dootyable goods? Why all my clothes hev done me double dooty and by golly sum of these old pantalooneys hev been reseated." Uncle Hank would have continued, but the officer saw a chance to have sport with the farmer and cut him short:

"I see you have bread stuffs on you, and perhaps salt, and they are dutiable."

"Wal, I guess ye hev them eagle eyes I hev red erbout," replied Uncle Hank. "Yer can see thro' stun walls, and cum ther think, I suppose yer hev second sight, hevn't ye?"

"BY GUM! THIS EZ THER FUST TIME THET THER RAIN HEZ CUM UP FRUM BELOW."

DUTIABLE GOODS.

Don't try to pass, for you have concealed, or partly concealed, breadstuff in those bushwhackers of yours. They must be weighed, and perhaps your whiskers may be confiscated."

Uncle Hank now saw the officer was a wag, and it made him retort:

"Say, young man, I hev jist paid a dollar to see ther gorge, and them stray komissary bits yer eagle eyes hev diskuvered air all thet is left ov ther gorge."

The general laugh followed, and Uncle Hank was given a smuggler's-delight cheroot, and went on his way puffing.

Strolling to the great Falls, Uncle Hank noticed a beautiful rainbow hovering just over the precipice.

While he was gazing in admiration at it he felt as if rain were coming from below, and, quickly opening his umbrella, he held it downwards to keep off the deluge. It was the spray that shot upwards from the vast mass of waters that surged over the Falls and dashed below in reckless *abandon*.

"By gum! this is ther fust time," he exclaimed, "thet ther rain hez ever cum up from below. Guess it may be rainin' in China, and kind o' soakin through. It 'pears like things er somewhat upside down when ther rain strikes yer feet foremost. I don't mind gettin' my hed wet, fer I kin soon dry it hevin' burnin' thoughts, but when my firm foundations are soaked ter ther brim it ez not such an easy thing ter git agin on a proherbishon basis."

"Say, Uncle, your umbrella is leaking," cried out a passing wag.

"Thet's right, young feller," he admitted. "It ez leakin' on ther outside, an' thet is not givin' me any consarn. Do yer know thet damp feet an' attendin' to uther peopull's bizerness ez kalkerlated tew make the most pius bald. Jist remember thet an' go and soak your head, young feller, in ther waters of wisdum. Ye won't be bald-headed so soon."

"Well, Uncle, you have not got as many bats in your belfry

VIBYOR.

as I imagined," was the wag's response. "Just take a few colors of the rainbow home, won't you, and let your people know that you have seen the Falls and were sober enough to secure a souvenir."

"Maybe yer think I'm color blind?" responded the Yankee. "I ain't even hed ther blind staggurs, and ther beauty of ther rainbow is dooly appreciated by yers trooly. I'll bet ye can't tell all the colors in thet bow, young feller."

The young man named a few of the cardinal colors, and finally admitted he could not name them all. Uncle Hank then astonished him by saying: "Can yer spell

VIBYOR?"

When the would-be wag answered in the negative Uncle Hank then explained that the six letters represented the great fundamental colors—violet, indigo, blue, yellow, orange and red.

"Shake, old man!" said the wag. "I will remember that peculiar word, vibyor, and also remember you."

Uncle Hank said: "Wal, don't ask me fur a lock uv my hair; I'm goin' tew keep it in my buserness."

As Uncle Hank seated himself on the trolley car on his return from Niagara Falls he discovered that the young man ahead of him was none other than the hackman who had shown him the Gorge for a dollar.

He scratched his head for a few minutes trying to devise some scheme whereby he might get even with the "Smart Aleck," as he termed him.

As the car started he tapped the young man on the shoulder and inquired:

"An' ye goin daown tew Buffalo tew show them Pan-Amerikin visitors sum new 'Gorges' fer a dollar a look?"

"Ha, ha! Uncle," he replied, "that was one on you."

"Yas," retorted Hank. "That waz one on me an I s'pose yew folks considers yer orful smart."

UNCLE HANK GETS EVEN.

"We're too smart for you Yankees; you ought to come up here to finish your education; do you know you are now travelling on the fastest trolley line in the world?"

As Hank looked out of the window he retorted: "Oh, I dunno, this road pears tew me tew be runnin' tew seed, fer I hearn tell thet they waz raisin fruit between th' rales."

At this the local pride of the hackman was hurt, so he rejoined:

"I'll bet you a dollar you can't prove that assertion!"

"Oh, yes, I kin," retorted the Yankee. "Put up yer dollar."

With this they each placed a dollar note in the hands of a fellow-passenger who had taken a great interest in the conversation. When this was done the hackman cried out: "Now, name the fruit and the place where they are raisin' it on this line."

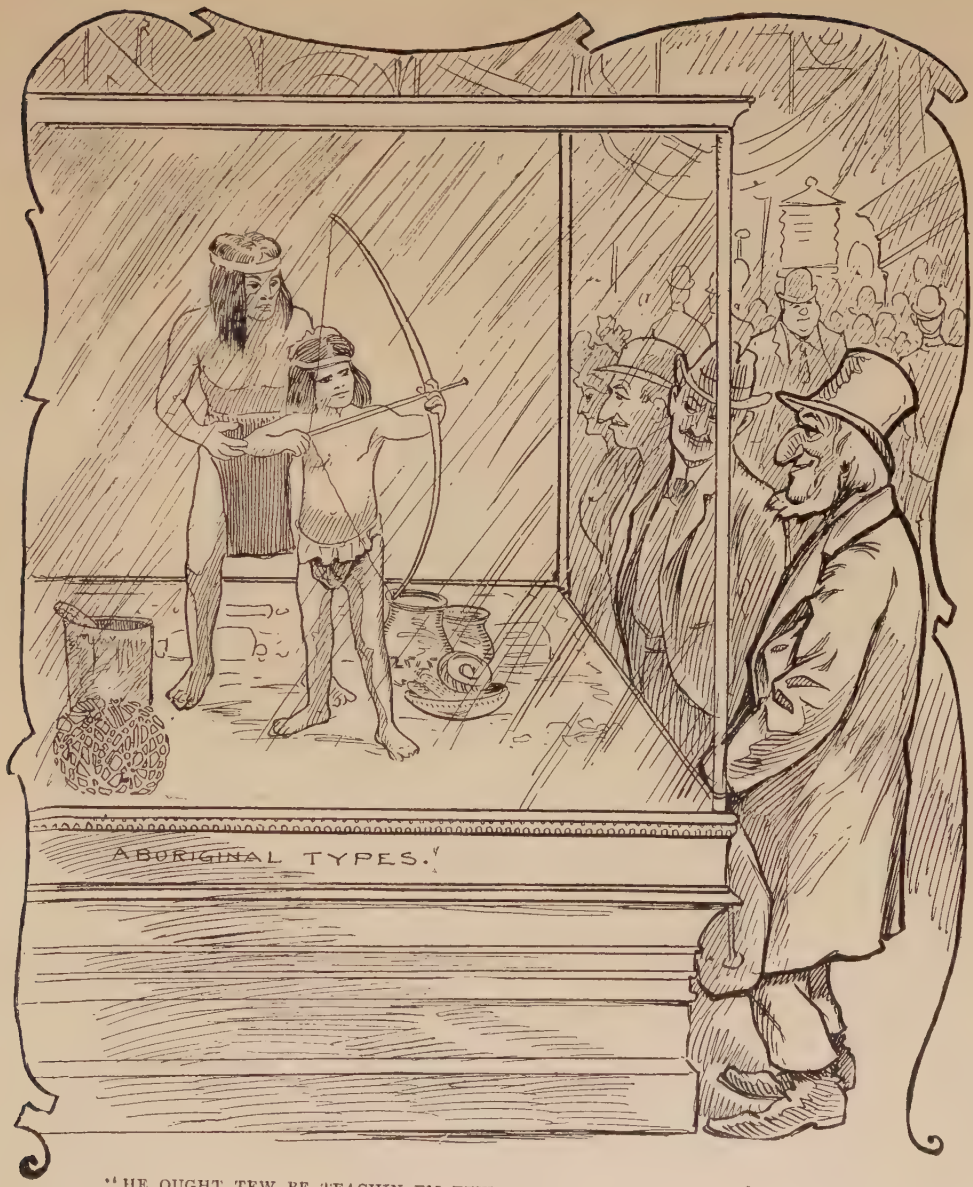
"Wal," exclaimed the old man, with a twinkle in his eye, "ther raisin currents—electrical currents—on ther wire jest above this car."

The passengers laughed at this, and the stakeholder passed over the money to Uncle Hank, who remarked as he pocketed it, "They raised em daown in the 'Gorge,' too."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Not having anything particular on hand as was his wont, Uncle Hank wandered into the Government Building next day and proceeded leisurely to inspect its exhibits.

The most popular section of this popular building was the southeast corner, devoted to the Patent Office. Then there was to be found the electrograph, the machine which transmits pictures by wire; the tel-autograph, which enables you to write your signature ever so many miles away. The voting machine, the biograph, and also a very interesting demonstration of wireless telegraphy, all of which he scrutinized closely.



"HE OUGHT TEW BE TEACHIN EM TEW WEAR MORE CLOTHES SO'S TEW GIV TH' WOOL TRUST A CHANCE"—

IN UNCLE SAM'S BUILDING.

He now took time to examine carefully the excellent life-like groups of Indians in a row of glass cases. These groups looked like wax figures, but they were really cast in plaster, colored so artistically that they simulated life to a marked extent.

One group in particular attracted his attention. It represented an Indian teaching a boy to shoot with bow and arrow, and was intensely life-like.

"Thet Injun's teachin th' risin generashun tew use ther bow an arrer," said he, "when he ought tew be teachin em tew wear more clothes so's tew give the Wool Trust a chance ter earn bigger dividends.

"But, all jokin aside," he continued to a bystander, "them's the most lifelike figgers I ever see, fer I'm a grate beelever in pictures an statoos tew educate ther people. Naow look et them figgers! Ye cud read a hull book thru and not git half th' infermation frum et thet ye cud git frum one glance et th' figgers in them show cases."

The old man's taste in such matters led him to spend a couple of hours in this vicinity, studying this carefully prepared exhibit of Uncle Sam's.

The tastes of visitors to the Exposition often differed very materially. Young couples frequently had their first quarrel, and married people fought like cats and dogs over their likes and dislikes at the show.

"I think you're horrid to compel me to spend the whole day looking at machinery," exclaimed a young miss to her escort, "I'm tired of Machinery Hall."

"Well, yesterday we spent the entire day looking at embroideries and laces," retorted her swain.

"Now, Maria!" exclaimed a married man to his spouse "I won't stand fer this; here we've been all day long nosein around these jars ov pickles, an apple butter, an preserves."

"Well," Hezekiah, mildly protested the old lady, "it's real

"I THINK YOU'RE HORRID TO COMPEL ME TO SPEND THE WHOLE DAY LOOKING AT MACHINERY."

INCOMPATIBILITY.

instructin, an a sight better'n spendin th' day among them rocks an stones in the Mining Buildin as we did yesterday."

Just back of Horticultural Building stood two darkies from Dixieland engaged in a heated argument over the merits and demerits of their likes and dislikes in regard to the different exhibits.

"I say, Deacon Johnsing, I'm done tired ob lookin at dem Watah-Millyuns in dat Hor-te-cul-suah Buildin ; I done radder spend mah time lookin at de chickens in dem inkubators," exclaimed the fat one of the pair, who looked as if he was an expert in the poultry line. And so the contention and bickering would continue through all classes, and proved the adage that "what's one man's meat is another man's poison."

> No profit grows where no pleasure's ta'en ;
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
>
> —SHAKESPEARE.

Fully two-thirds of the visitors to the Pan-American Exposition were women, and to consider it properly, this is not to be wondered at. It is fitting and proper that a beautiful Fair should be patronized by the Fair Sex.

The women visitors were worth a study. There was the woman from the New England States, who it is commonly supposed to be spectacled and excessively cultured and eccentric ; but there is no brighter or more typically Ameri an girl than the fair resident of Boston and the adjacent cities of New England. Then the Western girl ; she of the boundless prairies ; free and buoyant in manner and speech. There is a breeziness about the Western type that seems born of the cyclonic atmosphere from which it springs.

And the lady from the Sunny South ; she came to the Exposition like a true-born Southron ; she daintily tripped through the choicest part of the Exposition, and then repaired to her State building, where she entertained her friends after the

"I DONE RADDER SPEN MAH TIME LOOKIN AT DE CHICKENS IN DEM INKUBATORS"

THE EXALTATION OF WOMANKIND BY THE "PAN."

manner of one accustomed to the purple of aristocracy. But after all there is little to distinguish the different localities from which the true American springs, as there is a certain independent air pervading all sections alike.

The Pan-American Exposition possesses many feminine characteristics in that it is somewhat painted up, and it is brilliantly bejeweled in the evenings by its myriads of electric lights. Furthermore, by it womankind is elevated to the highest altitude, its highest pinnacle being surmounted by a representative woman—"The Goddess of Light."

Ould Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

—BURNS.

By chance Uncle Hank strayed into the elegant building erected by Chili, and his ears were greeted by Spanish words so thick that it sounded as if guttural r's were being hurled from catapults through the air. He bowed to several Chilian soldiers standing erect, but got no salute in return. By mishap he stumbled against one of the soldiers, and to his dismay discovered that they were waxwork figures dressed in the military costume of the Republic of Chili.

"By gummy!" he exclaimed, "them air Chillyuns hev got the millishye problem down ter a bevulled edge pint. They ain't spendin' money on ther eatin' army, but air keepin' up a standin' waxworks army thet is mighty handy in retreatin'."

"How is that?" queried a military-looking man near by.

"Wal, ef the enemy gets too hot the Chillyun army uf waxwork soldiers kin melt away!"

The military man grew red in the face and said:

"This is trifling with a solid question. Besides, romance lingers around the soldier, for he is the last that is left of the valiant knight and the days of chivalry."

"Uv kourse, uv kourse," chimed in Uncle Hank, "an' ther way ther Chillyun uses him, ther meltin' mood overtuks him quite oftun. I'm stuck on these wax-works soldiers, I kin tell ye, mister, an' my impressyun is tew deep for mere money-sillabulls. Be you a soldier or a civilyun?"

"Sir, I am a retired army officer, and I have been fairly perforated with bullets, fighting for my country, while you non-combatants remained at home and played politics."

"I kin' o' guess, then, thet you air a purambalashun sieve, an' kin venterlate yerself jist enny time yer feel hot under the collar," pityingly said Uncle Hank.

"Es fer a non-combustionable, maybe I be one. Ter hum ther doo say thet I'm a bloomin' targett fur any shafts thet cum along, an' thet shows how poor a soldier I'd be. Now, es tew ther polerticks. No one ain't ever heard ef me opposin' the soldier morully, pheesically or mentallerly. Every relashun ov mine I've dun my levul best ter get into ther army, and aint wept when they jined and marched away. Polerticks? Why, ef ye did not hev patriots ter stay at hum and git ther lagurds out whar would ther army be? Why, on paper, or a kind of waxworks, gumsherlack army that would melt away insted of being retirin' and perferashun like yeself."

"Shake, old codger," said the old soldier. "You are not so far wrong after all, and the energetic home patriot can do much. Have one with me?"

"B'gum, a dozen," cried Uncle Hank; "it is the first time in this exposishun anyone has asked me ter be social without ther price. Yer air the soldier arter my own notion, an' yer kin eat my roastin' pertaters enny time ye call ter my hum."

They locked arms and marched to a Bailey eating place, where girls wait on you in a hurried way, as if they wanted to get home early to do some knitting or see some beau. The old soldier said politely, as they sat down: "We do not want a course dinner, my friend, but a good old-fashioned home dinner. How does that strike you?"

UNCLE HANK DINES.

"Naterally, I aint hankerin fur koarse grub; I kin git thet enny day ter hum. I guess we'll do es ther Beeferlonians do—eat ther best thet is going and leave the wurst fur ther stranger within the gate."

The officer laughed and remarked: "You are right; it does look as if the strangers were not getting all tenderloin and porterhouse, although they pay for it. Please consult your menu and give your order to the waitress."

Uncle Hank gazed at the card and seemed puzzled. The waitress asked: "Do you wish vermicelli soup?"

"Wurmerceller soup?" he ejaculated, "nary a wurm fur me in er out o' my soup. I've heard tell o' the wurm o' ther still, an' ther Diet o' worms an' ther wurm thet turns, but the wurms thet sells—wal, I guess I aint goin ter buy it, not even to git it out er my soup."

The waitress laughed and whispered to a passing companion: "This old Ruben is nutty."

"Try mock turtle soup, Uncle Hank," said the officer, who was enjoying the situation.

"No mocker turtel soup fer me," he answered; "jest beans an' tater soup will do. I aint eddicated ter eat frogs and mud tertells and the like. I kin ricollect whin I went ter the city an tuk some of ther fantum chicken soup. It jist tasted like salt, pepper an' dish water. Wal, I was real mad, 'cause they tole me it waz fine, and would tickull my plebeeum palater, whatever thet may be. B'gum, arter I had swallowed thet mess I jist said as how I would like ter know how they fixed ther thing up. Then I waz tole thet fantum chicken soup were nothin but salt see-water, red pepper and ther fotograff uf a chicken thrun on it jist afore it biled. It made me bilin' mad an' blamed me ef them hash-house peepul didn't almost bust laffing at me. Gully, but I guess I got kind o' evun. I jist sed I would not let ther stuff pass my lips, and yer kin kalkerlate I kep my word."

A DINNER AT BAILEY'S.

"I am glad that you had the nerve to refuse phantom chicken soup. We need men of backbone these days, and you farmers must come to the front." The retired army officer was a *bon vivant*, and, seeing that the menu was Greek to Uncle Hank, ordered a regular *table d'hote* dinner. The farmer did justice to it, and the waitress who said he was "nutty" brought him a small green glass bowl, full of water, in which he could dip his finger, if he desired, and wipe them off. The water in the bowl had a greenish hue, the color of the glass, and Uncle Hank drew back and said:

"Now, young gal, yer kant git me, nary time once, tew drink thet green rhubarb water; I hev jist hed all thet I can ackommodate. Do yer think I'd spile my dinner with thet slippery green stuff. Not while my nateral sinces remain."

The girl laughed immoderately, and the retired officer smiled and dipped both fingers into the bowl. He then wiped them carefully with a napkin.

"Sakes o' live! thet is ther way sich green stuff aught ter be treated," he gleefully exclaimed. "Ther soldiers of this yer kountry aint afreed o' green water, nur white water, nur fire water!"

"Sir, I'll give you to understand that I do not drink in the accepted term of the word," sternly said the officer.

"Wal, I'm glad ter knaw thet yer don't stimerlate tew much. But I met a good lookin gal with a blew ribbon, an she tuk my breath away, givin ther soldier a lammer-baskin, es she called it. 'They jist don't drink, no, not er bit,' she cried in them high top keys thet cum thro' th' nose, 'they jist pore!' An golly, I waz thet happy thet I sed, 'Them air th biys fer me. They take no pisen in thers, but jist pore it out.' Thet gal giv me a look thet wasn't sweet an says kind o' jokin like: 'Yer need a diagramme, Uncle, uf what I'm talkin about an' a gardeen.' Ther crowd jined in the laff and I sed: 'Yer need a husband ter hum an something ter keep yer beezy!' Ther crowd laffed agin."

AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN.

When Uncle Hank and the retired army officer separated they were good friends, and even the waitress kindly said: "Uncle Ruben, you beat the deck."

After finishing his repast Uncle Hank wandered over to the Indian Stockade, where he had met Red Cloud on a former visit. On that occasion he had caught a glimpse of the unique log cabins, and wished to investigate further. He was in a joyous mood, as his good dinner had made him merry and at peace with the world. He expected to find grim warriors in the cabins, but instead a few Indian girls, picturesquely gowned just as they are on the stage, stood behind the counter ready to sell baskets and bead work.

A few old married women sat around making baskets.

"Wal, I can't speak ther Choctaw lanquidge, young gal, and I guess ther price o' ther basket is ther price writ on ther kerd?"

Uncle Hank was astonished to hear the Indian girl say in good English: "I am not a Choctaw; I am a member of the Iroquois tribe. We speak English here."

"Land sakes! young gal," he replied, "yer handle the languidge like er nateral Amerikan."

"I am an original American and so are my people," she said. "I was graduated from a Philadelphia school and I have read Cooper's novels—have you?"

"Now you hev me; the only Kooper I know hez a sider press, an ef I do say it, the stuff aint kalkerlated to kill, fur I've drunk it fur nigh on ten years. Why ef yer could sampull thet jooce it would do yer young hart good and make yer think Koopur were sum shakes.

"My Cooper," she responded, "was a man of learning and has written much about the Indians, especially my tribe. He always makes the white man come out victorious though, no matter how good the Red men may be."

"Thet is the way thet hiztoory is writ," replied Uncle Hank.

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

Ther nashun thet weals ther pen is ther nashun thet wins ther battulls. Histoory is writ for ther konqueerors an not ther slane. Larnin cums out fust ef ther is a printin press in sight and eny kin o' circulatin meejum. Why, in my deestrict we hev an editor thet hez a paper thet cums out occasionally, an one day Deacon Tucker hed a set to with the pen wealder an licked him clean over a ten-aker field. I saw them fit myself an tuk the editor hum, all broken up! 'I aint licked, I aint konquered!' he sed when he could git in a wurd er two 'tween his broken tooths. I kind o' thought his mind waz wonderin and sez I: 'No, yer aint licked, jist temperarilly disabulled!' Wal, he wazn't licked, nuther, fur when his paper cum out he tole how ther deacon hed been smashed into mince meat an how Uncle Hank cum along and tuk the editor hum ter keep him frum killin ther deacon. It was ther histoorian et his wurk."

> Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword.
>
> —RICHELIEU.

The Indian saw that Uncle Hank was wound up and might forget that she had baskets to sell, so she interrupted him: "Won't you buy a basket to take home? Here is a sweet-smelling basket, made of sweet grass and the odor is lasting. It is only two dollaws and twenty-five cents. Buy from an Iroquois girl?"

Uncle Hank remembered that bargains are often obtained by not paying the first price asked, so he replied: "Now, ef yer hed one like it fer, say, one an a quarter, I'd tek it purty quick. Haint got enny, I suppose?"

The Indian smiled sweetly and taking up the basket handed it to him, saying: "You may have it for one and a quarter and keep it to remember me."

He quickly paid over the money and was about to depart

UNCLE HANK MAKES A PURCHASE.

when a dude with his hair parted in the middle, and his trousers turned up to his ankles, came in and paid the Indian girl a dollar for exactly the same kind of basket that had cost Uncle Hank one dollar and a quarter. He looked at the coy Indian damsel and said:

"How is thet? Yer make me pay more then the doll baby feller? What hev ye agin me?"

"His basket," she replied, "had no sweet grass in it and yours did: therefore you paid a quarter more for fragrant odor."

"Wal, why didn't yer sell thet doode ther sweet-smellin baskett too?"

"Oh, he smelt sweet enough without it!" she laughingly replied.

Uncle Hank went away muttering something to the effect that he was glad the Indians were on the "resoorvashuns" and not in business.

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
>
> —GRAY.

Straying into the beautiful building erected by Canada, the Down East Yankee was met by a polite attendant, and asked if he wished to see anything special. He gazed around and finally replied:

"Kin yer show me ther plum thet is jist about tew ripun?"

"Why, we have no exhibit of plums; Canada is not a great fruit country," was the reply. "How did you come to imagine that our country made a specialty of ripe plums?"

"B'gum, our Chansey Depew sed some years ago thet Kannaday waz jist like er plum ripunin ter fall intew Uncle Sam's hat. I jist wanted ter see ther plum, thet is all."

"That was a figure of speech, a metaphor, used by a great

orator and humorist," civilly answered the attendant, after he had ceased to smile, "the plum may never fall, that is, in our time."

DEPEW'S PLUM.

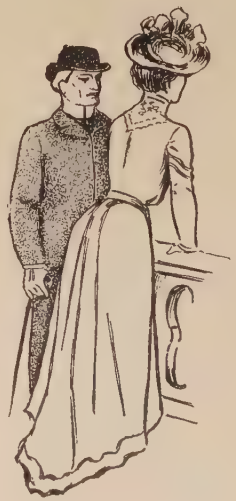
"Golly, ef we purlong ther time ther plum may spile on ther tree, an' Uncle Sam will hev his hat ruined," responded the hero. "You know froot that is wind-blown aint good, and Kannaday hed better cum when she is jist ripened an afore she falls and smashes. Yer know Uncle Sam ain't goin' ter stand waitin' like a poor boy at a cash auction, tew get wind-blown froot. We like yer kountry, and ezz ye air like our next-door nayburs we hev a feller-feelin' thet we could get along ef yer tuk yer fence down an' fed in ther same pasture. Thin we could hev ther mantel of ther Monroe pertection thrun around yer, an' sleep o' nights without bein' afraid of invashun. The Feenyuns would not hev ther eyes on yer, an' yer would not be ther dependant provense thet you air."

"I am opposed to any kind of Union," said the Canadian. "We are good friends and have commercial relations that are most satisfactory. It would be treason, almost, for me to advocate political union."

Uncle Hank was not abashed at all, but seemed to be thinking. Finally, he got off this piece of rhyme, which astonished the Canadian:

Ther plum thet ripuns on ther tree
Is better then ther one thet's plucked;
Ther gal thet's full o' life an' glee
Is better than ther skold thet's ducked!

Oh, Kanneday, thet hat ez full,
Uf plums thet air not ripe a bit;
So jist yer say tew Johnny Bull,
We ain't a-pluckin froot, not yit!



This broadside of rhyme was almost a solar-plexus blow to the patriotic Canuck. However, he rallied and said: "Your

ASSIMILATION PROBLEMS.

Uncle Sam has plucked too much fruit already—the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Hawaiian Islands. What do you desire with Canada? We might have studied the question of coming into the Union, but now you have a mixed population and all colors, so that trouble is bound to follow. You have twelve million negroes that in time will be a problem. No race that cannot assimilate with the dominant race in a country will ever amount to anything. Oil and water will not mix. Our rule is different, for we have colonies and do not wish any amalgamation whatever. Unless you use your new possessions as a dumping ground for the negroes, I do not know how you are going to solve the future. No, sir, Canada does not wish to have trouble yet."

"Thet's it, thet's it," quickly replied Uncle Hank. "Ef I aint a galootin' ignoahramuss yer bloomin' kountry ez tew much mixed up now: Injuns, French, Cajins, native Kanoots, Inglish Kanoots, Ezquimaw an' Hudson Bay runners, all side by side, an' all growlin' fer laws for ther race. By ther time all this hodger-podger mess becomes one hommejanus mass, yer will be glad tew cum into ther Republic tew find out what kind o' race you be. Ef yer argufy with me, b'gum I'll quote poetry on yer."

This threat made the Canadian retreat, and when he was gone Uncle Hank chuckled: "Golly, that Kanoot's kountry hez troubles uf its own. Each hum hez its own miserbullness, an' each country its own, so mote it be in ther eye."

A handsome building not far from the Government Building next caught the eye of the Down-East Yankee, and he made for it with long strides. He longed to have another argument with a "furrin guvermint," as he expressed it. His set-to with the Canadian had only whetted his appetite, and his firm belief was that he could make any other country acknowledge the superiority of the United States. When he entered the building he failed to look and see what government it represented.

A LARK IN LARKIN'S.

He saw machinery going and good-looking girls busy at work packing something white and in neat little ball packages. "Now, b'gum, this yer looks lik busness," he exclaimed.

A man at a counter said: "Yes; they kept things going all day."

"Thet's good an I lik tew see it," chimed in Uncle Hank. "I guess ther packagees uf State!"

The man at the counter smiled and replied: "Yes they are used by men of State, by poets occasionally, by beautiful women, and by fond mothers."

"Ther great cry fur em?" queried Uncle Hank. "Do you think I need enny o' them packagees?

"Indeed, you do, I am sure; and so will your wife," was the answer.

"Yer think I'm a guvermint official, don't ye?" chuckled Uncle Hank.

"Not at all. But these packages will do much good and make you a different man."

"For heaven's sake, what air they? I would jist like tew be different, ef I could."

"They are packages of soap!"

Uncle Hank reeled back, got his breath and said, "What air yer foolin me for? Aint this what ye call kidden?"

"No, it's Larkin It is the Larkin Soap Company building, and it's for home government. Government begins at home and so does cleanliness."

"Wal, tew think that I should hev stumbled onto my own guverment. Jist give me a package an' I'll change ther face o' darkest Africa." Uncle Hank got his package and went away without the ambition to talk a foreign government official to a standstill.

Uncle Hank saw a merry group of young people in a gondola that was being slowly propelled by the picturesque American gondolier.

A MERRY PARTY.

"Thar goes one ov them gondoleers; et's a gone dollar every time yer rides in one ov em."

As he paused he heard one of the young ladies softly hum:

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown;
She wept with delight when you gave her a kiss,
And trembled with fear at your frown.

"Thet tun ez all right," cried out Uncle Hank. "But them ther words won't be doose high ter hum."

The merry party laughed and had the gondolier to stop. One called out:

"What is the matter, Uncle Hayseed, with the words? They were written by a New Jersey man, and he has remained at home all day long."

"Thet har buzness ez kirect," he replied. "But ef ye hev anny wumman folks thet trembull et a frown yer jist put her in a prize package an send her tew me C.O.D. I hev lived tew kut my wisdum teeth an hev dun some frownin in my time, but ez I sed, I never saw a singull gal trembull et anny man's frown. Not on yer nateral or negative life."

"Mr. Hayseeder is all right," cried out a diminutive blonde. "Jack, you might frown all day and I would go to sleep instead of trembling."

The young man laughed and admitted the soft impeachment.

"How would you correct that song, Uncle Hayseed?" asked a robust brunette.

Uncle Hank thought a moment and said:

"I'm thinkin that this would be more natcheral":

O, don't yer remember sweet Alis, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alis with har so cute;
She danced with delight when you gave her a purp,
An called yer her own Tootsy Woot.

"ET'S A GONE DOLLAR EVERY TIME YER RIDES IN ONE OF EM."

A YANKEE STATESMAN.

"You are not the hayseed guy that you look," exclaimed a young man in the party. "Why don't you go around and give these small republics a dose of homely wit; they need it sadly."

"Young feller," answered the Yankee, "I hev long since had my triulls and triberlations, an I aint hankerin arter more than I kin carry. Jist while ago I tuk ther bit ov pride in my mouth an started out tew lector and argufy with ther differnt governments what ez represented yere, an would yer believe me, I got ther dirt ov conseat takin out ov me by a soap factory. Went in ther bootiful structure with ther merlicius intension uf givin the government officials a few pints on how tew run things. Never waited, but jist lit in, an' afore I knows it, ther polite man at ther govermint counter giv me rope and sed thet govermints begun at hum. Thet indooced me ter continue, an jist imagine my feelin when the whole blamed thing turned out to be a soap factory. I wuz taken in."

"Did they take you in and wash you, Uncle?" laughingly asked the brunette.

"I guess thet ther did, young gal. Ther conseit ez gone from yer Uncle Hank an he aint gun ter lectoore ivery leetle govermint thet cums along enny more."

"Well, what will you do then, Uncle?" they queried.

"I'll tackul the big governmints!"

The happy party in the gondola passed on, laughing heartily at the Yankee's idea of reforming his conceit. The former gazed at the party and soliloquized: "I'd giv a barlow knife ter be young agin and hav no care, no visyuns ov ther morrer, an nothin save ther bliss uf holdin hands with the purty young gals nigh me. O bloomin' youth! yer know nothin, an yit yer feel ther wurld runnin thro' yer hart and yer see the biggest konquests in ther map uv ther futoore. Yer git up in the mornin an think ther wurld were made fer ye, and when ther night o' life cums yer know yer were made for the world, an

thet's ther story ov ther race." Uncle Hank lighted a cigar given to him by the retired army officer, and concluded: "Youth, ye air lik this yere smoke; yer cum out in big strong puffs, yer kurl a leetle and then ye shoot off into ther wide space, and then yer air seen no more 'cept in plaz off streaks, a tryin ter keep frum bein dissolved in ther clouds."

ALLURING YOUTH.

One remarkable feature of the Exhibits in the Horticulture Building was the large display of apples from the previous year in perfect condition. This achievement was accomplished by a system of storage successfully tried at the Omaha Exposition, and brought to perfection at the Pan-American Exposition.

The apples were wrapped closely in oiled paper, and then in an additional wrapping of common paper. They were then packed as tightly as possible in barrels and stored in a warehouse, where the temperature was kept at thirty-five degrees. The double wrapping gave to each apple a practically air-tight cell, keeping the apple, and preventing, in case of decay, any possibility of the decayed fruit injuring those packed around it. The apples were a source of great wonderment to Uncle Hank, as they were also to many another visiting farmer.

"Thet's a most wonderful thing to me," he exclaimed on beholding them, "haow they keep them apples a hull year in sech good condition; I've often seed applejack kep' a year, but never apples. This be a great show."

Some manufacturers may consider money spent in displaying their wares at these great Fairs is not a very paying investment, but the Boards of Trade of leading California cities do not think so. They have found that such exhibits bring most satisfactory results. They expend time and money in preparing attractive and comprehensive exhibits, and, having done it all so many times, they know how to secure the best results; consequently California is shipping two and a half as many oranges this year as were shipped at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago.

SOME FISH STORIES.

And not only in fruits does California excel. Its supremacy is also shown in an exhibit of fish from Santa Catalina, the well-known island resort near Los Angeles. This is the land, or rather water, of true fish stories that seem to put Baron Munchausen to shame. A black sea bass exhibited weighing three hundred and eighty four pounds had been caught with rod and reel, and the stories of catching the leaping tuna relate that as long as seven hours had been spent in landing one of these fish, but these, being fish stories, must be taken with a grain of salt.

As Uncle Hank crossed the Triumphal Bridge he encountered one of the many shrewd boys who earn a livelihood by selling guide books on the grounds. Occasionally the boy would call out: "Guide books. You'll be guyed if you don't buy a guide book! Every guy needs a guide book!" and similar "aphorisms."

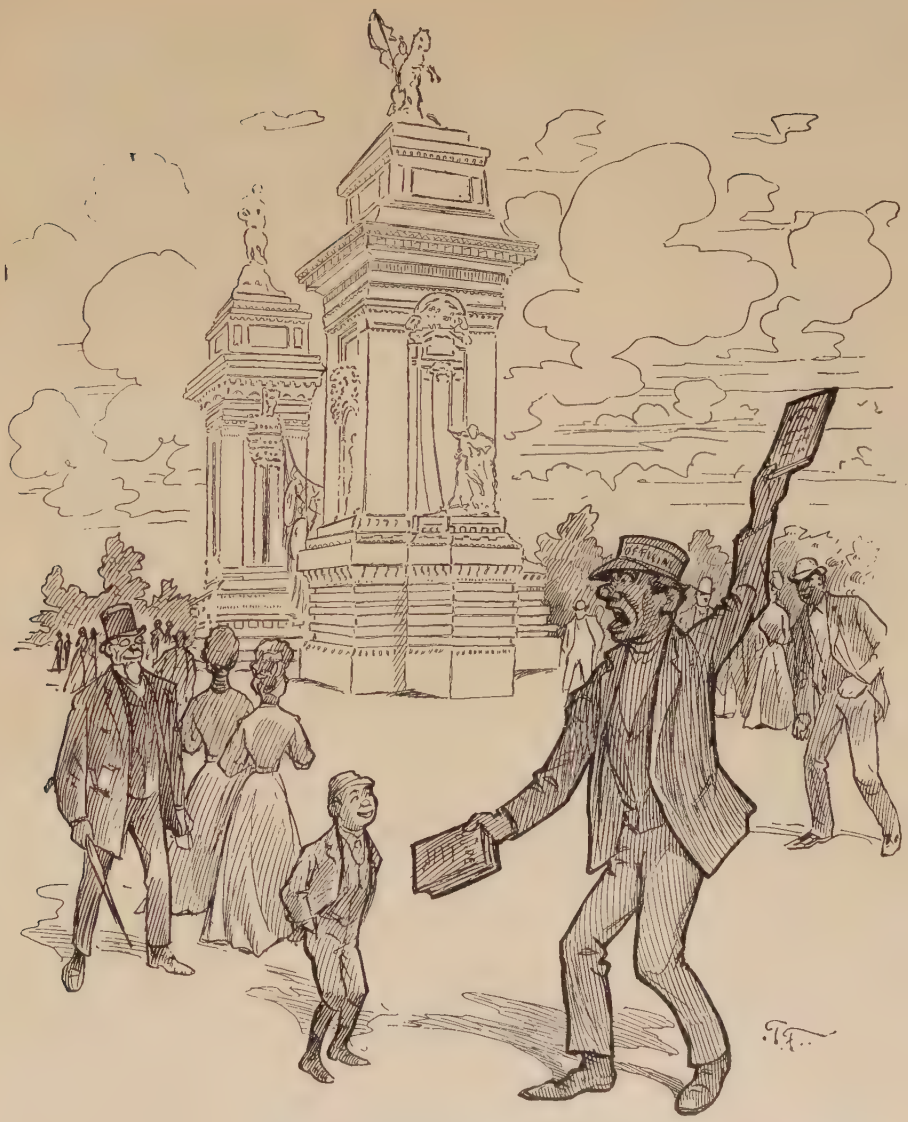
As a judge of human nature he was unsurpassed. Noticing the approach of a young couple, who, he judged, were lately married, he approached them with the inquiry: "Can I sell you a guide book?" On receiving a negative reply he exclaimed: "You can't show the lady the show without a guide book. I know the lady wants you to get one."

This had the desired effect. The allusion to a possible want of one who was so dear to him was too much for the fond young husband and he succumbed. He then turned his attention to Uncle Hank, but soon found that he had a hard nut to crack, but he cracked it.

"Uncle, you need a guide," was his first salutation.

"Young man, you air tew presumpshous. Me need a guide?" and he drew himself up to his full height and looked disdainfully at the boy.

"Well, Uncle, if ye had one of these guide books ye could do the fair in half the time; it shows ye where the 'lectric tower is, an' where to find The Staydum, and tells ye how to



"EVERY GUY NEEDS A GUIDE BOOK!"

OUTWITTED.

get ahead of a Yankee." At this the old man cocked up his ears.

"What's that?" he inquired. "Thet book tells yeh how tew git ahead of a Yankee, do it?"

"That's what I said."

"Wal, ef yeh kin show me that in th' book I'll buy a copy."

"Gimme yer quarter and I'll show it ter ye in th' book."

Uncle Hank passed over the quarter and the shrewd salesman opened the book at an advertising page and pointed out the advertisement of a plaster modeling firm offering to sell plaster casts and busts of prominent men, among whom the name of Daniel Webster was most prominent, and as he pointed his finger at this name he exclaimed, "If yeh want to get ahead of a Yankee buy that one: it was a good Yankee head in its time."

Uncle Hank was beaten.

"Wal, sonny," he exclaimed, "ye got me thet time, an I don't mind acknowledgin et. Dan Webster waz a mighty good Yankee in his time."

He now proceeded leisurely across the Plaza toward Music Temple, which was filled with morbid curiosity seekers. After the shooting of President McKinley the guards had all they could do to prevent the entire building being carried off by souvenir seekers, and had the authorities of the Exposition been so inclined they could easily have obtained an admission fee from thousands of people wishing to see the spot where the President was shot. After listening to the big organ for an hour or so, he thought he would seek a new diversion.

Adjoining Music Temple is Machinery Building, to which Uncle Hank repaired. As he entered he observed: "Frum th' Moosic Temple to Mashinery Buildin is but a step. I've bin listenin tew th' moosic in Moosic Temple; naow I'll give an ear tew th' moosic ov runnin mashinery, the sweetest moosic in th' world tew me."

"NAOW, I'LL GIVE AN EAR TEW TH' MOOSIC OV RUNNIN MASHINERY, THE SWEETEST MOOSIC IN TH' WORLD TEW ME."

A THING OF LIFE

"Aint they beauties," he exclaimed as he walked around the powerful stationary engines that furnish the power for the exhibition. "They move like livin beins; ye'd actually think they waz alive, they work so intelligently. Jest look et thet piston rod; like a giant's arm, an it never gits tired, an thet big fly wheel, it never shirks its work, nor growls, nor strikes: onless yer neglect ter giv it ile, an then it's like all workers, et refuses tew work."

It was now quite dark and he resolved to see the Illumination of the Buildings before he left the grounds.

As thousands of electric lights slowly brightened until a magnificent glow of light pervaded the entire Exposition grounds he could restrain his enthusiasm no longer.

"It's th' most beautiful sight in th' world," he exclaimed. "Ther Pan-Ameriky desarves undyin fame fer sech a magnificent specktacle."

"It's all right!" remarked a bystander. This commonplace expression when uttered with a certain emphasis carries a world of meaning.

"It's all right!" he repeated in a tone that carried conviction.

"Et's all right!" responded Uncle Hank. "Et's enuf tew arouse ther jealousy of ther stars in th' firmament."

And after spending some time in its silent contemplation he slowly wended his way to the exit.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The next day Uncle Hank concluded to take a look at the "Free Midway" just outside the grounds of the Exposition.

Just opposite the entrance, a wild Western mining town celebrity, styling himself Cheyenne Joe, had a cabin fashioned after the style in vogue in mining communities, in which he dispensed various beverages of more or less poisonous qualities; to attract votaries he had emblazoned the walls of the aforesaid cabin with strangely worded devices which

"ET S ENUF TEW AROUSE THER JEALOUSY OF THER STARS IN TH' FIRMAMENT."

THE LIFE-SAVING EXHIBITION.

carried double meanings, very amusing to the initiated: one in particular attracted Uncle Hank's attention. It occupied a prominent place on the wall and read as follows:

If Drinking Interferes with
Your Business,
Give Up Your Business.

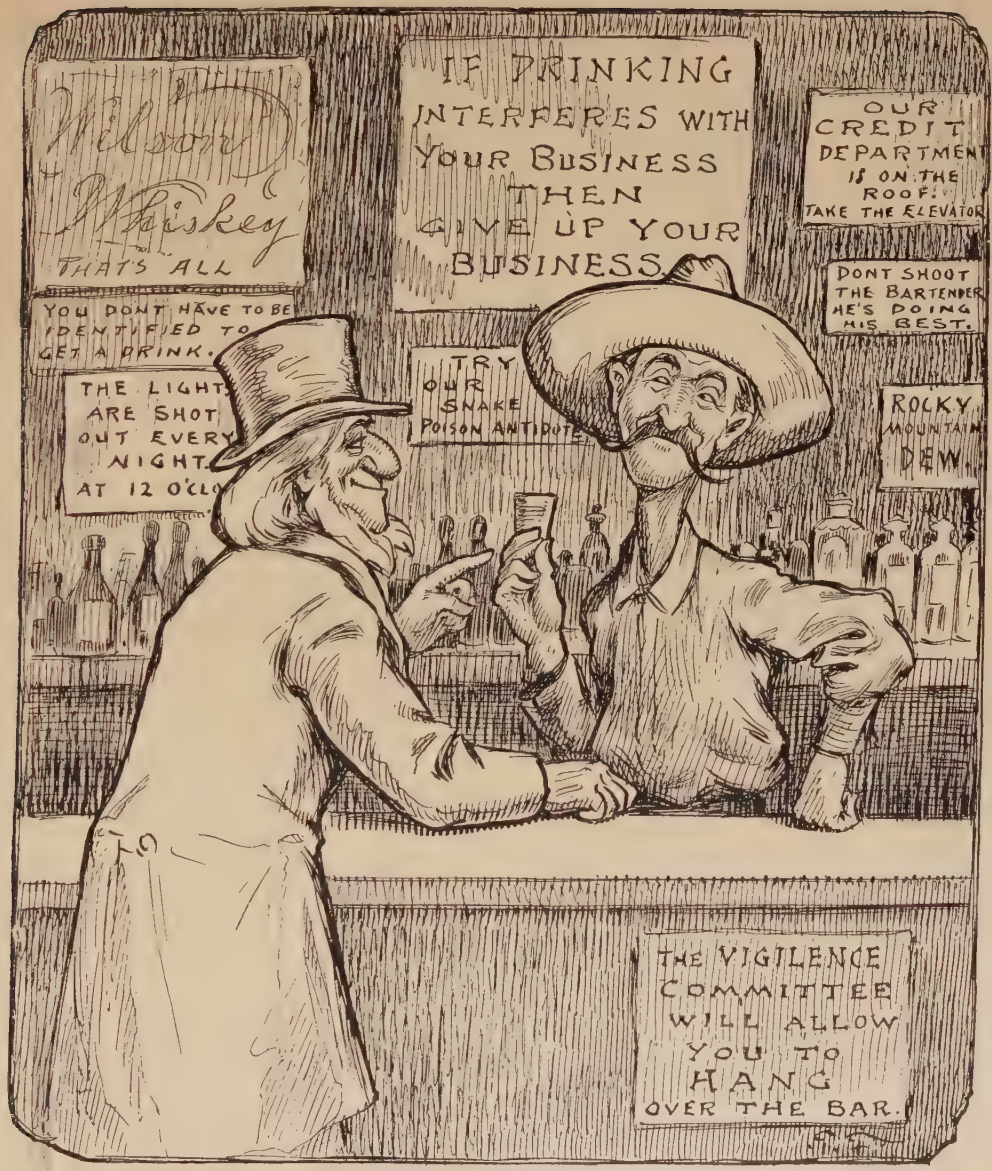
This was too much for Uncle Hank, who remarked to the attendant behind the bar:

"Young man, ye'd better take daown thet sign. It's well understood among men ov your craft thet a wise man never drinks behind ther bar so ye'd better giv up yer bizness er take daown yer sign."

"The Life Saving Crew will give an exhibition on the lake!" bawled a brawny one-armed man, in a stentorian voice through a megaphone. And from all sections of the grounds streamed crowds of sightseers toward the lake to witness one of the most interesting sights of the Exposition.

Among the first to arrive at the Life Saving Station was Uncle Hank, who immediately familiarized himself with the mechanism of the life saving apparatus, his inquisitive spirit soon putting him on familiar terms with the crew.

"I say, Uncle," cried one, "we're short a man to-day; how would you like to take part in the drill?" This was said banteringly, and with no expectation that its offer would be accepted, but Uncle Hank was equal to the emergency and readily accepted the invitation. It was then suggested that he should be furnished with a uniform, but at this he demurred. It was finally decided that he should play the part of rescued passenger on the wrecked vessel, and the crew to perform the part of


Whiskey
THATS ALL
IF DRINKING INTERFERES WITH YOUR BUSINESS THEN GIVE UP YOUR BUSINESS
OUR CREDIT DEPARTMENT IS ON THE ROOF. TAKE THE ELEVATOR
DONT SHOOT THE BARTENDER HE'S DOING HIS BEST.
YOU DONT HAVE TO BE IDENTIFIED TO GET A DRINK.
THE LIGHTS ARE SHOT OUT EVERY NIGHT AT 12 O'CLO
TRY OUR SNAKE POISON ANTIDOTE
ROCKY MOUNTAIN DEW
THE VIGILENCE COMMITTEE WILL ALLOW YOU TO HANG OVER THE BAR.

"YE'D BETTER GIV UP YER BIZNESS ER TAKE DAOWN YER SIGN."

UNCLE HANK'S ADVENTURE.

rescue by means of the breeches buoy. After drilling him thoroughly in his part he was directed to the dock.

Then he was rowed out to a stationary mast in the centre of the lake, where he was given directions in regard to the working of the life saving device.

He afterward explained his adventure to a bystander who had witnessed his exploit.

"Wal, fust I clumb up ter th' top ov ther mast, an' jest ez I got ter th' yard-arm I pertended tew slip—and then th' folks on shore giv a scream, but I giv 'em th' laff. Then I grabbed holt ov ther britches boy, and fastened my carpet bag an' umbrelly into it ,an' pretended to git in, but I jest slipped thru' an' away went th' 'boy' with my prechus bag an' umbrelly, an' I jist laffed till my sides aked. An' when they sent back th' 'boy' I got in an' waved my hat at ther crowds, an' they cheered as I slid along ther cable rope tew safety."

And he chuckled as he related his adventure.

The next thing on the programme was the rescue of a drowning man.

This act was very cleverly done. A presumably awkward man rowed out to the middle of the lake, and, in his clumsy handling of the oars, he managed to upset the boat and plunged into the water head first. In his downward plunge he comically spluttered about, alternately sticking his leg up in the air and throwing his hands above his head in such a manner as to elicit roars of laughter from the crowds on the shore, who quite readily perceived that the man, being an expert swimmer, was in no danger. In the meantime the life-saving crew reached the drowning man. One of the crew made a quick dive as the drowning man sank for the third time, and in a few minutes he was in the hands of the crew, who immediately pulled for shore and applied the usual methods of resuscitation.

After witnessing with great interest the rest of the exhibi-

"THEY CHEERED AS I SLID ALONG THER CABLE ROPE TEW SAFETY."

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

tion, which consisted mainly of lifeboat practice, Uncle Hank declared the Life-Saving Crew deserving of great praise, "becos when them temperance folks gits control ov ther country they'll deluge us with cold water an' then we'll look tew th' Life Savers tew save us frum a watery grave."

Having heard at the life-saving station that a namesake of his, Captain Slocum, and his schooner "Spray" were moored a short distance below, he lost no time in making his way to the famous little craft. The Captain proved to be a keen-eyed Yankee skipper, with both of his keen eyes wide open to whatever pecuniary benefit might accrue to the fame of having sailed single-handed around the world.

The doughty skipper stood at the gangway and did quite a thriving business in collecting silver coin as souvenirs from the myriads of visitors who wished to inspect his famous craft.

"I berlieve this be Captain Slocum?" interrogated Uncle Hank, as he extended his hand for a shake.

"That's me," responded the Captain.

"Wal, I'm yer namesake, Henry Slocum, an' I've cum ter look et yer craft."

"Ah, indeed! Ten cents, please."

The similarity of name did not save our hero the fee, and after a little preliminary search he succeeded in finding a dime, which he passed over to his frugal brother Yankee and passed aboard the vessel.

"So ye sailed round th' world in this craft?"

"Yes; over forty thousand miles and—alone. Come down into the cabin and I'll show you some of the curious things I picked up in the South Sea Islands."

And the two repaired to the hatchway and descended to the cabin below, where the Captain displayed his trophies in the shape of boomerangs, war clubs, primitive-looking knives and guns, which Uncle Hank inspected curiously.

"I SEE YOU CUBEANS AIR FAST LARNIN AMERIKIN WAYS."

THE AMERICAN CIGARETTE.

"Wal, et waz a long trip an a lonely one; but I see ye've made a perty good port et last," and he winked at the Captain as he noticed the crowds of visitors depositing dimes at the gangway.

He now resolved to spend a little time in investigating the Cuban Building which was close at hand. As he approached the structure he encountered a dark, swarthy-looking man who was unquestionably a Cuban.

"Be thet ther Cubean Buildin?" he inquired.

"Zat ess ze Cooba palazzio," politely answered the Cuban.

"I reckon yer from Cuby?"

"Yes, I am from ze gem of ze Anteeles."

As the pair approached the building the Cuban pulled out a package of American Trust Cigarettes and proceeded to light one.

"I see you Cubeans air fast larnin Amerikin ways," remarked Uncle Hank as he observed this. The Cuban smiled at this sally, and he replied that cigarettes were better suited to hot climates than were strong cigars or pipes.

"I reckon yer right," retorted Uncle Hank. "We think so, too, fer we consine em tew th' hottest climate we know ov, by jiminy."

The Cuban Exhibit was made up of a multitude of Exhibits in which tobacco, cigars, rum and sugar formed the principal features. This combination places Cuba in the front rank in the opinion of connoiseurs and renders her position a most enviable one. With these commodities she can easily captivate Uncle Sam, who has always been noted for having a decided taste for the good things of the world and who in the near future will in addition to throwing the cloak of the Monroe Doctrine around her shapely shoulders, take her to his heart and make her one of his beloved daughters by adoption.

The Cuban Cigar Exhibit was a most complete one and embraced cigars of every conceivable shape, style and color. It

IMPORTED PENNSYLVANIAS.

proved a rare opportunity for Connecticut and Pennsylvania cigar manufacturers to pirate genuine Havana names and designs for their unexcelled brands of cabbage leaf campaign cigars.

Verily, the Pan-American Exposition was a great educator. A genuine Pennsylvania Cigar will smell as fragrant by a stolen Havana name as by any other appellation, and sell for a great deal more money.

Uncle Hank being a great lover of the weed was unable to remain long in this part of the building, as the display of real Havanas made his mouth water, and as they were securely fastened in glass cases, and no samples given out, he beat a hasty retreat.

The Cuban building was crowded with Cubans, this being their opening day. With characteristic slowness, they were among the last to be ready for exhibition, and in the words of Mark Twain :

"They never put off till to-morrow what they can do the day after to-morrow just as well," while in the most pressing matters "Manana" is their watchword.

> Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
> To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
>
> —CONGREVE.

"They need a little Yankee blood down thar," exclaimed Uncle Hank on observing their tardiness. "Hustle ez a good word, a heap sight bettern Manany."

But what they lacked in push was amply made up in politeness, and this was particularly noticeable in their anxiety to make their visitors feel at ease. A group of American girls surrounded a handsome-looking exhibitor from Havana who was explaining the features of a large relief plan of the city and harbor of Havana. He was exceedingly polite and affable and plainly showed his admiration for everything American.

LATIN LEAVEN.

"Ze Americane capture ze heart of Cooba, our girls now dress like Americaine girls; in ze dance—no more Fandango —now dance two-step—ze young Senorita now make ze hair up Americaine—so—" and he pointed to the pompadour style of hair-dressing of a pert miss standing by.

His manner was so affable and his gesticulations so graceful that he completely captivated the young ladies, and one went so far as to express a wish that she would be enabled at some future day to make a visit to Cuba.

"It's so romantic," she exclaimed, "with their barred windows and vine-covered balconies. What an ideal country for Romeos and Juliets," and the romantically inclined miss but echoed the sentiments of the rest.

Perhaps the infusion of a little of this artistic and poetic Latin blood may eventually serve to somewhat soften the harsh matter-of-fact, money-chasing spirit of the American character as it is now constituted.

A drainless shower
Of light is poesy, 'tis the supreme of power,
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.
—KEATS.

The closer one studied the Cuban exhibit the more interesting it became. The Fine Art display was certainly a very creditable one, the evidences of Parisian Art-School education being very apparent. One of the cherished exhibits in the Cuban building was a very fine death mask of Napoleon, the only authentic one in the world, it was claimed. The great Corsican's features were minutely reproduced in the plaster, completely devoid of the idealization indulged in by the various painters who have essayed to represent the great military genius in the many historical paintings in which he has figured; and one in looking at it could not refrain in commenting on the fact that this wonderful mask showed the true Napoleon

MACHINERY HALL AND ELECTRICAL BUILDING AT NIGHT.

A LIFE-LIKE DEATH MASK.

as he had existed in life. On close examination it showed his forehead to have been wonderfully well developed. His nose was decidedly aquiline and prominent, as befitted a conqueror, his cheek bones were very high, and his chin and jaws very strong.

Uncle Hank gazed at it long and curiously, and finally ventured the opinion that "et waz sartinly ther most life-like death mask he ever saw."

From Fair Japan there emerges every afternoon a huge papier-maché monstrosity supposed to represent the Great Evil Spirit. This hideous imitation of a dragon was supposed to inspire fear in all beholders (in Japan).

Uncle Hank eyed it curiously for a few minutes and then blurted out: "Thet's supposed tew be a demon tew frighten folks. Wal, we hev th' same kind in this country, only we call em Trust Octopusses; they take em down tew Wall Street, Nu York; an corner em; an bust em up; an then th' hull street haz a panic. We laff et ther delusions ov far-off people, but we're jist ez foolish."

"Thar's a monstroserty daown tew Nu York thet's jest ez terrifyin, an does a heap sight more damidge then eny demon they hev in Japan," remarked Uncle Hank to a fat man standing by.

"Is that so?"

"Yas; et's growl ez terribul, an ther peepul seems ter be afeard ov ther broot," continued Hank. "Et feeds in pool rooms, dives, an gamblin haouses."

"Oh! You refer to the Tammany Tiger?" exclaimed the fat man.

"Thet's et," responded Hank. "A gay old sport livin over in England owns him."

"You mean Dick Croker, do you not?" inquired the fat man.

"Thet's him," replied our hero. "An et's erstonishin thet er free an enlightened peepul cud be bamboozled by sech trans-

"THET'S SUPPOSED TEW BE A DEMON TRW FRIGHTEN FOLKS."

parent frauds ez Dick Croker an' ther like, in this twentieth centsury. By crackee, et's entirely beyond my understandin."

THE TIGER.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And freedom find no champion and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild?
Deep in the unpruned forest, midst the roar
Of cataracts where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast or Europe no such shore?

—BYRON.

It was not only Uncle Hank who saw the funny side of the Pan-American Exposition.

Reclining on a bank bordering the beautiful canal were two sons of Erin discussing the sights of the Exposition.

"Fwhat's th' buildin yondher, Pat?"

"Mine."

"Yourn!—faith it is not."

"Oi sed th' Mine Buildin."

"Fwhat koind av mines?"

"All koinds. It's there they shows how they make goold out av rocks."

"An th' Copper Mines where they gits th' cops frum."

And so they railed at each other as only witty sons of the Emerald Isle can do.

The many statues abounding throughout the Fair Grounds were a never-ceasing source of interest to visitors. A ragged "Hobo" was wandering aimlessly when his attention was suddenly arrested by the group entitled "AGRICULTURE." He scratched his head, and then, after some moments of study, he exclaimed: "I dunno what the name of that stature is, but I know wot it oughter be. It oughter be called 'WORK.'" And then, to show his contempt for what he thought the theme

"IT'S THERE THEY SHOWS HOW THEY MAKE GOOLD OUT OV ROCKS."
"AN' TH' COPPER MINES WHERE THEY GIT TH' COPS FRUM."

A SCULPTURED MISFIT.

selected by the sculptor he deliberately stretched himself out on the bench at the base of the group, and in a few minutes was completely lost in slumber, thus emphasizing the fact that he was not afraid of work—not he. He could lie down and go to sleep right alongside of it.

Another statue caught Uncle Hank's fancy and criticism at the same time. It represented a group, the central figure of which was a bear standing upright holding in his paws the carcase of a deer. It was entitled "ANIMAL WEALTH." This was too much for him.

"Ther central figger ov that statoo ought tew hev been a hog. Hogs represent wealth in this country. Them statoos is all right, an' ye can't run an exhibition without 'em, but they sumtimes gits 'em up wrong. Sum ov 'em ez jest right, however. Now over yonder, that's a statoo ov ther hungriest-lookin' lion I ever see, an' he's lookin' right inter ther restarant; naow thet's ther right way to place 'em," and he winked at the guard standing at his elbow, smiling at his quaint remarks.

"Did you see the statue of the Indian hunter?" asked the guard.

"Yas; I seen it, an' I thot et th' time et waz the most sensible way tew use Injuns. General Sheridan once sed: 'The only good Injun waz a dead Injun, an', thinks I, the next best Injun is a statoo Injun; an' after all the Injuns is gone we'll hev 'em in statoos jest like ther Bufflers; ye notis they're all wiped out, an' now th' hull Exposition ez scattered with Buffler statoos."

And he waved his umbrella at several of the sculptured forms of the Buffalo with which the Exposition abounded.

"But, all joakn' aside," continued Uncle Hank, "I believe in good statoos. We wait till a great pote like Poe almost dies of

"AND IN A FEW MINUTES WAS COMPLETELY LOST IN SLUMBER, THUS EMPHASIZING THE FACT THAT HE WAS NOT AFRAID OF WORK."

THE GUARD QUOTES POETRY AT UNCLE HANK.

starvation, and when he's dead and gone we take a sum of money thet would hev made him independent rich an' put it in a statoo over him, an then some of ther statoos is sech caricaturs thet et only adds insult tew injoory.

"If George Washington had knowed how he waz goin tew look in some ov th' statooz he wud hev throwed up th' job ov bein Father ov his Country."

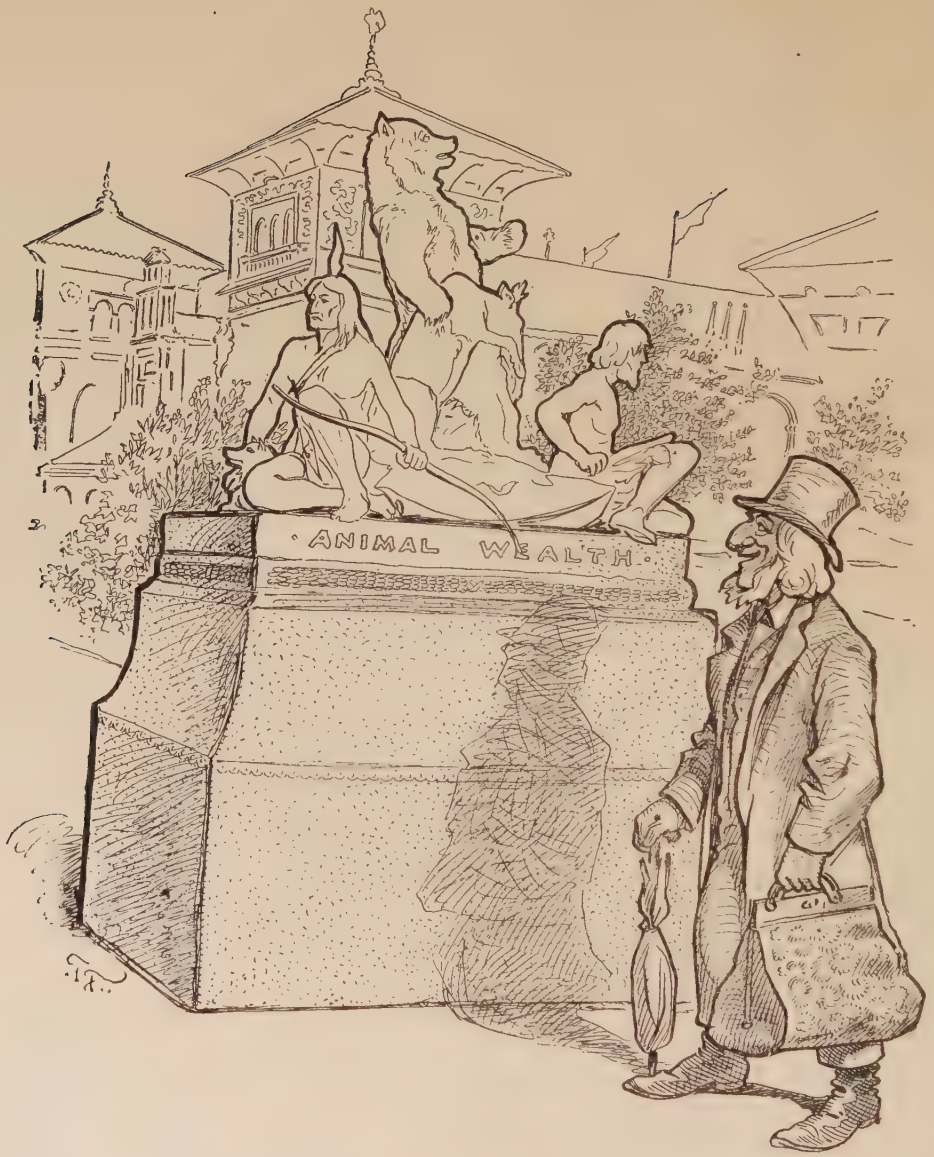
"But you must remember that in ancient Greece they made much of statuary," retorted the guard, "and it is by their beautiful works of art that we now chiefly remember them. What would Rome, the Eternal City, be without its noble sculptured piles? I will quote you a few lines by the greatest sculptor that Rome ever produced—Michael Angelo—

"As when, O lady mine,
With chiselled touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould
The more the marble wastes,
The more the statue grows."

"Thet's all rite," responded Uncle Hank, "fer old nations; but this ez a young nation, an' our peepul ez bizzier puttin' up piles ov money bags than et ez in puttin' up skulpter piles, an' fer th' present I reckon we'll hev tew git along th' best we kin with th' distorted statoos ov Washinton, Shakespeer, Linken, Jackson an'—"

"The cigar store Indians," interjected the guard.

The advent of the West Point cadets was an event at the Exposition, and they were quite well aware of it. These young sprigs from Uncle Sam's Military Academy were inclined to be rather arrogant. One of them commented rather humorously on Uncle Hank's style, or rather lack of style, as he termed it. This rather nettled the old man, who expressed himself in no uncertain tone.



"THER CENTRAL FIGGER ON THET STATOO OUGHT TEW HEV BIN A HOG."

THE BUMPTIOUS WEST POINTER.

"Look 'ee here, young feller, th' fust thing they ought tew teach yer et West Pint is tew respect yer superiors."

"Why, Pop, you don't mean to call yourself my superior, do you?" inquired the young cadet haughtily.

"Wall, I guess I do," replied Hank. "Ez I'm a unit in ther body politic thet constitoots yer Uncle Sam, an you bein drilled in the sarvice ov Uncle Sam an consequently a sarvent ov his, I'm sartinly yer superior," and Uncle Hank walked off in high dudgeon.

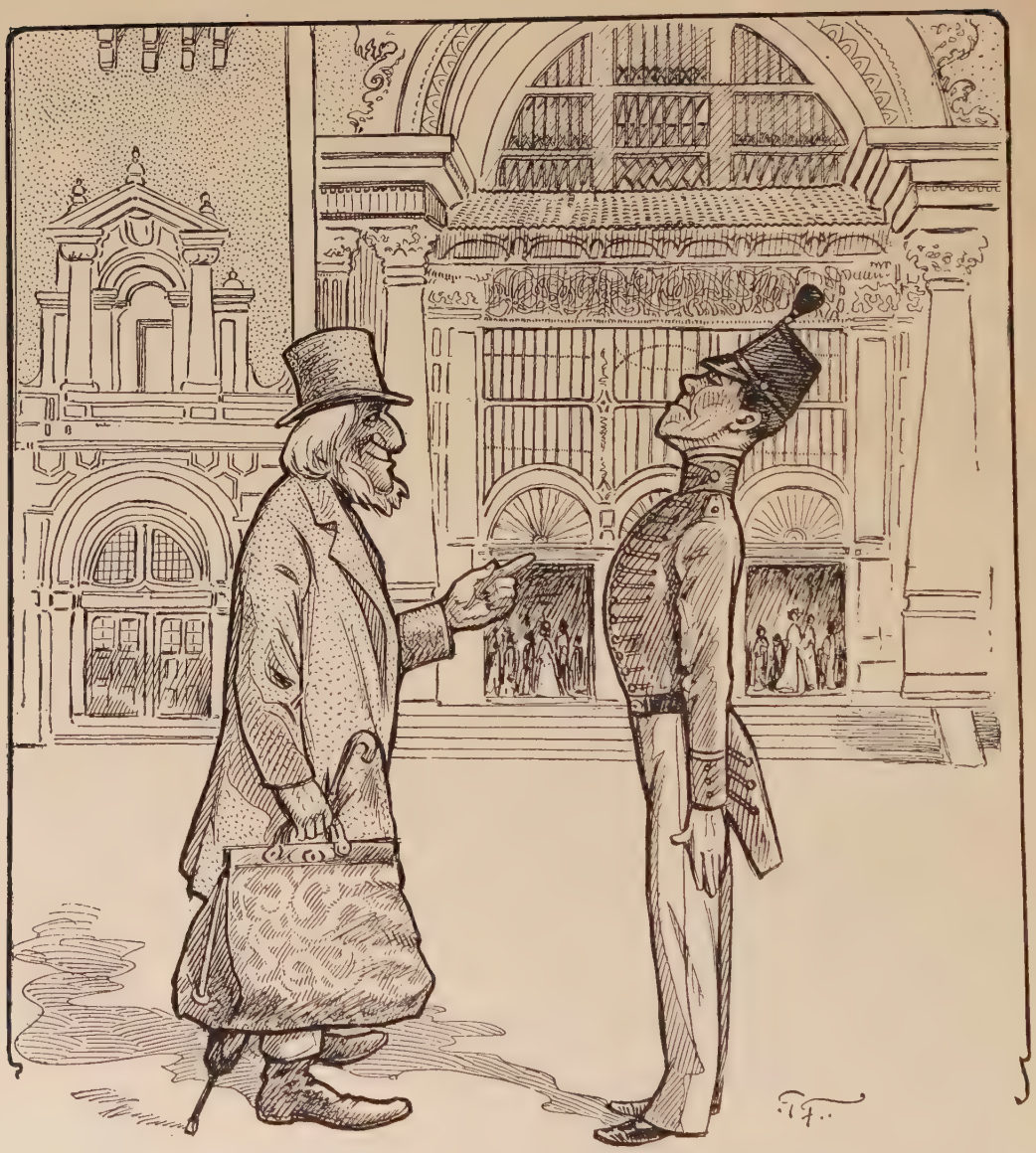
"Them doods frum West Pint ought tew be took daown a bit; considerin they're bein eddicated et ther public expense, they ought tew drop ther highfalutin ways when they leave ther accadermy, by gum."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Bufferlow Willum? Wal, I guess I hev heard uv him afore," said Uncle Hank, on his way to the Wild West Show just outside the Exposition grounds.

"Ez I understand it, Bufferlow Willum ez ther man who killed all ther Bufferlows and put the Injuns in ther show bizness. When ther ocurpation ef the Red Man waz gone Willum gave em some play work to do, an it agrees with em, I am thinkin."

The show pleased Uncle Hank. When Buffalo Bill, with long flowing cavalier locks, dashed up to the grand stand, at the head of several hundred rough riders, including Indians, Cossacks and cowboys and made his graceful bow, the Down East Yankee joined in the applause. The cowboys riding the bucking bronchos and the wild feats of horsemanship accomplished by the Cossacks stirred the farmer's blood and made him wish that he was young again. He could not sit quietly while so much was going on, and soon he found himself near the Deadwood Coach and among a heterogeneous mass of human beings who spoke different languages. It has never



"LOOK 'EE HERE, YOUNG FELLOW, TH' FUST THING THEY OUGHT TEW TEACH YER ET WEST PINT IS TEW RESPECT YER SUPERIORS."

UNCLE HANK AT BUFFALO BILL'S SHOW.

been ascertained how he managed it, but when the famous old coach, with six horses, dashed around the arena preparatory to an attack from the Indians of the plains, Uncle Hank was an outside passenger and came in for a fair share of Grand Stand comment.

"What is that old hayseed going to do on the stage? That must be a cowboy dressed up like a country jay," and similar remarks were heard.

Crack went the whip of the driver and away went the horses. It was to be a tragedy of the plains, bloodless of course, and the passengers were to be hard pressed when the inevitable relief would come in the shape of a crowd of cowboys. Uncle Hank was given weapons, but it seems was not told that there would be an attack. He thought he was merely tendered a free ride around the arena. In a few minutes a hundred yelling Indians, on horseback and all in war paint, surrounded the stage and returned the fire and a general running fight was begun. Uncle Hank was almost dazed at first, but in a minute he seemed to realize that a death struggle was going on, and leaning over he began to shoot his pistol at the naked body of Indians.

"Whoop, boys!" he shouted. "Never give up the ship! Ther only good Injun ez a dead one! Let 'em hev it. Remember Kuster, boys! Eat 'em up."

The realistic acting of the farmer amused the Indians, and they rode up close and yelled at him and shot over him. Because at close range the blank cartridges hurt, the paper wadding striking with some force. One or two Indians hit by Uncle Hank's blank paper cartridges yelled in genuine anger and rode away to see how much they were hurt. Finally, the cowboys came and the Indians beat a quick retreat. Uncle Hank started to dance a war dance on top of the coach and tumbled off behind. He fell sprawling and loud laughter greeted him from the Grand Stand.

"IN A FEW MINUTES A HUNDRED YELLING INDIANS SURROUNDED THE STAGE."

UNCLE HANK IN TROUBLE.

"I am killed; I am shot!" called out Uncle Hank in moaning tones.

"You are half shot, old man," said Buffalo Bill, who had ridden up.

His remark created fresh laughter among the cowboys, who were around, and one suggested that the announcement might reassure the audience. Buffalo Bill rode up in front of the Grand Stand, and in a loud voice announced:

"I am sorry to say that in the attack on the Deadwood stage coach only one passenger, Uncle Hayseed, was hurt. He is 'half shot,' and could not retain his position on the stage!" (Laughter.)

Uncle Hank came up and chimed in: "I hev fit them Injuns an' druv them back, an' we kin do it agin. Ef I be only 'half shot' it makes me sad tew say thet Bufferlow Willum ez not in enny ways responsibull, ez I'm told thet he suffers frum 'cold footses.'"

When the laughter had subsided Buffalo Bill said that it was true that he was not responsible for Uncle Hank's being "half shot," but if he would wait until the show was over he, Buffalo William, would see that justice was done the former.

The fine shooting of Annie Oakley and other experts pleased Uncle Hank. "She ez the girl thet kin hit the bull's eye ev'ry time," he said. "She kin also take ther cake, I ruther guess. Whin I waz thet gal's age I could not hit ther side uf a barn, but now et ez different. I can hit a dozen barns tugether, ef they be large enough."

Uncle Hank was the hero of the show, and many thought he was a salaried employee, but it was the first time that the Hon. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) had ever seen him. He was the simon pure article.

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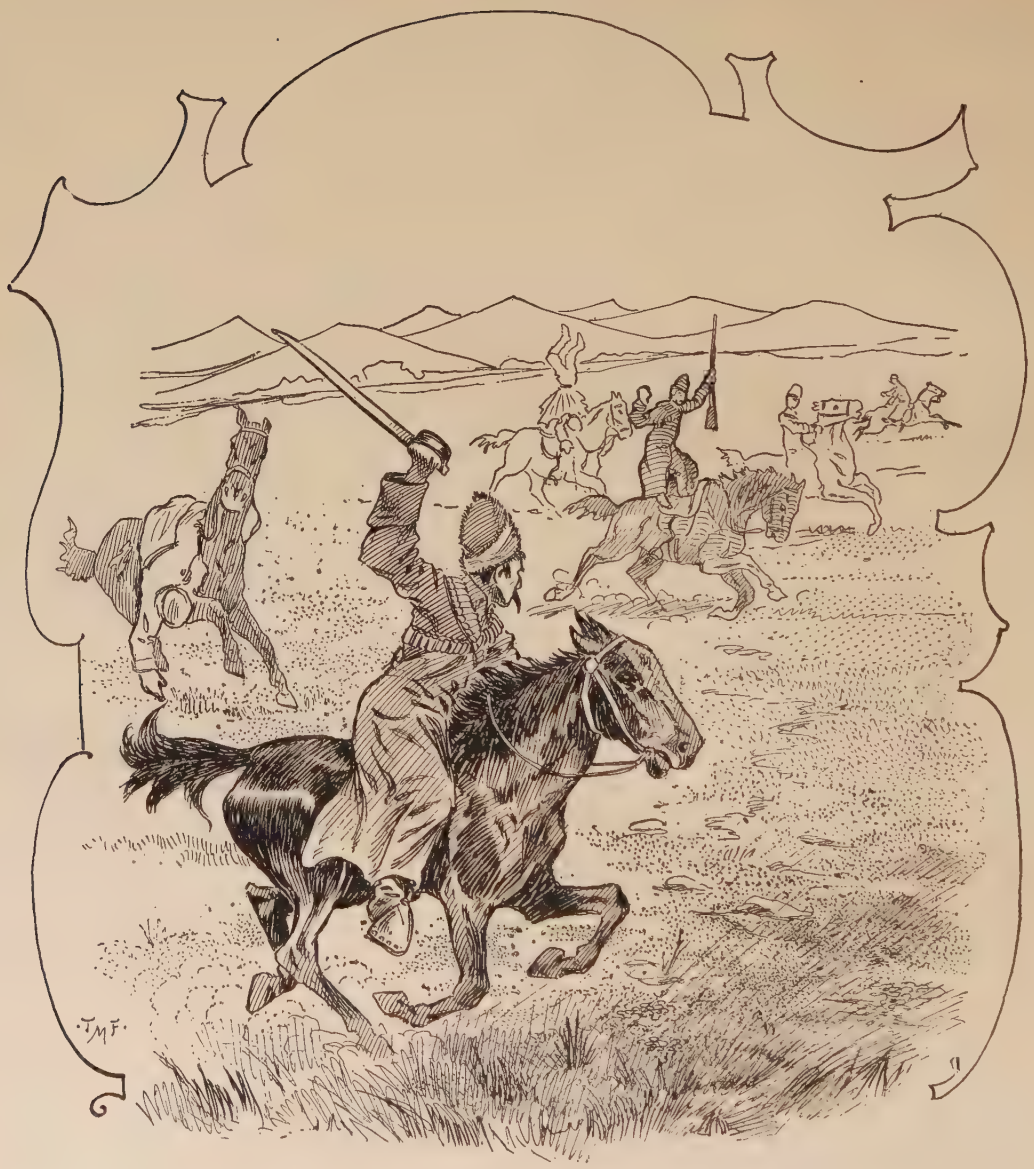


"THE WILD FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP ACCOMPLISHED BY THE COSSACKS STIRRED THE FARMER'S BLOOD."

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The summer girl of 1901 was to be found in all her glory at the Pan-American Exposition. She might reign for a part of the season at Newport, Saratoga, or in the mountains, but she was sure to put in an appearance at the "Pan" eventually. Her method of "doing" the Fair was unique; she generally appeared accompanied by a retinue of beaux who paid her every homage and vied with one another to render those little services that go to make the American girl the envy of all her sisters.

And her independence was refreshing; she cared naught for conventionalities and her adventurous nature often led her into difficulties. An American girl of this type was seated in the audience facing the music stand on the plaza. One evening, surrounded by a party of friends who, knowing her adventurous spirit, bantered her to present the leader with a bouquet of flowers which one of the party wished, with a sudden impulse, to bestow upon the obliging musical conductor. The young lady in question readily assented to make the presentation on one condition, which was that a callow youth of the party would accompany her with another bouquet which he should present first; this was readily agreed to. But before handing the bouquet to him she managed to slyly fasten a long black silken thread to the flowers which she also deftly fastened to a button on his coat: finally, just as the band had completed a very fine rendition of a popular air, the pair advanced toward the leader's stand, holding the flowers aloft. The youth being in front, with an exceedingly graceful bow presented his bouquet, and then stepped back to make way for his companion's presentation; in doing so, however, the silken thread leading from his bouquet to his coat button abruptly jerked the flowers from the astonished leader's hand.

A shout of laughter greeted this episode. The musician stood perplexed, not knowing whether to get angry or to smile at the apparent rudeness of the act; but when he observed the

THE GERMAN POLICEMAN.

confusion and embarrassment of the youth he smiled at his discomfiture. The young lady now advanced and in the most graceful manner possible presented her floral offering to the jovial leader, who took good care to ascertain that there was no string attached to this gift.

Pranks of this kind were of frequent occurrence, particularly on the Midway, where all restraint seemed to be thrown off, and emphasized the fact that a great Exposition of this kind served an admirable purpose in furnishing a much-needed relief to the too strenuous American mode of life.

Uncle Hank spent many hours at the music stands, as he was passionately fond of music. A German policeman usually stood guard at the music stand opposite the Music Temple, who was a great favorite with visitors, as he was inclined to be loquacious and ever ready to enter into conversation with anybody willing to talk with him. This endeared him to the ladies, who plied him unmercifully with questions regarding the programme of the day and sundry queries of similar import.

Our hero, seeing that he was inclined to be talkative, and, being somewhat loquacious himself, soon made his acquaintance.

"Them musicianers air in the wrong place," said he.

"How's dot?"

"They ought ter be in the Midway, where the savidges air, cos, ye kno', the poet sez: 'Music hath charms tew soothe the savidge," quoted Hank.

"Sue der savidge?"

"Yes; thet's th' way them poets hez ov sayin' it."

"Vell, it vos leetle dey'll get ov they sues dem; dey loogs boverty-sthicken all ready yet," retorted the policeman in a disgusted tone.

"Wal, I s'pose, ye see quite a lot of life standin', here all day?" continued, Hank in an inquisitive manner, as though he

"YAW, DERE'S LODS OV FUNNY DINGS GOIN' ON, UP AND DOWN DER BLAZA."

A GERMAN PHILOSOPHER.

was anxious to get the German policeman to relate his experiences.

"Yaw, dere's lods ov funny dings goin' on, up and down der blaza by der Exposishun ; dis mornings dere was a lady vot agsked vare vos der voman's building, and I toldt her to go ofer to der Liperal Arts buildings ; dere's vare der most vomans is—after dem free samples oph food. De ladies dinks ven dey is dere de Liperal Arts buildings vos a departmental sthore."

"I s'pose ye hev all sorts ov cranks askin' ye all kinds er questions?" inquired Hank further.

"Ach dose granks ! dey make me tired yet. Yesterday a man mit wild eyes and long hair agsked me vare was de art exhibbit. I toldt him it vos exhibbited eferywheres about de Exposishun ; in de peautiful statchoos, in de Stahdeum, in de illectrick tower ; in de Moosic Demple; in de Midvay; in de Etnollogy ; de Horticultshoor and Agricultshoor buildings—all ofer de Exposishun dere vos art exhibits. In fact, dere vos more art to de schquare foot in de Pan-American Exposishun den dere vos in der square yard oph Chicargo's World's Fair." And the big policeman waved his hand in a deprecating way to show his contempt for all other fairs.

"I reckon he was satisfyed after thet?" continued Hank.

"No ; he set somedings about sthoopid policemens and agsked de poy vot sells brogramms to show him vare de picktshure gallery was, and de poy showed him. If he had sense enuf to ax me about picktshures I vould hev showed him, but art—vy de whole exhebeshun is art.

"Den soon after dot a sankdemonious-looking man vanted to know if der vos a church on de grounds, und ven I pointed to de Demple of Moosic, he got mat. But id vos hard to bleese eferypody."

"Them Sunday crowds ez th' most orderly, I s'pose ye find?" inquired Uncle Hank in an effort to get the German to relate more of his experiences.

"Yaw, dem Sunday crowts is great peeples; de exhibits was all glosed up, und dey vanders aroundt until dey gets tired yet, und den dey all goes ofer by Pabst's und spendt de rest oph de Sabbat' dhrinking beer."

THE OUGHT-TO-MO-BILE.

There was a world of truth in the German policeman's last remark, and Uncle Hank emphasized it by saying:

"Ther Ameriken Sabbath aint what et ought tew be. Ther side doors ov ther saloons ez too handy en ther doors ov libraries an art galleries tew hard tew reach on Sabbath day." And he strode off in search of new adventure.

> Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
> But moody and dull melancholy,
> Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
> And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
> Of pale distemperature, and foes to life?
>
> —SHAKESPEARE.

He was about to enter one of the buildings facing the Plaza when he encountered an old friend who had just arrived at the Exposition after a ride of two days in an automobile. He was loud in his praise of the new vehicle and vehemently contended that it was far superior to the horse and prophesied that it would soon relegate that quadruped to the rear.

"You see, Uncle," he exclaimed, "if a horsefly lights on its back it doesn't kick over the dashboard, and again, if a locomotive and a train of cars suddenly dashes past it doesn't stand on its hind wheels and snort with fear.'

"Yas," replied Hank, joining in the humor of the occasion. "An et can't kick, nor shy at every bit ov paper in th road. I see they're good things and I reckon some day we'll hev ought-to-mobile cavalry rigiments chargin on to Forts of Steel Trust Armor led by a gallant Kernel mounted onto a red demon ought-to-mobile a wavin his electrickly charged sword an they'll jest mow down th' enemy with shocks ov 'lectricity,

"AND PROPHESIED THAT IT WOULD SOON RELEGATE THAT QUADRUPED TO THE REAR

THE IRISH BUILDING.

ther futoor hez got lots ov surprizes fur such uv us as aint too old tew see it."

The guards stationed throughout the buildings were a very obliging lot and constituted themselves walking encyclopedias of the contents of the different buildings in which they were on duty, and their experiences were varied and interesting.

An Irish citizen not long from the Green Isle approached one and in a rich brogue inquired the way to the Irish Building. For the moment the guard was puzzled, but in an instant regained his composure and nonchalantly replied: "It's right over yonder in that direction," pointing his finger toward the big arch. "Just ask for the O'Regon Building," and he winked at a bystander as he explained. "You see we sometimes have a little fun on our own account, it varies the monotony of existence. "One afternoon two Canadians were discussing their experiences on the Midway; one maintained that the shows were all fakes. Said he, 'I paid a quarter to take a Trip to the Moon, and they never took me there at all; they made me sit down in a chair car and then the scenery revolved around, showing us some views in the moon, so the lecturer said; but it was all a fake—they never took us out of the building, much less to the moon. I tell you, they're all fakes.' Yes," continued the guard, "it takes all kinds of people to make an Exposition crowd. On another occasion I noticed a fine specimen of backwoods farmer from way up in Michigan, who had brought his wife with him to see the 'Pan-American.' He came up to me with a very troubled look on his countenance. Said he: 'Mister Officer, I've lost my wife Mariar.'

"Says I: 'What kind of a looking woman is your wife?'

"Says he: 'She's an old lady with a green gingham dress an a black an red bonnit.'

"It then occurred to me, judging by his description, that I had seen her, so I directed him to the big elevator in the Electrical Tower, and sure enough, there she was; she had

"DAT'S DE KIND OV FOOD WE GIT" NATCHREL FOOD."

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.

been riding up and down all morning. It was her first experience with elevators and she was making up for lost time. I tell you this is a great place to see the comedy side of the Exposition."

A little further on the guard encountered two frowsy-looking tramps who had evidently seen better days, but those days had long, long passed into a hazy oblivion. They had halted before the pavilion of the Natural Food Company and were discussing the title of the company.

"I say, Bill," remarked the raggedest of the pair, "dat's de kind ov food we gits, natchrel food; it jist comes natchrel to reach fer free lunch grafts."

"Wall, I dunno bout dat," replied his companion. "Seems to me de food we gits is snatch-rel." And the guard approached and requested the pair to move on.

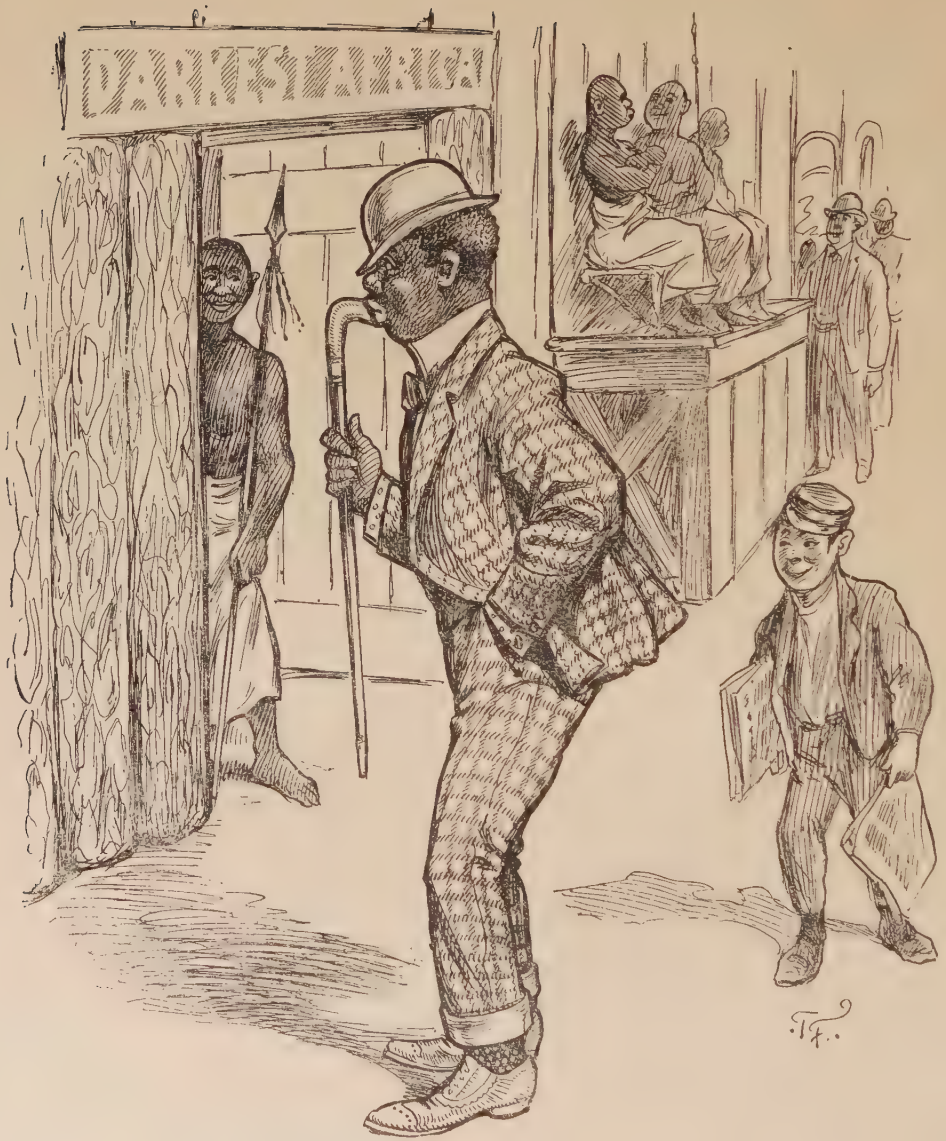
"Beware of those who are homeless by choice;
You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root."

—SOUTHEY.

A very funny experience befell an exhibitor who wished to advertise his exhibit in an original way. He dressed up a couple of men to resemble tramps. He rigged them up in true hobo style after the pattern illustrated so profusely in the comic papers; with rags, tatters, tomato cans and all the stock-in-trade of the stage tramp. And then he provided them with circulars which they were to distribute throughout the grounds. They had not proceeded very far on their mission when they were halted by a guard who wanted to know how they got inside the grounds.

"Look here, you hoboes," demanded he, "how did you get on the grounds? Jumped the fence, hey?"

"Naw, we didn't jump de fence," indignantly replied one of the pair. "We're workin fer de man wot gits out dese circulars, an we'se distributin dem, see!"



"HE WAS EVIDENTLY LOOKING UP HIS ANCESTORS."

"Well, that tale don't go with me; you'll have to get off the grounds or I'll run you in," and with that he prodded them with his short club, and run them out through the exit despite their vociferous protests.

Their make-up had been too realistic, and the enterprising exhibitor was forced to adopt some other method of advertising his wares.

A well-dressed citizen of African descent stood before the entrance to Darkest Africa with wonder depicted on his ebony countenance at the antics of the Africans who were exhibited by the managers of the attraction for the purpose of alluring patrons to the show inside. He was palpably a Northern darkey who had never seen the simon-pure article from the land of his forefathers and was evidently looking up his ancestors. After surveying the scene a while he purchased a ticket and entered the enclosure.

As soon as he reached the pavilion he realized that he attracted more attention than the dancers on the stage. His russet leather shoes and loud-checked clothes excited the admiration of the simple Africans, and one of the dusky girl dancers went so far as to offer him a light from the pipe she was smoking for the unlighted cigarette he held in his hand.

"All his successors gone before him have done 't;
And all his ancestors that come after him may."

—SHAKESPEARE.

One of the peculiarities of Darkest Africa was the avidity with which the women smoked pipes and cigarettes while they danced, and many a dude lighted a cigarette in the pipe of a black-faced African woman with an ebony-hued baby on her back. It was truly a case of Lightest America and Darkest Africa

Their dances consisted of a series of hops and kicks with bare feet, to the music of native drums and reed pipes, which

THE AFRICAN DANCERS

produced a peculiar chant-like effect, without much semblance to music, but which served very well for the native dance they performed.

A fashionably dressed young mother with a very attractive

"THE WOMEN SMOKED PIPES WHILE THEY DANCED."

baby in her arms happened in the African Village one day. She was very much interested in the native dancers, and fre-

"BABY HIM TALK GUMBO."

"GUG-GUG-O-O-OOO!" GURGLED THE BABY.

"HIM SAY ME HIS PAPA!" EXCLAIMED THE SAVAGE.

THE GOO-GOO BABY.

quently held up her baby to see the odd cavorting of the athletic Africans. This finally attracted the attention of one of the chiefs, who advanced to where the little one was being held, and holding out his finger, said :

"Baby him talk Gumbo."

"Gug-gug-oo o-ooo!" gurgled the baby.

"Him say me his papa!" exclaimed the savage.

It is needless to say that the fond mother was anything but pleased at this free translation of her darling's innocent prattle.

The bodies of the Africans were naked from the waist up and glistened in the sunlight from the palm oil which they regularly applied every day.

Their manager asserted that they were unusually cleanly, as they made it a rule to wash thoroughly every morning with soap and water, and explained that the peculiar odor which was noticeable in their presence was due to the palm oil they used.

As the season progressed, the Esquimaux in the Midway progressed in contentment ; and when the days in October began to cool, the vigor and energy of the entertainment within their enclosure increased as the temperature decreased.

It was very amusing to hear the comments of visitors to this attraction. One old lady expressed great astonishment when she was informed that the Eskimo did not lunch on candles, as she observed one eating a hearty meal, consisting of Boston baked beans, a bowl of hot coffee and a large slice of pumpkin pie.

The Eskimo is very expert with the long-lashed whip, and would frequently strike a copper cent placed on the ground at a distance of a dozen feet or so with the end of the lash.

Uncle Hank played a neat trick on one, by secretly attaching a piece of chewing-gum to the coin before

placing it on the stone pavement, and although the Eskimo hit it several times it would not budge as the preceding ones had

"THE ESKIMO DID NOT LUNCH ON CANDLES."

done. Finally he walked over to examine the penny, and discovered the trick just as Hank disappeared through the gate holding his sides with laughter.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A ROMANCE.

Romance and sentiment pervade every walk of life, and the Pan-American Exposition proved no exception to the rule. With so many attractive maidens serving as attendants to exhibits, and an equal number of appreciative swains in a like capacity, it was not to be wondered at that Dan Cupid played numerous pranks with sensitive hearts.

In one of the pavilions of the Machinery Building there sat a young man of possibly three and twenty musing on the monotony of an existence in a booth devoted to pulley shafts, nuts and bolts, and whose only visitors were bewhiskered men of a mechanical turn, whose only interest in life seemed to be centered in greasy machinery.

Adjoining this pavilion was a neat, artistically-arranged booth devoted to the display and sale of souvenirs and mementoes of the Fair. This little enclosure was presided over by a demure little miss who was an astute little saleswoman. She was successful because she was cheerful, and she was cheerful because she was successful. Her bright eyes lighted up her booth so effectively that its effulgence finally permeated the adjoining booth, occupied by the young custodian of the Machinery Exhibit, who suddenly conceived the idea that, after all, his dreary vigil in an uninteresting exhibit might have its compensations.

Every little while he would steal a glance at the pretty face of his neighbor, who was totally oblivious of the attention she was attracting.

One day an elderly lady approached the souvenir stand, and while the little saleswoman was busily engaged in showing her wares, he had an excellent chance to study in detail the features of the fair one who had enthralled him.

"A beauty beyond compare," he ejaculated, and he right away resolved that he would get a closer look at the busy, little saleswoman. With this end in view he waited until the

SUSCEPTIBLE YOUTH.

elderly lady in question had made her purchase and departed, and then he proceeded around the corner of the intervening aisle to the souvenir stand, and, mechanically picking up one of the crystal paper weights, inquired the price, at the same time centering his gaze on the beautiful eyes of the beauty.

"I'll take it," said he, without noting the price she had named, and handed her a bank note of small denomination and waited for her to hand him his change and wrap up his purchase.

The next day he presented himself at the stand again, and, after engaging her in conversation as long as he dared, purchased another paper weight identical with the one he had bought the day previous.

"What, another one?" said she; "you bought one like this yesterday."

She laughed and he was covered with confusion.

"Oh yes—well, you see this one is for my sister."

The next day he tarried a little longer in conversation, and as he was about to depart purchased still another paper weight, with no definite idea as to what he would do with it, and when she laughingly asked him if this was also for his sister, he replied in the affirmative.

After this he became a frequent visitor, and purchased paper weights from a mere force of habit, and always for his "sister." They were now on familiar terms, and one day she asked him why he didn't buy a souvenir of the Rainbow City for himself.

"What I want I can't buy," he sheepishly replied, at the same time eying her steadily. Their eyes met. His honest gaze met her shy and tender glance of awakened love.

Rather confusedly she replied that she would be glad to accommodate him with any article, if she happened to have it in stock.

"Oh, you have it in stock, I know. As to the price—well, I'll pay any price for it."

CUPID WINS.

She blushed deeply at this, and made a desperate effort to hide her confusion as she said :

"How can I tell what you want if you don't name the article?"

"It's your heart—I want it for a souvenir of the Rainbow City."

And the illumination of the Fair Grounds that night was naught in comparison with the brightness instilled in those two hearts by that matchless illuminator Dan Cupid.

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

—SHAKESPEARE.

* * *

A romance of an entirely different character was enacted in the Indian village.

John Winthrop, formerly Wo-nee-tah, the broken wing, from the Kiowa reservation, but now of Washington, D. C., lately a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School, was an interested visitor to the Indian encampment. It was ten years since he had been taken as a boy from his wild home on the reservation to begin his studies at Carlisle, Penn., under the tutelage of Uncle Sam.

He was a fine specimen of pure Indian manhood, tall, erect and athletic to a degree. He had played quarter-back in the Foot Ball Team of the school, and had won renown as a cool, resourceful player. After his graduation he had secured employment in the Interior Department at Washington, D. C. He was now on his vacation and was turning his time to pleasure and profit in a visit to the "Rainbow City."

He had already made several visits to the Exposition and on each occasion had been drawn irresistibly to the Indian Village by a pair of sparkling black eyes in the prettiest face he had ever seen. In all his visits he saw only Wah-sah-ne, the beautiful daughter of "Running Bear." She, too, had been educated by Uncle Sam and at the end of her tuition had returned to her people. In the Indian enclosure a space had been reserved for the display of articles of Indian manufacture. Wah-sah-ne was of great value in this department, as she spoke English fluently, and through her picturesque personality was enabled to make many sales of Indian goods.

AN INDIAN CUPID.

John was dressed in the ordinary civilian attire of the whites, while the Indian maiden was attired in the picturesque habiliments of her race. There was a strange incongruity in her make-up, however, in that her perfect English pronunciation did not seem to chord with her savage attire, although in John Winthrop's eyes this seemed to be an added attraction to her charming personality.

At the Indian School she was known as Marie Dumont—a name given to her by an old French Canadian trapper, who had been a life-long friend of her father on the plains.

The young Indian youth was beginning to realize that his vacation time had almost drawn to its close, and that he must soon return to his duties again. He had spent four-fifths of his time in the company of the enchantress from the prairies.

"Marie," he said tenderly, "I must return home in a couple of days."

"Why, John, you have not seen half of the Exposition," she laughingly replied. "I'm afraid you have idled away too much of your time in our enclosure; you haven't seen half of the beauties of the 'Pan.'"

"Yes, but I seen *the* beauty of the 'Pan,'" he replied gallantly.

She affected not to hear this implied compliment as she rejoined:

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PLAINS.

"I suppose you have seen some one who has risen to your ideal."

"Marie, I *have* seen a beauty that makes me long to extend my vacation to a lifetime to spend at her side, or take her with me to be my life-long companion in and out of my vacation." As he spoke he took her hands and looked tenderly into the dusky beauty's dark eyes: "Will you be my wife?"

At this juncture an old Indian squaw approached leaning on a stick. She looked searchingly into the face of the youth, then she shaded her eyes with her disengaged hand to get a better look.

"Kiowa!" she exclaimed, and then she drew back to get a good look at the back of his head, and when she perceived a scar there she cried:

"Wo-nee-tah!"

"Yes," he replied, "Wo-nee-tah; that's my name, so they told me when I was taken from Fort Reno by the soldiers and sent to Carlisle to be educated."

The old squaw then rolled up his sleeve, and there on the left arm was a long mark evidently made by a slash with a knife. As soon as she saw this she threw her arms around his neck, and cried, "My boy! my son! my pappoose!"

The youth was visibly affected at this. "Can it be possible!" he cried. "Have I found my mother?"

"Me, your mudder, yes; long time ago soldiers burn down tepee—kill braves—bullets kill pappoose—me tink you dead—gone—no more—now me find you—my son—my pappoose!" and the old squaw mother wept as any mother would weep at the recovery of her son.

"Then he's my brother?" exclaimed the maiden to her mother, who nodded her head in a positively affirmative manner.

At this the young man grasped the beautiful girl in his arms and kissed her tenderly as he exclaimed: "I have lost a wife, but I've found a sister—and a mother."

* * *

A MIDWAY ROMANCE.

The Midway also had its romantic side distinctively characteristic of the atmosphere prevailing there.

Algernon Fitz Maurice was a callow youth. After having graduated from college he had, through strong influence, secured employment on a big New York newspaper and had been assigned to Buffalo to cover the Pan-American Exposition. At first sight this would seem to be an impossible task, as "Algy" was a rather diminutive specimen of humanity, both mentally and physically, and his ability in either capacity decidedly limited. But what he lacked in this respect he more than made up in energetic assurance—otherwise known as "nerve" or "gall," depending largely upon the point of view.

Now, "Algy" was awfully smitten by the charms of a certain dancer in the little Oriental Theatre in the "Streets of Cairo." He had been a constant attendant at the performances in the theatre, and had sent numerous bouquets to the Egyptian beauty, and vowed he would never leave the Exposition until he had exhausted every means to win her affections. It is true he had never had an opportunity to speak to her, much less make love, but he was persistent; so one evening he resolved to see her and speak to her, despite all obstacles. With this end in view he sent a little Arab boy around to the stage door with a beautiful bouquet of American beauty roses, to which was attached a highly perfumed note asking for an interview.

Presently the boy returned with the information that the last performance would terminate at 11 P. M., and then at the Midway gate the lady would be pleased to meet him.

To say "Algy" was delighted is putting it in the mildest way. He was in ecstasy, so much so that he gave the boy a quarter for his trouble, in place of the nickel he had originally selected.

He was at the gate in question at the exact minute of the hour, and his charmer did not keep him waiting long, and

AN AWFUL SHOCK.

when she did come—"ye gods," thought he, was there ever such a vision of loveliness, such eyes to entrance with. Their lashes actually shaded the cheeks; and such profusion of blue-black hair, encompassing a bewitching face of almost alabaster whiteness. As she approached him she slightly bowed as he lifted his hat and, smiling, showed a row of perfect teeth.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing the fairest flower of Egypt—or perhaps Constantinople or some other haven of Oriental beauty?" said Algy, after the most approved style of stage etiquette.

"Aar youse th gintlemon thot's sendin me th' flowers ivery noight?—Well, ef ye aar, OI wishes ye'd sind larger boo-kays, fur be th' toime OI gives th' rest ov 'em buttonhole boo-kays OI hov none at all, at all," and her rich, Irish brogue rolled over her beautiful rouged lips like a duck calling its mate.

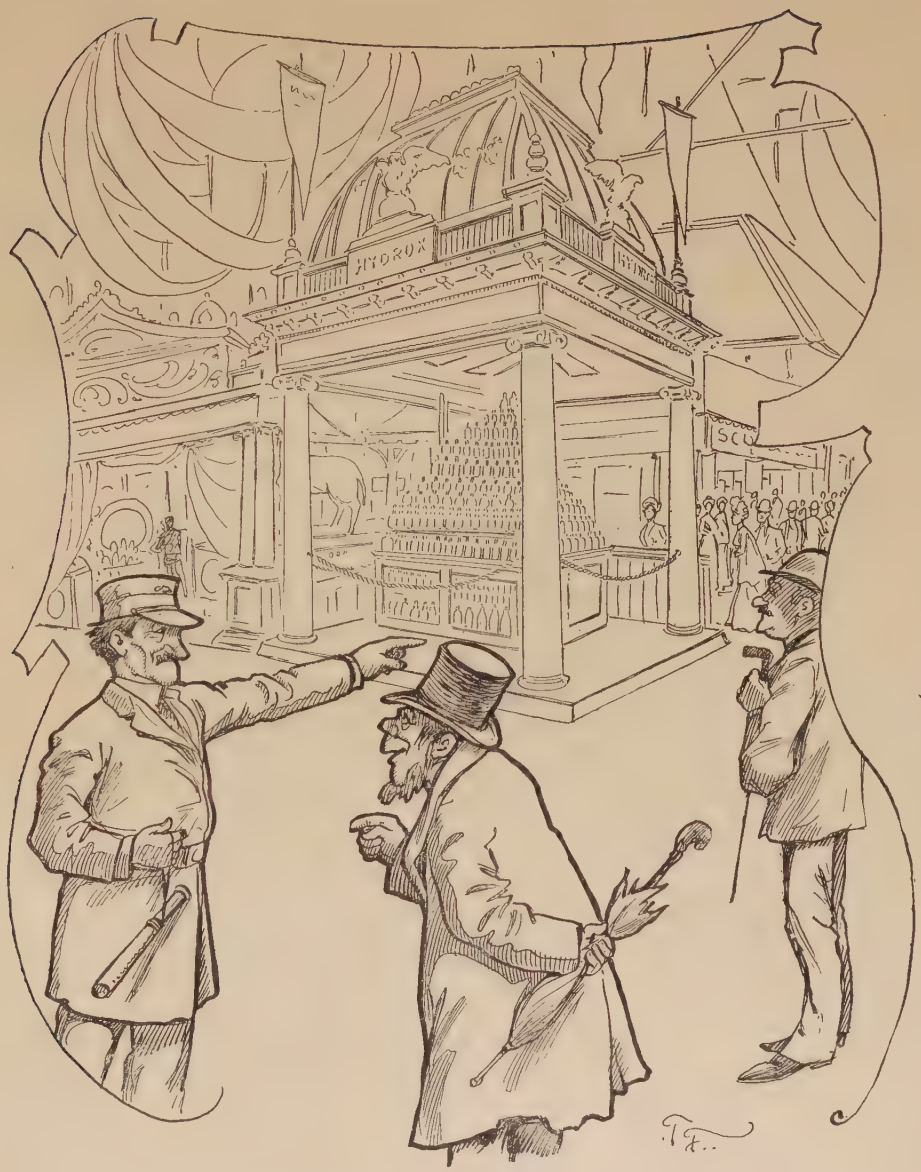
Algy fainted dead away. When he awoke it was to find himself in the hospital with a severe case of nervous prostration and his magnificent nerve was gone forever.

* * *

These little romances are related principally to show the many different phazes of life that existed at the Pan-American Exposition during the six months of its existence. They were merely side lights thrown on the stage where the magnificent spectacle was being enacted.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

If there is one thing the Irishman is noted for, it is his ready wit. He may be termed obstinate in some respects. He may be sometimes deemed stubborn in his firm adherence to his opinions, be they right or wrong. He may be a firm adherent of a cause that may be far from righteous. And this fidelity will usually be found traceable to a desire to be loyal to his friends. But however stubborn or obstinate he may appear



"WOULD YEZ MOIND TELLIN ME TH' NAME OV THIS BUILDIN, SOR?"

IRISH WIT.

to be, he can never be charged with being at a loss for a ready reply to any question that may be put to him, and the Irishman who is not quick at repartee is no true son of Erin. Such an individual turned up in the Liberal Arts Building one morning, and after an exhaustive tour of the many aisles within, accosted one of the guards as to the details of the great Exposition. Said he:

"Would yez moind tellin me th' name ov this buildin, sor?"

"It is known as the building of the Liberal Arts," replied the guard.

"OI suppose it's becos they giv away so manny free samples it's called liberal. An f'what's th' manein ov Pan-Ameriky?" he continued, inquiringly.

"Pan-America—why, Pan means all—all America; North, Central, and South America," explained the guard.

"An duz it take in th' Sandwitch Oislands?"

"Yes."

"An th' Phillypanes, too?"

"Well—yes," answered the somewhat puzzled guard.

"Well, t'is aisy t' see ye'z hav th' wrong name fer it—ye'z shud call it th' Pan-Amerikin-Asiatic Ex-poo-si-shun, be gorra!"

"Well, we do seem to be spreading out somewhat," replied the intelligent guard. "Uncle Sam's arms are getting rather long and his fingers are developing a good strong grasp."

"Take up the White Man's burden,
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to serfdom;
To serve the combine's need;
To wait in heavy harness
On those who lord the land—
The Trusts the new found masters,
The new time robber band."

Many humorous observations were made unconsciously by

"LAW ME! WHAT BEW-TE-FULL MILK PITCHERS THEM RICH FOLKS DEW HAV!"

A BEAUTIFUL MILK PITCHER.

visitors misinterpreting the uses to which some of the articles on exhibition were intended for.

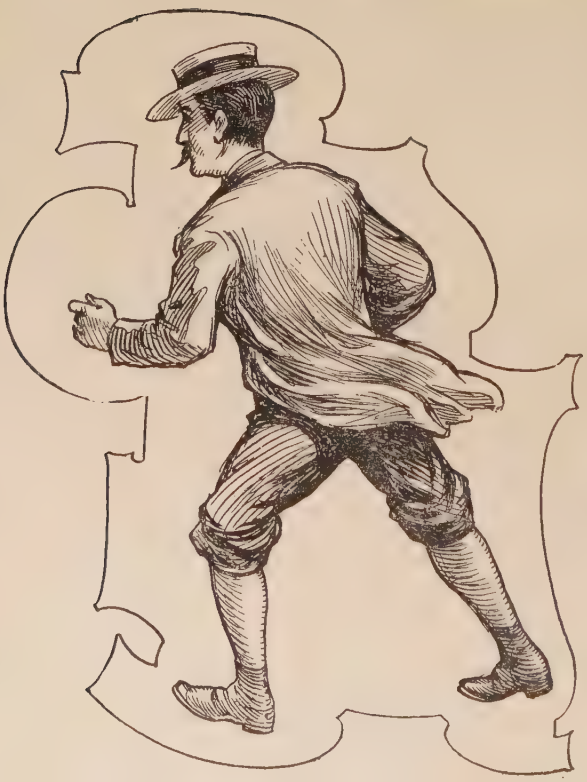
A tall, lanky young woman, who (judging from the out-of-date style of dress in which she was attired) evidently came from a backwoods region. She stood for a long time contemplating with open-mouthed wonder a beautifully wrought silver vase in the Gorham Silver Company's Pavilion. Then suddenly she blurted out.

"Law me! what bew-te-full *milk pitchers* them rich folks dew hav!"

She then made her way to the Tiffany Exhibit, and after taking a cursory look at the diamond display, remarked:

"I karnt see what folks kin see in sech bits o' glass tew strain ther necks abaout!"

Many strange devices were resorted to in advertising the exhibits of some of the beautiful and expensively gotten up pavilions. An artificial limb company engaged a legless man to don a pair of their artificial legs, and give periodical exhibitions of the wonderful use to which they could be put. First he would walk slowly, then hop on one foot, and finally run at top speed up and down the aisles, to the intense interest and amusement of the onlookers.



It was a very interesting exhibition, and illustrated very forcibly the "strides" made in this branch of manufacture, besides being an excellent advertisement.

These unique exhibitions made the pavilions doubly attractive, and often served to make commonplace exhibits very interesting.

SOME QUAINT TESTIMONIALS.

A prominent journalist once said to Representative Samuel S. Cox (familiarly known as Sunset Cox) that Senator Charles Sumner did not believe in the Bible.

"That's because he did not write it," promptly responded Cox.

The public at large is not so constituted, judging by the faith reposed in the writings of great men by the Midway concessionaries.

Nearly all the eminent men of the country were quoted by these rival showmen in flaring show-cards, posted at their respective entrances. One announcement read as follows:

> "THIS IS A GRATE SHOW, I LAFFED TIL MY SIDES AKED WHEN I SEEN IT."—CHANSEY DEPEW.

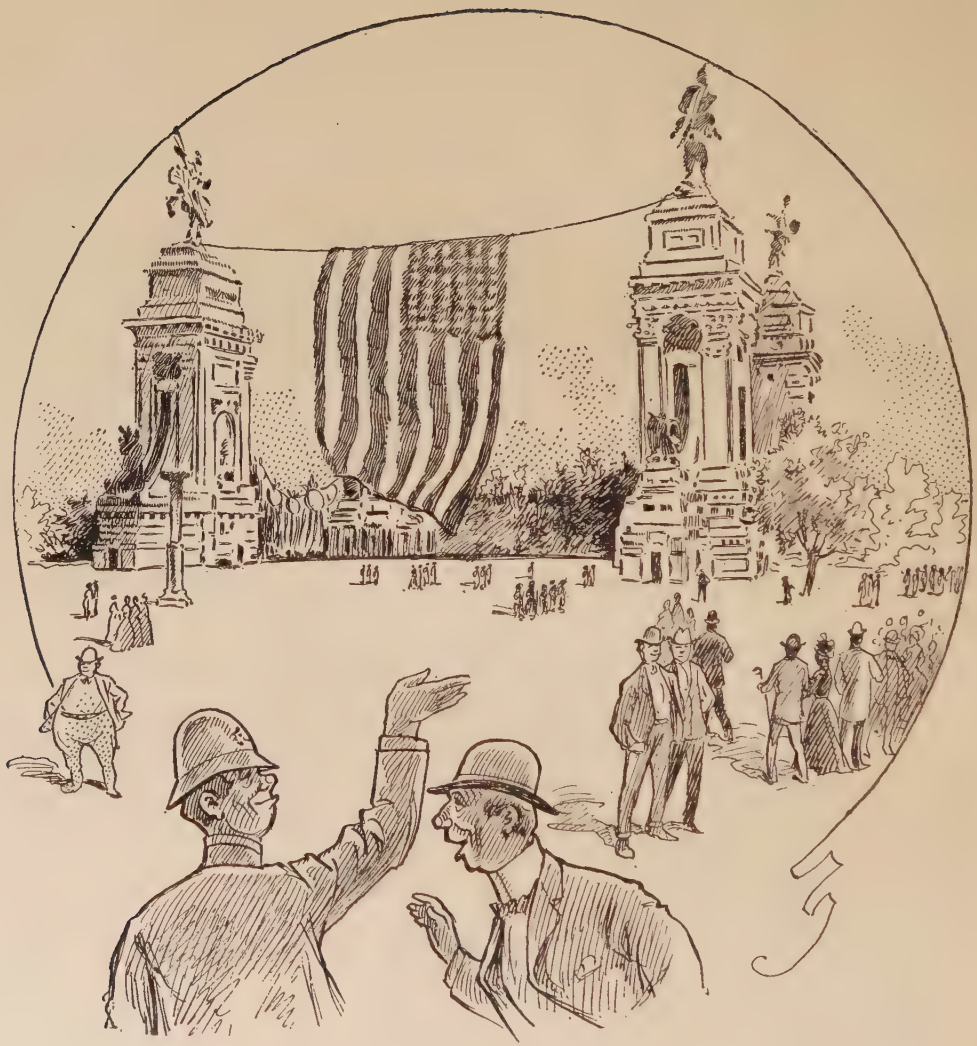
It will be seen by the above that the honorable Chauncey had rather a bad spell of spelling and grammar when he wrote out this testimonial.

Another equally lucid show-card was painted in large red letters and hung at the side of the ticket office window:

> "THIS ENTERTAINMENT IS 'HOT RAGS.' THEY GIVE YOU YOUR MONEY'S WORTH EVERY TIME."—GOV. ODELL.

It will be seen by this that the governor had been spending considerable of his time in the Bowery—or perhaps the sign painter got the wrong copy, and grossly misrepresented the urbane governor.

According to another testimonial displayed further down the walk, an eminent naval hero was much pleased with the en-



"IT'S THE ONLY FREE THING ON THE GROUNDS."

tertainment provided, and expressed his admiration in the following terse sentence: DEWEY'S MAGNANIMITY.

> "I WAS COMPLETELY CAPTURED BY THIS SHOW — IT KNOCKS THE TAR OUT OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA."
>
> —ADMIRAL DEWEY.

But the climax was reached by the next testimonial expert in the following card:

> "THIS ENTERTAINMENT IS WORTH ALL KINDS OF MONEY TO SEE."—WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

A depleted purse was almost sure to follow a trip through the Midway if a desire to see all the attractions was gratified. A citizen who had just emerged from the famous thoroughfare was accosted by a policeman who had been admiring the monster flag flying across the Triumphal Bridge (which was said to be the largest flag in the world). Said he: "That's a grand sight—the Star Spangled Banner, the flag of the brave and the free!"

"Well, it's the only free thing on the grounds, then," replied the citizen, who had just "done," or more properly been "done" by the multitudinous shows on the Midway.

On another occasion a pair of visitors hailing from a small farming section in the West were wandering rather aimlessly through the grounds. They were togged up in brand-new "store clothes," and were plainly out for a holiday.

"I tell ye, Zekiel," exclaimed one of them, "th' managers made one big mistake in buildin' this Fair."

"How so, Silas?"

"I TELL YE, ZEKIEL," EXCLAIMED ONE OF THEM, "TH' MANAGERS MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE IN BUILDIN THIS FAIR."

A CIRCUS NEEDED.

"Cos they didn't make no arrangements fer a circus tent with clowns, acrobats an'—"

"Red lemonade and peanuts," interjected Ezekiel with a broad grin.

"Thet's the idee! An', besides, they ought tew hev hossracin' an'—"

"Shell game men an' wheels ov fortune, tew make et more interestin'," again interposed Ezekiel.

And the pair proceeded on their way, fully convinced that they had discovered a glaring fault in the make-up of the Pan-American Exposition.

Young America fully enjoyed the opportunities afforded by the Exposition to secure mementoes in the shape of attractive advertising matter which was so lavishly distributed by the different exhibitors.

"I tell you, Sis," exclaimed a youthful visitor, "we'll make 'em jealous at home when they see what we've captured at the 'Pan.'"

"Well, Bud, I don't think we've overlooked anything, have we?" replied the Young American Girl, in glee at the prospect of dazzling the eyes of her playmates at home who were not so fortunate as to have had the opportunity of visiting the "Pan."

> Base envy withers at another's joy,
> And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
> —THOMSON.

And children of a larger growth were just as susceptible to this feeling of anxiety to overshine their less fortunate neighbors on their return home.

"I'm going tew take hum all th' fine cards I kin git," exclaimed a visitor, "cos et's my plan tew git th' Joneses and Browns tew understand thet we've bin tew th' grate show, an' we don't care who kno's et."

"I TELL YOU, SIS, WE'LL MAKE 'EM JEALOUS AT HOME WHEN THEY SEE WHAT WE'VE CAPTURED AT THE 'PAN.'"

NEWSPAPER MEN.

"Bobby" Burns foresaw the character of the modern newspaper reporter. The omnipotent, searching and tireless seeker of information, who searchingly investigated every nook and corner of the great Exposition for scraps of news that might interest the people in far distant sections who were not so circumstanced as to be able to visit the "Pan" and investigate for themselves.

> A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
> And, faith, he'll prent it.
>
> —BURNS.

The newspaper correspondents had a rendezvous near one of the entrances. It was a small building, where visiting editors were enabled to secure printed slips containing matter appertaining to the Exposition.

Uncle Hank was quite a frequent visitor to this building, and was an ever welcome guest, as he was very talkative, and newspaper men like talkative people.

One of the secrets of Senator Depew's popularity is his ever-ready willingness to talk to reporters. Consequently the Senator gets many a kindly word from the writer in return for his courtesy.

One of the most heartily abused men that ever graced public life was General Benjamin F. Butler, who was reviled and caricatured all over the land. This was due solely to the fact that he was brusque and abusive to a degree to newspaper men, for whom he professed to have the utmost contempt. And they in turn spared no opportunity to ridicule and caricature him. He was, however, quite impervious to their attacks, and seemed to care very little for what was said of him, although in the latter part of his life he declared that it was very bad policy for a public man to gain the enmity of the newspaper fraternity.

The journalists at the Exposition were a merry lot, ever

"BAKER'S COCOA! WHY BE'ANT ET JEST EZ GOOD FER BUTCHERS, GROCERS LAWYERS, DOCTERS, AN FARMERS EZ WELL EZ BAKERS?"

UNCLE HANK'S OPINION.

ready for a lark or frolic, and they always welcomed Uncle Hank, whose ready tongue and sharp rejoinders often served to sharpen their wits.

"I say, Uncle," exclaimed a veteran, "you don't take much stock in us newspaper men, do you?"

"Air ye anxshus tew hear my opinyun ov you noospapei fellows?" he inquired.

"Yes, Hank. What's your opinion of the Press?"

"Wal, et's the publick's watch-dog; an ef et wasn't fer th warnin' barks et's continually givin', them political thieves 'd rob th' country till ther wasn't a bone left."

"We're glad you entertain such a good opinion of us, but I'm afraid we don't all deserve it."

"Thar's black sheep tew be faound in every flock," continued Hank, "an' I calklate thar's sum tew be faound among ye. But tew take th' hull lot ov ye, I guess yer az hard-workin' a lot ov well-intenshuned fellers ez ye kin find anywhere."

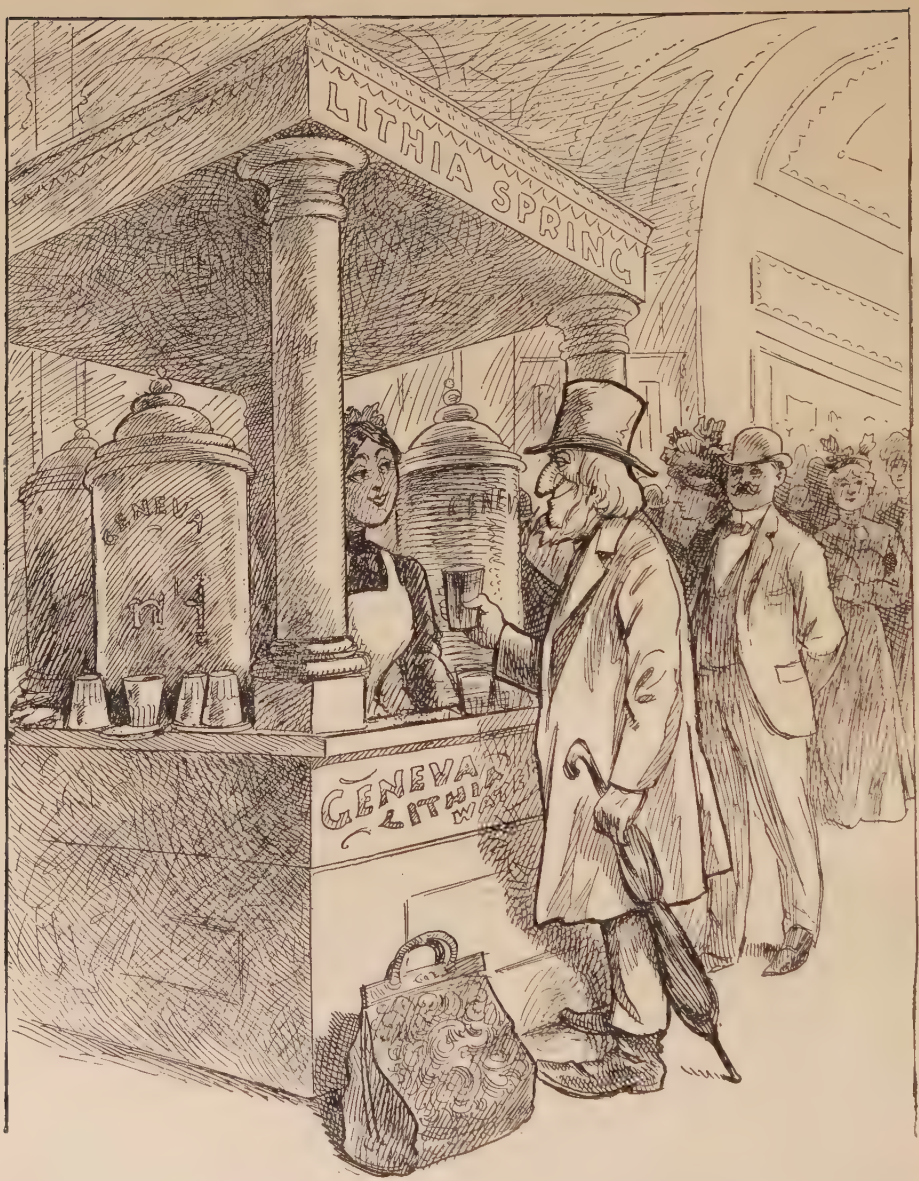
"Well," observed the Veteran, "the Press is certainly the bulwark of the Nation, and the framers of the Constitution did wisely in guaranteeing its perfect freedom."

"Thar's no danger in grantin' the fullest freedom tew ther Press," remarked the old man. "Fer I look upon the noospaper bizness th' same ez eny other bizness: yer manufactur artikels ov commerse when ye print papers tew sell. Ef ye make er good artikel th' peeple'll buy et, an' yer kin rely on th' peeple tew regulate th' quality ov th' goods they'll buy, an' ez Abe Linken sed, 'ye kant fool all th' peeple all th' time.'"

"Well, Uncle," chimed in one of his listeners, "you're quite a philosopher."

"Filosophy aint nothin' more'n common sense biled daown," concluded Hank, as he moved off in company with the Veteran.

As the pair approached the beautiful building occupied by the Baker Chocolate Company, Uncle Hank's eye caught the inscription over the entrance: "Baker's Cocoa." He stopped for a moment to comment upon it. Said he:



"NAOW, THEI'S A GOOD IDEE; MAKE EM PAY A CENT FER A GLASS AN THEY'LL APPRECIATE ET; BUT FF YE GIV ET TEW EM FREE THEY'LL THINK ET AIN'T NO GOOD. ET'S REEL HUMAN NATUR."

A GLASS OF WATER.

"Baker's cocoa! Why be'ant et jest ez good fer butchers, grocers, lawyers, docters, an farmers ez well ez bakers?"

A little further along the pair stopped at a pagoda-like structure containing what looked like an immense ice cooler, behind which stood an attractive-looking young lady dispensing glasses of spring water to a thirsty crowd.

On closer inspection it proved to belong to the Geneva Lithia Springs Company.

By placing a penny in a slot sufficient lithia water to fill a good-sized tumbler was released, and a really good glass of deliciously cool water was furnished at a nominal cost.

Uncle Hank remarked to his companion as they sampled a glass:

"Naow, thet's a good idee, make em pay a cent fer a glass an they'll appreciate et; but ef ye giv et tew em free they'll think et ain't no good. Et's reel human natur."

"That's so, Uncle," remarked his companion. "Money talks."

"Besides," continued the old man, "et enkourages th' drinkin ov water, an thet's a good thing. Why, over ther in Alt Noormbug, they drink hundreds ov schoppens ov wine every day till they kant see."

"Well, you know Timothy said, 'take a little wine for thy stomach's

"AN INDIAN WITH A SPEAR POISED READY TO STRIKE A FISH IN THE WATER BELOW."

sake,'" remarked the journalist, who was rather partial to liquor that was a little stronger than water.

"Yas, but ye'll notis he said a *little*," was Hank's rejoinder.

"Well, you caught me that time," laughingly replied the journalist. "I guess I had better not throw any more quotations at you, although as a rule I am a great believer in apt quotations to point a moral, or to adorn a tale."

Next to the originator of a good sentence, is the first quoter of it.
—EMERSON.

AMERICAN TEA.

They had now reached the entrance to Horticultural Building, where the journalist was directing his footsteps to investigate what he had been informed was the best Pan-American exhibit of the Exposition. A most complete collection of food plants was sent from Central and South American plantations; there were also growing some very fine tea plants from South Carolina.

"The Agricultural Department," remarked the journalist to Uncle Hank, "some years ago tried to raise tea in the Southern States and failed. Then a private capitalist took the matter up and succeeded with a good-sized plantation in South Carolina. His greatest difficulty was in securing proper labor, as the hands of adults in that section were too clumsy for delicate tea-picking. He finally established schools on his plantation, and after many trials succeeded in sufficiently educating the colored children in the neighborhood to do the work sufficiently well for the purpose, and proved that tea culture in the South could be made remuneratively successful. So you see, Uncle, we may eventually have tea so cheap that it may become our national drink."

"Yas, I've hearin tell ov considerabul cups ov tea bein drunk by members ov Congress daown in thet restyrant under th' Capitol at Washinton," remarked Uncle Hank with a knowing wink.

"WAL, ET'S NOT A BAD IDEE, ET THROWS A LOT OV SUNSHINE IN TEW THER LIVES WHEN THEY WIN PRIZES LIKE THFT—EVEN EF ET IS ONY AN ADVERTISIN' SKEME."

While his journalistic friend remained to continue his investigations, Uncle Hank proceeded on his sight-seeing tour.

Just outside the building he stopped to look at a statue of an Indian with a spear poised ready to strike a fish in the water below.

It was a very clever bit of modeling, the muscles and tendons in the arms being depicted with life-like accuracy. The old man could not help admiring it, as it carried him back to the days of his youth when he had used almost the same kind of spear to catch salmon Indian fashion in the Kennebec River "way down East" many years ago.

A little girl of perhaps eight years of age came out of the Manufacturer's Building clapping her hands with glee; she was accompanied by two other children, a boy and a girl of nearly the same age, who seemed to share in her enthusiastic happiness. Every once in a while she would stop and eagerly scan a slip of paper to make sure her eyes did not deceive her. She was so engrossed with reading and re-reading the slip of paper that she did not notice where she was going, and ran right into Uncle Hank as he stood contemplating the Indian statue.

"Hello, thar! little gal," he exclaimed, "whar air ye goin so fast? Ye seem tew be excited."

"Well, you see, Mister, I've just won five dollars," replied the little one.

"Yes," eagerly chimed in one of her companions, "she' won a prize, and now we're on our way to get the money for her."

"Wal, little one, tell me all abaout et; whar did ye win th' prize thet's excitin ye so?" inquiringly asked Hank, his inquisitive nature asserting itself.

"Why, right over there," the little girl replied, pointing her finger in the direction of a booth that was surrounded by a large crowd.

"Wal, sissy, I congratoolate ye on yer good luck," replied he, as he strode over to the booth in question.

"BY GINGER! THET'S AN AWKWARD SQUAD. HAY FOOT! STRAW FOOT! KEEP STEP THAR."

THE AWKWARD SQUAD

There he found a handsomely decorated pavilion, in the centre of which stood a statuette, cast in soap, of a little girl holding a large cake of Sunshine soap in her arms.

Uncle Hank asked the attendant in charge what the scheme was that caused so much excitement among the children about, who were all talking about the prize just awarded.

"You see," remarked the young lady, "the exhibitors of this soap thought it would be a good thing to give away a prize every week to the child who guessed the nearest to the weight of a soap statuette, and the children got very excited over it."

"Wal, et's not a bad idee," he chuckled; "et throws a lot ov sunshine in tew ther lives when they win prizes like thet—even ef et is ony an advertisin' skeme."

Military exactness marked the maneuvers of the Exposition police. Every afternoon toward sunset a squad of guardians of the peace would strut majestically across the Plaza on their way to their several stations. As the police force was recruited principally from the rural districts closely adjacent to Buffalo, and had had no preparatory drilling, their movements were decidedly awkward and provoked many smiles from the visiting throngs.

"By ginger! Thet's an awkward squad. Hay foot! Straw foot! Keep step, thar!" called out Uncle Hank, as a squad passed by, and the verdant policemen grinned broadly as they tried to maintain the regulation step.

But there was one thing to be said in favor of the police force at the Pan-American Exposition, what it lacked in military discipline it fully made up in politeness. No stranger within the gates ever asked for information without getting a polite answer from the honest fellows on guard.

"I see they used the Pan-Amerky colors on them buildins," exclaimed Uncle Hank, as he stood in the centre of the Plaza contemplating the Exposition in its entirety. "Red, white, blue, green an yaller, an et's a fine sight, er else I'm color-blind."

A LAST LOOK.

Down the Plaza he continued his walk. It was his last day at the Exposition, and he was taking his last look at what he considered the finest spectacle ever prepared for mankind.

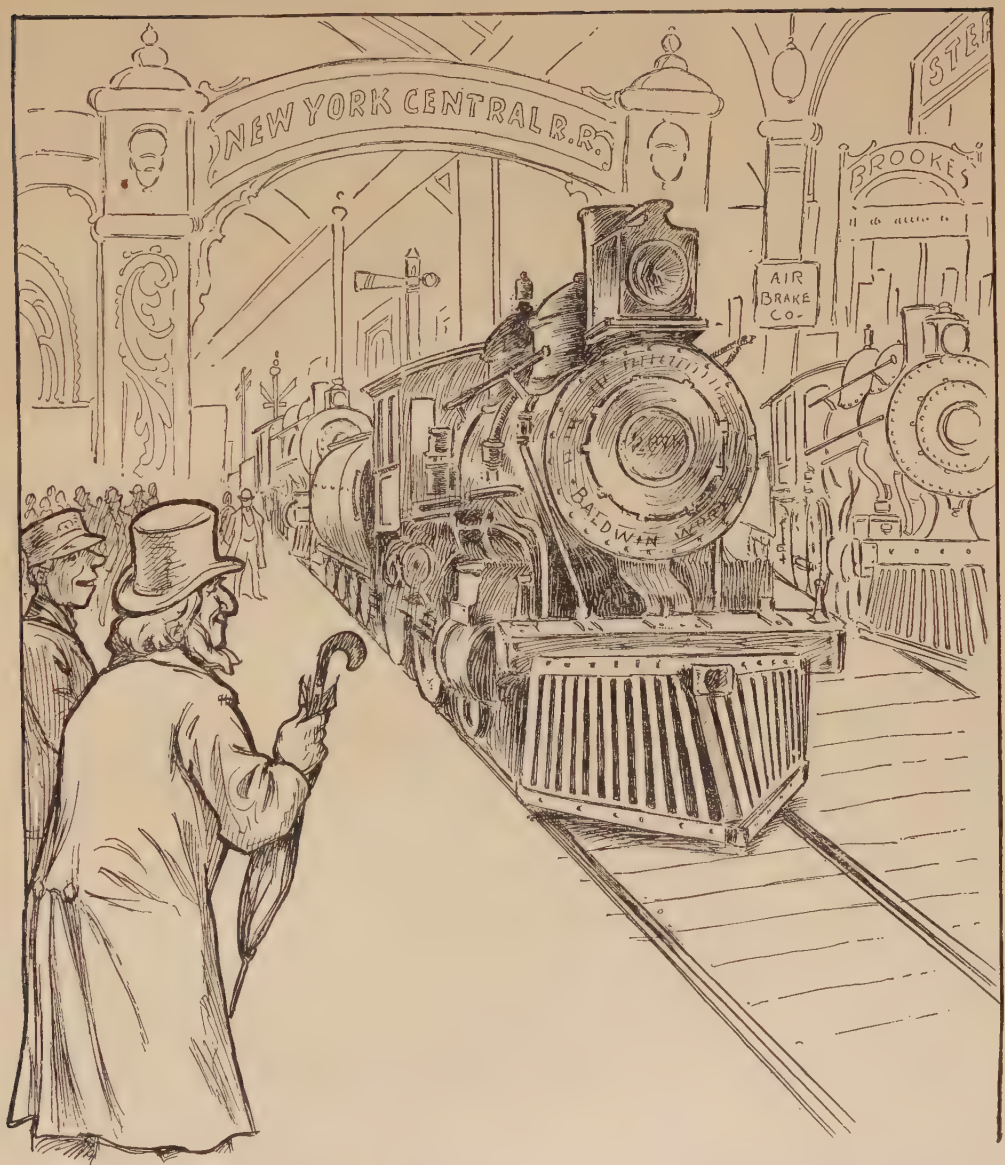
There is not the slightest doubt that the Pan-American Exposition will be the longest remembered, and will have its greatest effect on the popular mind principally through its wealth of spectacular features.

It was a sight worth traveling across the continent to see: a sight unparalled in the history of great expositions. Architects, sculptors, artists, engineers, electricians and gardeners had all worked with one purpose in view, and how well they had succeeded was evidenced in the magnificent spectacle that won the plaudits of all who were so fortunate as to have witnessed it.

It was getting dark and he concluded that he would wind up his visit with one more look at the evening illumination. Although he had seen the lighting up several times, he never tired of it; it was a spectacle that grew upon him, and the knowledge of what was to transpire only seemed to heighten his enjoyment.

He stood facing the tall Electrical Tower as did thousands around him. Slowly the little pink points of light appeared in clusters, and then seemed to multiply until there appeared to be millions of them—gradually they outlined the buildings in rows about the windows, over the domes, under the arches, everywhere. The buildings seemed to be obliterated, and in their places were only outlines marked in tiny dots of fire. Then the pink points grew brighter and brighter until they resembled glistening lumps of gold, and the whole scene became luminous, with a soft brilliancy that did not tire the eye, and he was confronted with the most magnificent and artistic nocturnal spectacle ever devised by man.

"I'll jest carry th' impresshun ov thet magnifercent scene tew my dyin day," he mused, as he slowly and thoughtfully



"THAR STANDS TH' MOST POWERFUL AGENT OV CIVILIZASHUN. ET STRIDES ACKOST CONTINENTS WITH ETS ARMIES OV PEACEFUL CONKWEST."

AN AGENT OF CIVILIZATION.

paced his way toward the exit. "Et makes me think ov th' fairy-land thet I used ter beleeve in when I waz a child menny, menny years ago, afore I hed ther romanse all knocked out ov me rubbin up agin this hard, matter-o'-fact world."

On his way out of the Exposition grounds he had to pass through the Transportation Building wherein were stored the monster locomotives. He stood for a moment contemplating one of the iron giants manufactured by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and soliloquized:

"Thar stands th' most powerful agent ov civilizashun. Et strides acrost continents with ets armies ov peaceful conkwest, scatterin barbaric hordes an transformin th' wilderness ov benighted regions intew fertile valleys dotted with hamlets an cities. Et enables civilizashun tew carry ets influense tew th' uttermost limits ov th' world, an duz more fer mankind then all th Alexanders, Ceezars, an Naypoleuns thet ever lived. Ninetenths ov history ez taken up with recordin th' deeds ov conkerors an ginerals who were nothin more'ner less then wholesail murderers, an nearly all th' statoos air erected tew th' memery ov these militery slawterers. Let us hope thet th' end ov this censury will see th' folly ov this, an thet th' betterment ov mankind will be better brought erbout thru th' agency ov sech mejums ez locomotivs an th' like."

As Uncle Hank seated himself in the Belt Line car that was to take him back to Buffalo from the Exposition grounds, he noticed in the seat next to him a dapper young man who evinced a desire to engage him in conversation. This was not a very difficult matter to do, as our hero was always ready to talk.

"Well, Uncle," said the young man, "I suppose you've seen the 'Pan' and all it had to show?"

"Yas," he responded, "I reckon thar wazn't much thet escaped me."

"Well, you hard-working farmers need recreation such as these exhibitions afford. Farming is deuced hard work."

WONDERFUL FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

"Oh, I dunno. Farmin's easy naowdays.'

"Farming easy!" exclaimed the young man, in evident astonishment at such an assertion.

"Oh, yas," continued Hank in an easy tone. "Ye see, I dew all my plowin with a ridin plow fixed up with cushion seats, an plant my grane with a new patent check row planter; then when et cums tew hayin time, by usin the Buckeye rotary ackshun mower with er self-binder attachment, why taint no work et all."

"Why, you surprise me!" exclaimed his companion. "I had no idea farmers were so progressive."

"Oh, yas," continued the old man without the suspicion of a smile. "Farmers ez up tew snuff nowadays; in raisin grane I use ther Ureky double-back-ackshun reaper, with self-binder an bundle carrier attachment, that carries th' grane tew th' 'lectric thrasher thet outomatically cuts th' bands, measures th' grane, an dumps et intew bags, an stacks up th' straw; an I've ben on th' lookout et this fair fer a masheen thet wud take th' grane tew market and bring back th' cash fer et."

This was too much for the young man, who excused himself, and departed, concluding to look for easier game.

"Us farmers ain't th' guys they take us fer. An I fergot tew tell him I waz contemplatin puttin golf links on ther thirty-acre lot back ov th' sheep medder nex yeer, ez soon ez I kin git time tew sot th' poles fer 'lectric lights so they kin play et nite ez well ez day." And the old man slapped his knee in great glee at his success in "stringing" the young fellow.

The train had now reached the city, and Uncle Hank at once proceeded to secure his railway ticket and make arrangements for a sleeping-car berth; with this end in view he proceeded to make his way to the railway station. Not being familiar with Buffalo, he inquired of the first policeman he met for information regarding the purchase of a ticket.

"THE TIP WHICH HE CONSIDERS HIS BY A CERTAIN DIVINE RIGHT."

"They're all getting tickets over there," responded the official, pointing his finger in the direction of the Joint Railway ticket office across the street with the words

JOINT AGENCY

above the door in large white letters.

Uncle Hank regarded it a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Naw ye don't! Yer don't git me intew no jints. I onct got intew a green goods jint, an et cost me a hundred dollars tew git aout. No more jints fer yer Unkel Hank, by gum!" and he strode off in a different direction to look for transportation, meanwhile watching the policeman with a suspicious eye.

He finally succeeded in finding the depot, and lost no time in securing his ticket and a berth in the sleeper.

All was bustle and confusion in the railway station. People were hurrying to and fro constantly making mistakes, notwithstanding the fact that directions were constantly being bawled out by a leather-lunged official through a big megaphone.

Uncle Hank was no exception to the rule, as he succeeded in getting on a train bound for the West, and only discovered his mistake as the train was moving out of the depot. But by dint of hasty scrambling he succeeded in reaching the platform again, and then accosted a pompous-looking porter.

"Mister Porter," inquired he, "whar's th' Medford train?"

"Dar ain't no Medford train, sah," replied the porter, "frum dis heah depo."

"Whar duz this train go?" asked Hank, pointing to the car alongside of which they were standing.

"Dis train goes tu Allbiny, sar," replied the negro, haughtily.

"Wal, thet's my train, then; don't ye kno enuf about jography tew kno thet ye hev tew pass thru Allbiny tew git tew Medford, Massachoosits."

UNCLE HANK'S FAREWELL.

"Say, Boss, I aint paid fer knowin jography." And the ebony-hued autocrat drew himself up to his full height.

The Pullman car porter is a small despot in his way, and never unbends at the departure of a train. It is when the train is approaching its destination that the son of Africa is all obsequiousness, and with whisk-broom in one hand, he goes through the operation of bringing to the surface all the latent dust in your clothes, while he extends the other hand to receive the tip which he considers his by a certain divine right according to the usage in vogue with other monarchs.

Uncle Hank was now safely aboard his train, and as he was tired out he lost no time in climbing into his berth, and as the locomotive slowly drew out of Buffalo he stuck his head out of the curtains and said:

"Good-bye, Pan-Ameriky. Ye've made a friend ov me; ye've giv me a good time, an I ain't th' kind tew ferget yer for it. Good-bye!"

And the old gentleman was soon slumbering in the land of Nod, dreaming of the beautiful "Rainbow City."

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